A Tale;

FOR

GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

A Tale,

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GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

And please yourselves this day;
No matter from what hand you have the play.

DRYDEN.

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A *view*, to furnish an example in my foundling, of the good to be expected from giving a suitable education to a low-born child, taken into a gentleman's family.

And a *hope*, that by throwing in some out-of-the-way, though not unnatural characters, the amusing may give effect to the useful

If my children are deemed natural—my heroine interesting—and my moral instructive,—I shall have reached the height of my ambition.

And if, by making my present short, I obtain for it the rare advantage of being read,—my satisfaction will be complete.

ERRATA.

Page 50,	*l.* 4,	place the comma after well
142,	*l.* 14,	Mrs. *read*, Mr. Haywood
211,	*l.* 19,	could, *read*, would
251,	*l.* 24,	" curse it," *read*, " Curse it!"
302,	*l.* 12,	their, *read*, her
369,	*l.* 21,	her." *read*, her.
37[illegible]	*l.* 4,	with all this, *read*, with this
399,	*l.* 1,	I don't, *read*, or I don't
do.	*l.* 2,	be so, *read*, be quite so
429,	*l.* 15,	yet breathed, *read*, still breathed



A Tale,

FOR

GENTLE AND SIMPLE.



CHAP. I.

A FINE summer's evening succeeding to a very hot day, induced Mr. and Mrs. Haywood readily to comply with a petition from their children, to crown the pleasures of the hay-field, by drinking tea in a favorite arbour,—the work of their own little hands;—at least they had all contributed to its beauty, by training and watering the woodbines, sweet-briars, and roses, with which it was most abundantly covered.

Tea was accordingly ordered, and a happy groupe assembled round the table.

Mary, the eldest daughter, just turned of fifteen, had lately been admitted to a participation in her mother's labours, and undertaken to teach the younger ones to read. After tea, little Sophy (about five years old) asked leave to let Mamma hear, how sister had taught her to read the pretty story of the lamb.* She could not finish it, without tears, though she tried to check them, saying,—"It was a naughty little lamb though, for not minding what its mamma said to it, and one must'nt be sorry for naughtiness, must one, Mary?"

"It was foolish, not naughty," said Dick, the youngest boy, between three and four, who had listened with the most eager attention, "it was only foolish, because it knew no bette It had no sister Mary, to tell it. \ . must be sorry

* Mrs. Barbauld's "F y Lessons."

for it, Sophy, indeed you must:" and the little fellow's eyes sparkled with earnestness as he spoke.

Mary kissed first one, then the other, as they stood at her knee; but was interrupted in what she was going to say, by Emma and John, who had disappeared when Sophy began to read, and now came running in breathless delight.

"Do Mamma!—Do Papa!—do, dear Mary, come into the hayfield," cried Emma. "Old Thomas says there's the nicest little baby asleep upon a hay-cock, and not a living creature near it." "Shall I bring it in for Martha to take care of," said John. "O! may we have it Mamma?" cried the younger ones—"do dear! dear Papa! let us have it!" was vociferated by all the little voices at once.

The curiosity of Mr. and Mrs. Haywood was excited, and the whole family repaired to the hay-field, where sure enough a rosy-cheek'd babe was found

fast asleep; and the hay-makers had all left the field for above an hour.

"Step down to the village, Thomas," said Mr. Haywood, "and see which of them has been so careless as to leave this poor little infant behind."

"Do not wake it, my dears," said Mrs. Haywood to the children, who were all crowding round it, "do not wake it, 'till its father or mother come. It would be frightened to find itself among strangers."

"I canna' think, an' please your honors, as it belongs to any o' they," said Thomas; "I'se warrant there canno' be such a good for nought baggage i't' village, seeing o't' pains Madam tacks wi' their morality, as to leave her poor helpless babe to t' waide world loike, i' that fashion; and wi' scarce a rag o' cloaths on, to seave it fro' t' clemency o' t' weather, pratty cratur! Besides, here ha' been none at work, but auld Joe, and black Sam, and Bet Rhymer, and her

young ones, all noice tight dusterous lasses, a'ter Madam's own heart loike, they'd ha' tacken half a dozen huome to nourse, sooner nor ha' left one, blessings o'ts cherry cheeks!"

During Thomas's harangue, the younger children had been stealing upon tiptoe nearer and nearer to examine the foundling; and Sophy, having crept up the other side of the haycock, had by this time got her face close to it, when suddenly giving it a kiss, accompanied by the exclamation of "You dear pretty little thing!" the infant awoke, calling out "mam—mam," but seeing only strange faces, it began to cry piteously; and little Sophy frightened at what she had done, ran to Mary, and throwing her arms about her neck, fell a-crying too.

A share of the bread and butter, Dick still held in his hand, and the coaxing of the children, soon pacified the foundling, who seemed to be little more than two years old, and could utter nothing more

intelligible than "mam" and "dad:" and as this afforded no insight into the business, Mr. Haywood bade Thomas take the baby home to his wife for the night, and in the morning he should consider of what was to be done about it.

Emma and Sophy had by this time each taken a hand of the child, which they seemed unwilling to relinquish; and engaged to take care it should not fall, if Mamma would trust them with it: which being agreed to, Mary and John followed close, to check the over-eagerness of the little guides, and Dick ran on before, that he might be first to tell old Deborah the good news.

A short consultation, however, between Mr. and Mrs. Haywood determined them to take the child home at once; as it appeared probable,* it had been left there only with that view, and the parents would therefore most likely keep out of the way, at least for the present.

This happy change of plan was no sooner proclaimed, than the excess of joy overpowered the prudence of the young guides, who wheeled about, and set forth at so rapid a pace, that their little charge tumbled down and pulled them both upon her, before Mary's warning voice could make itself heard. No mischief having occurred, however, from the accident, it ended in a general fit of laughter, which improved the acquaintance into such perfect familiarity, that all distress for dad and mam, was lost in the jollity of the party: and the child went trotting on with the rest; and shewed no signs of fear upon being committed to the care of Martha the nursery-maid, nor the smallest reluctance to partake of Sophy's bread and milk, over which she fell fast asleep. And to this comfortable nap we shall leave her, while we make the reader a little better acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Haywood.

CHAP. II.



Mr. Haywood came into possession of Netherby, his paternal estate, in the west-riding of Yorkshire, at five-and-twenty. An income of £3000. a year left him the choice of his own plan of life. He had received an excellent education; his understanding was good, and his heart still better. He considered the farming his own land, not only as the most agreeable use a country gentleman could make of his time, but as the most certain method of promoting the happiness of all around him, which he believed to be a duty of primary obligation with every man.

He had early conceived an affection for the daughter of a neighbouring Baronet, but long forbore testifying it, because the Baronet was a high-minded

man, and seemed to expect that an Earl's coronet at least, should grace his daughter's beauty and accomplishments; and Mr. Haywood's integrity would not allow him to endeavour to draw Miss Campley into an act of disobedience. He had therefore confined himself to the expression of that respect and admiration only, which could not be witheld by any that knew her.

Lucy Campley however, (as it now and then will happen) thought rather differently from Sir John on this subject; Mr. Haywood's merit raised him in her eyes, far above any Earl in the kingdom; at least, any that she happened to be acquainted with; for she had too much sense, to think that any rank of life, excluded virtues, and talents. She had revered them upon the throne and in a cottage; and it is very probable that had Mr. Haywood been a Duke, she might not have considered the becoming a Duchess as any great misfortune. Had

she however set about calculating the chances for happiness, she might also have thought that his independent situation, and the general turn of his taste and pursuits, were exactly suited to that life of elegant retirement, which affords the very best prospect of permanent enjoyment.

In speaking of Mr. Haywood's forbearance, I do not pretend to assert that he was always so extreme in his caution, as never on any occasion whatever, to have betrayed the struggles in his breast to the penetrating eye of Lucy: it has been averred by some philosophers who have made woman-kind their study, (with what truth I will not pretend to determine) that no female was ever blind to the love she inspired, however great her modesty or humility; certainly modesty and humility were eminently conspicuous in Miss Campley; as certainly she would have shrunk from the forwardness of loving first; it may therefore not unfairly be concluded that in some way or other,

ground had been given, upon which to found the secret preference she cherished in her heart for Mr. Haywood, which produced a steady resolution to decline all other proposals; some splendid ones had been made; but fortunately for her, as no Earl had yet offered, her father had given way to her objections. And all apprehension of her duty being exposed to too severe a conflict, was put an end to, by Sir John Campley's death, in consequence of a fall from his horse in a fox-chase.

No farther cause for struggles now remained. Lady Campley entirely loved her daughter, was aware of her preference, and desirous to promote her happiness in her own way. Mr. Haywood had lately come into possession of his estate; and now pleaded his suit so successfully, as to obtain the reward of his long attachment and meritorious forbearance. Sixteen years of una[illegible]ted conjugal felicity had elapsed since their happy union; interrupted only by such afflictions as this

variable world must ever be subject to, sickness and loss of children: but under these, religion had supported, and mutual affection consoled them.

Mr. and Mrs. Haywood were extremely beloved in the village adjoining to Netherby, not only on account of their unbounded charity, but for the pains too, they had taken to improve the morals of the inhabitants; which for many years had been grievously neglected, from the Rector's living at the distance of three miles, and Mr. Haywood's father passing great part of his time in London, being in Parliament. Drunkenness, idleness, and want, generally prevailed: and the misjudging bounty of some neighbouring families had encreased the evil, by merely administering temporary relief to distress, without inquiring into its cause. There needed something more than such easy charity, for its effectual relief: that personal influence which personal acquaintance must give; and that sort of inter-

ference which only much kindness will justify.

Example, admonition, and reproof, seemed as much wanting, as food, clothing, and money.

Mr. Haywood, very soon after settling there, had called to see what medicine might be useful to old Hannah Potter, who was thought to be at the point of death; and he was so disgusted with the filth and smell, that he could with difficulty bring himself to stop long enough, to ask the necessary questions.

" I would stop and enquire into her case a little more at leisure, Sarah," said Mr. Haywood to the daughter, " If I could find a spot fit to sit down in."

" Whoy, lord love your honor's worship," quoth Sarah, " who could ever go for to think o't' loike o' your honor sitting daown in such an unked pleace, as we poor folk be fain to tak up wi'!"

" I should not only think of it, but

like to do it, if it were clean and sweet, Sarah."

"Whoy, I sure I shouldn't ha' been spearing o't' watter, if I could ha' thouwht o' your honor's worship calling in yourself loike."

"But if I had not called in, don't you think, Sarah, the water would have been well bestowed upon making the cottage more wholesome and comfortable for your old sick mother?"

"Marry, I'd do all I could for t' poor soul, I sure; but she be usen to 't. Poor folk munna be so noice."

"To be over nice is bad either for poor or rich: but cleanliness is good for both, because that helps to keep people healthy."

"Whoy, now to moy* thinking, seaving your worship's presence, there canna be health wheare there bean't a bellyfull: and if I can screap up sixpence to bouy t' baines a bit bread, I could ne'er weast it upon a bit soop."

"Neither would I wish you to do so, Sarah: but water can be got for nothing, you know, and that would wash off a good deal of bad smell from the walls and the brick floor; and if your children's heads and hands, and bodies too, were washed with it, you would see how much healthier they would soon look: and if their rags were but dabbed into the next pool, and hung upon the hedge to dry and sweeten, and tidily mended, it would shew industry; and industry always raises friends to its assistance: but from filth and rags every one turns away with disgust."

Whether it was this hint of friendly assistance, or any other part of the admonition, that made an impression upon Sarah, does not appear: but certain it is, that the next time Mr. Haywood crossed the common, he found the children with clean hands and faces, and the eldest girl sitting at the cottage door, patching the little one's ragged r stuff petticoat, with a

piece of an old blue sleeve of a worn-out coat of her father's. "For sartin t' match were none o't' best," Sarah observed, who had come out of the cottage, upon seeing Mr. Haywood approach.

"No matter for that, Sarah: it shews industry, and that pleases me. How is old Hannah?"

"Whoy, marry, she be as peart loike, as thof nouwt ailed her: she ha' tacken all t' stuff, and soup'd up t' broth as Madam sent, loike mother's milk, and got so noice and cosey wi' t' smock and bedgown and blanket; it's moy belief she'll be oup and abaout again. And naow, gin your honor's worship 'll be pleased to step in, ye munna foind t' sitting down so unked."

Mr. Haywood was so well pleased with the improvements in cleanliness, that he not only sat down, but promised to bring his lovely bride, the first time they walked that way.

Old Hannah was an object of peculiar interest to Mr. Haywood, from being mother, to a groom that had lived with Sir John Campley, and almost broken-hearted, by the bad conduct of this son. She was a deserving, industrious woman, and had brought herself into distress by parting with her hard-earned savings at different times to get him out of scrapes, in the hope that he might still be reclaimed He had at length however been guilty of such serious misdemeanours, as had caused him to be transported to Botany Bay; and the unhappy old woman sought a shelter from absolute want, in her daughter Sarah's cottage; who had married Joe Paxton, a labourer, and for a time done pretty well in the world. But Joe had fallen into bad company, who led him into idle habits; and Sarah being rather indolent, when she found things beginning to go wrong, gave way to distress and repining, instead of redoubling her industry, to save her children from want:—

And so the poor remains of Hannah's earnings could not support them long, and matters had gone from bad to worse, till they got into the wretched plight in which Mr. Haywood found them.

Sarah was however no fool, and therefore reproof was not thrown away upon her. Mrs. Haywood took pains both to admonish and encourage her, and she soon felt the sweets of taking up more industrious habits, by their good effect upon her husband likewise, who finding his home tidy, and his children taken notice of by Madam, and beginning to assist their mother, in earning a livelihood, felt ashamed to have their Honors know he was so wanting on his part. For Joe Paxton was not naturally a bad man: he had been led away by evil counsellors, who, when he sighed over his large family and small means, advised him to drink and drive care away as they did: and he was thoughtless enough to take their advice, never considering that the

money he spent upon his drink, would have gone a good way to keep off the very misfortune he dreaded, and which he was now bringing on faster by his own folly. And this he sometimes felt in his sober moments; but it only made him so much more wretched, that his despair drove him back to the ale-house again. For, alas! it is one of the great misfortunes attending upon the use of strong drink, that in time it seems to become a man's only support, and he feels as if he could not keep body and soul together without it. And, as Joe said, "he had such a sinking like in his inside, and his hand shook so, that he had neither power nor heart to set about any thing, till he got a drop to strengthen him." And he had indeed brought himself into so deplorable a state, that if he had left it off at once, it might have killed him. But Mr. Haywood, finding that Joe really had a wish to reform, undertook to cure him, in a short time, if he would give him

a solemn promise to be implicitly guided by him, and never touch a drop of liquor but what he got at the Hall. There, Mr Haywood told Joe, a cask of spirits should be kept for his own use, of which he should be allowed a certain quantity every day; upon this condition only, that for every glass he drew out of the barrel, he should put a glass of water in

Joe was agreeably surprised, to hear of such a quantity, for his sole use; when he expected to have been debarred from any; he very readily gave the promise required, and faithfully kept it: and the consequence was, that by the time the contents of the cask had entirely changed their nature, Joe's inside had so gradually recovered from the sinking, and the trembling, and withal from the craving for strong liquor, that he began to wonder at himself for ever having liked, what now seemed to burn his throat as well as his inside. And when he recol-

lected moreover, how insensible it had made him to the comforts of honest industry, a good wife, and hopeful children, he heartily regretted his fault, and scarcely knew how to be thankful enough to Mr. Haywood, for having restored him to such blessings.

Good Hannah now felt happier than ever she could have hoped again to be in this world, and never failed in her prayers, to call down a reward upon her benefactors, and at the same time to petition Heaven, that her son George might one day come back and be reformed: "For she were sartin sure t' Squire could do ought but a miracle, a'ter what she see'd o' Joe Paxton."

CHAP. III.

Let us now return to the eager little groupe, that surrounded the crib of the Foundling, next morning, in impatient expectation of her awakening. The delight of this new plaything, had aroused them long before their usual hour; and from break of day, Martha had found it difficult to keep them in bed.

At length, the happy moment came: as the little thing opened its eyes, it was again beginning to call for mam— but the sight of her new play-fellows brought a smile of pleasure upon her countenance; and neither mam nor dad were thought of more

The contest now was, who should take it up?—who should dress?—who should feed?—who should take care

of it?—and Emma, being just turned of six, said, "she was the oldest, and she could do it all, and I will teach her to read, just as sister Mary does us."

"I can dress her, I know," cried Sophy, "for she is but just one little bit bigger than Miss Doll; and you know, Emma, I can put on all her things;—and I have hemmed a pocket-handkerchief for her besides—and I'll hem one for little Bab."

"But you must not feed her, Sophy, for that I can do," cried Dick, stuffing a piece of his bread into her mouth, "and Papa says a man should feed the poor—and I shall be a man soon."

Martha put a stop to the contest, by saying, Mamma would settle all that presently; but in the mean time, she had been ordered to take care of it, and so she must make it fit for Mistress to see: and she proceeded to a considerable scrubbing bout, which the child bore with great good humour.

A very material improvement being thus produced in her appearance, Martha put her on some of the children's cast-off things, and carried her in triumph to Mrs. Haywood's dressing-room, followed by the little petitioners, clamouring forth their respective pretensions.

Mrs. Haywood set aside all their claims for the present; and made her over to the care of Martha, until it should appear whether any discovery were made in regard to the parents. Martha had been educated by Mrs. Haywood, and knew no greater pleasure, than conforming to her Lady's wishes, so she undertook the charge with great alacrity.

After some weeks of fruitless inquiry however, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood determined upon taking charge of her, and pursuing the plan that might be most likely to secure her future happiness; which they thought would be best effected, by giving her such an education, as should qualify her to earn her bread

respectably. The very coarse, as well as ragged state of the covering (for it could scarcely be called clothes) which the child had on when found, marked, to a certainty, the low condition of its parents; and they had seen various instances of the bad effects of setting a child above its natural station in life.

At the same time, it occurred to them that the business of instructing her might be divided between the younger girls, so as to prove beneficial both to governess and pupil.

A year was suffered to elapse; during which she was the amusement and plaything of the family, without any attempt at teaching except by little Dick; who had a set of ivory counters, with letters upon them, from which he was learning his alphabet with Sophy's assistance; and he made a point of imparting his knowledge, together with his bread and butter, or his cake, or whatever else he might be possessed of, to his little favorite Nan—

for so she was called, at the children's request, after a little villager, lately dead, who had been sometimes allowed to play with them.

This premature tutorship assumed by Dick was, however, strongly opposed by Sophy, who had been promised, as a reward for some little meritorious act of self-denial, that she should teach little Nan her letters as soon as she was old enough to learn them.

Dick contended, " He would make Nan as wise as himself;" and Nan was entirely submissive to his instructions, and repeated every thing after him, like a parrot.

" Now is it fair, Mamma?" said Sophy, appealing to her mother, " is it fair for Dick to teach Nan her letters, when you said that I should?"

" What was your reason for asking me to let you teach her, Sophy?"

" Because I do love her dearly, Mam-

ma, and you say, the wiser people are, the *gooder* it makes them."

"The *better* you mean—yes, certainly, Sophy—but since Dick teaches her, she is in the way to grow wise, as well as if you did, you know."

"Ah! but Dick only knows his A B C, and I can show her how to read pretty stories, that will make her a good girl."

"Did not you learn your A B C, before you read those pretty stories?"

"Yes."

"Well then, Dick is bringing her forward, and you will the sooner get her to read the stories."

"But then, Mamma—I'm afraid she will love Dick better than me."

"Why are you *afraid* of that, Sophy? —dont you love Dick?"

"Yes! that I do, dearly."

"And don't you like to see Dick pleased?"

"Yes, I'm sure I do—because then he's

so good-natured, and will play at any thing I ask him."

"Well!" smiling, "we will hope your motives may be a little different by and by;—but since you love Dick, and that he's so good-natured when he's pleased—you should do all you can to please him."

"And so I'm sure, Mamma, I do—for I let him tear that pretty print Papa gave me, all to pieces, because he said he liked to do it—and I never cried, nor nothing."

"You were a good girl not to cry—but you should have told Dick it was wrong to tear what Papa had given."

"But then he would have been so cross."

"And would it not make him cross to hinder him from teaching Nan?"

With a little hesitation, "I don't know, Mamma."

"What do you think?"

"I think—may be it would."

"Well then—since you showed your sense by not crying, when he had done

mischief—don't you think you would show it still more, by giving way to him, when he is doing good?"

"Why, yes, Mamma—but then—if it should make Nan love him better than me, you know?"

"And if that pleases him—and makes him good-natured?"

"Well then, Mamma—he shall—if it pleases him—for I do like him so to be good-natured;—and when she knows her letters, I can teach her a b, ab, for Dick does not know that yet himself."

It was an important part of Mrs. Haywood's plan of education, to endeavour to bring a child to a sense of what was *right*, without dwelling too particularly upon what was *wrong*; she paid the greatest attention to every little trait of character that manifested itself in her conversations with her children, and hoarded it up to be acted upon at a future period; but she carefully abstained, (as in this little instance) from observing

upon any improper sentiment at the moment it was uttered, lest it should have the effect of checking the candid expression of their feelings to her.

Zeal for little Nan's improvement was so active a principle in her young teachers, that she soon exceeded what is common at her years;—except indeed in those show masters and misses, who are trained to the exhibition of acquirements beyond their comprehension, to gratify the vanity of their parents by exciting wonder in an admiring audience; who are ever ready to wonder and admire, with perfect indifference to the consequences. The inevitable result of such injudicious praise is, either to encourage the self-conceit that always attends upon ill-digested knowledge, or, if there be really premature genius in the child, to expose it by running on too fast, to the hazard of coming to a full stop in its progress, before it attain those years, when sense might take the lead in the pursuit and

application of its acquirements. These would then become lasting pleasures because adopted by judgment; but being crammed into the mind, before it can be conscious of their value, they will float upon the surface, an useless load, sure to be thrown off when they cease to create admiration:—And with this farther danger, of leaving the void to be filled by pursuits which the allurements of the world but too naturally offer.

The *art* of education may be therefore said to turn quite as much upon the keeping back of a very clever child, as upon the bringing forward of a dull one.

CHAP. IV.

At five years of age, little Nan, having outstripped her tutor, was at least upon a level with Sophy, in reading and hemming pocket-handkerchiefs. She was not however, quite so docile to her teachers, as at an earlier period: she was rough,—boisterous,—passionate,—prone to rebellion,—and upon more than one occasion, Martha had been forced to have recourse to the higher powers for assistance in managing her. An instance among many others, of the fallacy of Helvetius's opinion, "That the infant mind is a sheet of blank paper, upon which any character may be stamped," &c.

Here had been the same attention paid to early propensities, by the same persons that had trained Mary—John—Emma—

Sophy—all mild, gentle, and sweet tempered; whilst little Nan, and Dick likewise, was obstreperous and intractable. Dick was however, upon the whole, a very fine boy, and Nan made up for her turbulent disposition by some very good qualities. She was affectionate and kind-hearted in an uncommon degree—sincere and generous in her temper—of quick sensibility, and good capacity.

A little incident that had lately occurred, served to put her into full possession of Mr. Haywood's affections, and as it is characteristic, it shall here find its place.

A grand uproar was heard one morning in the nursery: which drew first Mary—and then Mrs. Haywood, to enquire into the cause of it.

Martha had gone down stairs for a few minutes; and left Emma in charge of the younger ones; but Emma was intent upon putting together a map that had just been given her; and could give

no account, of what had occasioned the violent wrangle, and scuffle, accompanied by loud and angry accusations, which she was now in vain trying to appease.

Sophy's Doll was the object of contest: and her tattered appearance proved the warmth with which it had been carried on.—Sophy's tears were flowing over the lamentable state, to which her beautiful doll was reduced;—but Dick and Nan vociferated their accusations against each other, with equal vehemence, till Mrs. Haywood's authority produced silence.

"And now, Sophy, tell me what has happened?" she said.

"There, Mamma!—see!"—holding up the tattered doll, and her tears encreasing at the piteous sight, "see what they have done!"

"And how did it happen?"

Sophy made no answer.

"It was Nan's fault!" exclaimed

Dick, "she tore it out of my hand--so she did!—"

"Why did you tear the Doll out of Dick's hand, Nanny?"

"To take care of poor Dolly, Missin—"

"It was not!—you naughty girl!" interrupted Dick, "you said, you would throw Dolly into the fire!—"

Nanny looked confounded.

"Did you say so, Nanny?" Mrs. Haywood asked.

Nanny hung down her head, and was silent.

"If Nanny did say so," Mary observed, "I am sure she will immediately confess it, for look, Mamma! she has at this moment, about her neck, the reward for speaking the truth, though it made against herself."

This reward, was a ticket of merit, of Mary's invention, upon which was recorded the motive for which it was given,

and these tickets were reserved for very particular occasions.

"And you all know," added Mrs. Haywood, that one half of my displeasure is always done away by a voluntary acknowledgment."

Still Nan continued silent—and Dick repeated his assertion, more impetuously, stamping with his foot.

Mrs. Haywood, finding she was not likely to come at the truth, at that moment, quietly said, "Which ever did the mischief to Doll, you are certainly both naughty children, for being in a passion, and quarrelling; so I must deprive Nanny of her ticket of merit, and I cannot love either of you, so well as I did, till you again show me you deserve it."

The cool, distant behaviour, which Mrs. Haywood assumed for a time upon such occasions, was always severely felt by the children; but the deprivation of the ticket was such an aggravation, that

the little culprits cried as if their hearts would break.

Dick's accusation of Nan was false, —he had himself uttered the words he charged her with:—yet Dick was not addicted to telling lies: this was the first, the violence of his passion had hurried him into it,—and his obstinacy made him persist.

Nan soon became more composed, but Dick remained sulky and silent.

"Never mind, Dicky," said she, "we will be good, and not do so no more—and then my Missin will love us again."

"But I do mind it," said Dick, "and I won't be good."

Dick's heart continued heavy, because he felt he had done very wrong. Nanny tried to coax him, and play him into better humour, but it would not do.

The next day, Mary, who suspected that Dick had been most to blame, set him to read a story that was somewhat in point: when Dick discovered it to be

so, his heart swelled—he burst into tears, and would not go on.

"I will not read about such a naughty boy!" cried Dick.

"But you will forgive him if you go on," said Mary, "for you will see—he tells his Mamma the truth—and I know you will like him for that."

Dick's tears redoubled.—"Did his Mamma love him again, when he told her?"

"Yes!"

"My Mamma won't love me never no more, Mary!"

"When you deserve it again, you know she will, Dick."

"She will not, Mary!"—And he cried bitterly.

"Why do you think so, Dick? when you know how good Mamma is!"

"Because - - - because - - - I was so very naughty."

"Were you more naughty than Mamma knows of?"

"Ye -- e - -es"—sobbing.

"Then go and tell her so now,—and you will see, how much of Mamma's anger will go away, upon your telling her the truth."

It was some time before Mary could inspire him with sufficient resolution; he at length, however, let her lead him, trembling and sobbing—and drawing back at every third step.

"Mamma!" said Mary, "Dick is very sorry; he says, you will never love him any more, because he has been much more naughty than you know of—and he is come to tell you all."

"I begin to love him a little better already, for coming to tell me all," Mrs. Haywood replied.

Dick hid his face in her lap;—and wept piteously.

Mary left the room,—because Mrs. Haywood had always kept up their quick sensibility to disgrace, by never ex-

posing their faults unnecessarily, before a third person.

"Well!—poor little fellow!—what have you got to tell me?"—she began in a soothing tone.

"I did tell—I did say"—sobbed Dick.

"Don't be afraid to tell me what! I see you are going to be a good boy now."

"O Mamma!—I did tell"—looking round to see if any one were in the room, "let me whisper you!—I did tell—what was not true!"

"My poor boy!—that was very sad indeed!—and why did you?"

"Because I was in such a passion."

"Then Nanny did not say she would burn Sophy's Doll?"

"No, Mamma!—'twas I did say it"—and his tears almost choaked him.

"And why did you persist?"

"Mamma!—because I was obstinate."

"Well! and now you are very sorry?"

"Yes, Mamma—indeed—indeed."

"Yes, I see you are—that shows what a sad thing it is to be so passionate; when it can make people do such naughty things!—you never said what was not true before."

"No, Mamma!—and I'm sure I never will again—it has made me so very sorry."

"I dare say you think so now—but *I* am not sure you never will again."

"O Mamma!—am I now like that naughty boy in the story? that nobody would believe when he spoke true, because he used sometimes to tell fibs."

"Not quite!—for I think you *intend* never to tell another—but if you should fall into a passion again—you may not know what you are saying."

"But indeed!—I never will be in a passion again!—never no more!"

"I hope you will try—but passion sometimes comes so quick, that there is scarce time to stop it."

"But I do sometimes feel it a coming, Mamma."

"Well!—and when you feel it coming, what will you do?"

Dick considered—"I don't know, Mamma!"

"Think again!—whether you could not say something that should stop it."

"What should I say, Mamma?"

"Say, Passion! you shall not make me naughty!"

"Yes I will—and Passion! you shall not make me tell any more fibs!"

"Very well!—and if you speak that very slow—and very resolutely—perhaps the passion will not be so violent; because you will have time to feel it is coming—and stop it."

"Yes!—and I'm sure, Mamma, I will not be obstinate again—and get poor Nan punished for my naughtiness."

"Then Dick, when you feel you are going to be obstinate, say to yourself—

Remember poor Nan!—and perhaps you will get the better of that too."

"So I will!—so I will indeed!—and then, Mamma—will you love me again?"

"I begin to love you again a little now, for telling me your fault, and being so sorry for it—and I shall not punish you for having told an untruth, because it is the first—and that you have felt what a sad thing it is—and I hope that will make you never tell another."

"Indeed—indeed, I am very sure I never will."

His mother now took him by the hand in token of forgiveness—and Dick, relieved of the heavy burthen that had weighed upon his spirits, went off, with a mind comparatively so light—that he said—"He did not know what ailed him, he was so very glad."

Mrs. Haywood flew to impart her satisfaction to her husband, and little Nan was immediately sent for.

"Why did you not clear yourself,

Nanny, when Dick accused you of saying you would burn Sophy's doll?"

"My Missin!—Nan didn't like to make poor Dick so ashamed—when he did say what was not true."

The generosity of this feeling, even at a moment of anger against Dick, so struck Mr. Haywood—that he caught her in his arms, and declared she should be his little heroine from that day forward.

Nanny was also rewarded by a most affectionate kiss from Mrs. Haywood, the happy seal of perfect reconciliation.—And Dick steadily adhered ever after to the strictest truth. But passion and obstinacy took more time, and various modes of treatment, to conquer. The success was however at length complete. And as Dick grew up, his sweetness of temper contributed as much as his other amiable qualities, to obtain him the love of all who knew him.

CHAP. V.



PARENTS! who are apt to recur to the rod, as the readiest resource—and too frequently whip more faults *into* your children, than *out* of them—you can form no idea of the gratifying sensations that filled the mind of Mrs. Haywood, when she imparted to her husband all the promising traits of character, the foregoing little incident had unfolded to her observation in Dick,—owing to her having taken the method of assisting him to retrieve his errors, instead of running the hazard of confirming them, by severe punishment.

Possibly a latent hope, that it might also serve to make Mr. Haywood a convert to her plan, might still enhance the satisfaction; for frequent and various

had been their discussions upon the eligibility of public education, and flogging.

Mr. Haywood having himself been educated at a public school, contended hard for it and flogging:—And said much of the danger of breaking a boy's spirit, by any other mode of punishment. With the girls he did not wish to interfere—his wife might judge best in regard to them—but he could not bear the thought of having a boy's spirit broke.

"Neither would I by any means wish to do so," Mrs. Haywood would reply, "but my aim should be to assist my boy in controling that spirit particularly, which is liable to degenerate into obstinacy."

"Obstinacy will never give way to any mode of treatment, take my word for it, Lucy!—it is a fault inherent in nature, and as much out of the reach of education, as the features of a face."

"Then you have never seen an in-

stance in which obstinacy has been cured by flogging?"

"Never!—I have seen a master suffer more from the repetition of flogging, than the boy would ever acknowledge that he did; but depend upon it, an obstinate school-boy will be an obstinate man through life."

"And may not the flogging have been the very means of confirming it?" argued Mrs. Haywood. "Do not boys reckon that they show spirit by not minding a flogging?"

"Aye, by not flinching."

"But does a boy ever admit that he is restrained from any thing by the fear of a flogging?"

"No, my dear, that would be thought cowardly."

"Then how can they ever be corrected by what they value themselves, and you value them, for holding cheap?"

"Well!" with a good-humoured smile at Mrs. Haywood's triumphant look, as

she asked the last question, "possibly, flogging may not be the very best mode of punishment that might be devised: but you are aware that in a public school there must be a general one; and that may plead the prescriptive right of centuries."

"In a public school, certainly, the difference of characters and dispositions cannot be attended to; and that appears to me one of the strongest objections to them; all other considerations seem lost in the importance of Greek and Latin."

"And you forget the improvement of character by the education boys give to each other: *that*, my dear, is the great advantage of a public school."

"In many respects I allow it: but not exactly in *morals*, which I cannot help considering as by far the most essential."

"If you only wish, my dear," said Mr. Haywood, "to convince me that I had better leave little Dick under your

care, than send him to the best school and the best masters in England, you should confine yourself to that point, and you will leave me a very difficult argument. But if you will not be satisfied without establishing the universal principle, that all mothers shall have an absolute right of education over all children, I am afraid you will find you have thrown the whole advantage of the argument on my side. For will you just count among all the mothers of your acquaintance, how many Lucy's you happen to know of, and you will see how much of all the education that is wanted through the country, is likely to be in such mothers' hands. I, for my part, know exactly one; and should guess, on a liberal computation, that the island might furnish—

"Oh! my dear, if you begin"—

"My dear love, I am reasoning very seriously. The force of your argument is on the supposition, that mothers, in general, have penetration to know the

characters of their children, genius to adapt their treatment to their character, and what is hardest of all, self-command to perform, well what they have wisely imagined. Now this is what one mother in a hundred, may do—perhaps. You depend entirely on *her* character. I depend on no one. I know what is the character, the spirit of our great schools; and I am sure that a boy who has any generous blood in him, must catch it, if he is placed under its influence."

"I thank you, my love, in the name of all English mothers, that if we are to lose our rights of education, at least it is not in favour of the school-masters, we are to forego them. I believe the *spirit* of a school, has indeed great power over boys for good and for ill: but as I cannot think that boys, with all their power to educate one another, will accomplish for each other *all* the purposes of education, will you tell me what you conceive are the great points of character that are

gained in public schools? After which, I may perhaps try if I cannot say something for *homes*, since it seems there is nothing to be said for *mothers*.

"Had you not better say it first?—for one of my great objects is to do away the effects of home."

"Oh my love!"—

"You forget, Lucy, that I have told you, I am not speaking of *my* children's home, in this argument."

"But surely all homes—but go on, if you please:—for I am extremely anxious to hear distinctly stated by you, what you know, and have seen to be the strong features of our public schools?"

"Well then,—I think that in all great schools, a boy gains strength and skill for the warfare of life."

"Ah! if he is to live at war with—"

"Well, my dear, if you please he shall be nothing but a quiet citizen of a peaceful community. Then—I will make him, as a child, a member of a commu-

nity, that he may learn early and deeply the duties, the feelings, the rights of a citizen.—Justice, forbearance, submission—under qualification though,—condescension, interchange of good offices, sympathy in the pleasures and pursuits of others, reverence for public opinion, generosity, friendship,—in short, his social nature is unfolded by living among a society of his equals:—Then, for *himself*, he learns to measure himself with others, to rate himself neither too high nor too low:—He is obliged to respect the rights of others; but it is on condition that his own are respected:—he learns to know, to value, and to assert his rights;—and I do not believe, there can be a better preparation on earth, for the character of an English freeman, than the love of liberty, the sense of his own dignity, the spirit and courage of an English school-boy, in one of our great public schools."

Mr. Haywood paused at the conclusion of his period: and Mrs. Haywood, who had raised her head in some alarm from her embroidery, as her husband, with rising emphasis, proceeded through his enumeration of virtues, and had kept looking at him with the most earnest attention, now stooped again to her work, as she said, "Have you closed your argument, my dear?"

"No:—one word more which I must connect with our great schools,—Honor. The purity, the sanctity of honor, which there is in the breast of an English gentleman, has its birth at school. You cannot conceive the force in which this principle prevails,—reigns there:—the disdain that is felt for meanness of every kind;—the generous, implicit confidence in each other's honor;—and the strangeness which any dishonourable act, committed among themselves, carries with it to the minds of the boys:—But remember, in this I speak of our great,

our greatest schools:—For the thousand inferior ones, I say nothing. And now, my dear, if you think my harangue has been long enough, I am ready to take my turn, and to listen as patiently to yours."

"Thank you, my dear: and I will bribe your patience, by my ready acknowledgement of the justice and force of all you have said: and I believe from my heart, you have left out nothing that *can* be said:—but it leaves my chief objection exactly where it was. You assert that school will teach a man the feelings and the rights of a citizen: but, are our social duties our *first?*—Should not a child be made a Christian, as well as a citizen? Indeed ought not his social duties to spring out of his religious principles? and will they not be more firmly rooted for it?—*Self-controul* is also the natural result of a true sense of our religious obligations:—Now these are left wholly out of the question in great

schools; and these possibly might strengthen a boy against the claret-club, gaming-table, and other temptations to profligacy, which have sent home youths at the age of seventeen, ruined in fortune and constitution."

"These examples are very rare, Lucy."

"Rare!—That they go to the length of *ruin*, perhaps so; but certainly not rare, that a very great degree of profligacy, attaches, through life, to these worthy citizens; and when you rate the purity and sanctity of honor so high, will you deny, that mere worldly honor, is often but shielding by the sword, or pistol, a dishonourable action, which a man is satisfied to commit, but not to be told of to his face?"*

"Recollect, that I did not set out

* See an admirable Sermon of Gisborne's, upon the character of Barnabas: where the subject of worldly honour is treated. Sermon vi. Vol. 2.

with asserting that school education was in *all* points perfect."

"Our argument will end, as it has often done before, by resolving itself into Sir Roger de Coverley's decision, 'that much may be said on both sides:' but I believe all mothers who hold morals to be the first consideration, will be on mine. You mistake me however in supposing I am for home altogether. I would at fourteen or fifteen finish according to the disposition of the boy, either with a couple of years of public school, or the family of a clergyman taking a limited number of pupils."*

* It may seem that Mrs. Haywood was not a very practised disputant, for she suffers the course of conversation to carry her away from one ground of her argument, on which she appeared to feel herself strong, and to have not a little to say: intending, as she seemed to hint, to oppose the *influences* of home, to the influences of school. It is unfortunate alike for herself and the reader that she left this part of

"Well, my dear, I will end as I began, by saying, that with regard to Dick, I

her argument unconsidered: for herself, because the illustrations she had at her command were such as would soon have melted all logic out of Mr. Haywood's thoughts: and for the reader, because it was a subject she had enjoyed such excellent opportunity of studying, that he can hardly hope for better evidence on its merits, than would have been contained in her own opinion, given in her own words.—Perhaps she might think the tenderness of feeling, the deep-rooted affection, which are the growth of home, and the love of domestic life, which is cherished by a continual dependence on domestic kindnesses and domestic pleasures, for making up every day's happiness, were something to balance the most kindly influences of Eton and Westminster. I am credibly informed at least, that at the times, when she looked forward with most of maternal anxiety to the dangers of the world through which her sons must pass, her best comfort, next to her assurance of their religious principles, was in the certainty that no life, no pleasures could ever satisfy their hearts, or long hold their imagination, which did not renew to them the image of the home in which she had reared them.—Perhaps too, she might think it was not presuming too much on the reputed character of her

am very willing to believe you are taking the very best and wisest methods: and

country-men, and country-women, to believe that in most English homes, there did prevail something more reverence for morality than in the very greatest English schools.—She may even have gone further, and believed, that in all homes, in all countries, where the members of a family are living together in natural affection, young and old, the robust, the tender, and the decaying, there must be renewed every day the performance of many willing duties, and a thousand impressions of moral feelings, which will carry deep into the heart a sense of moral obligation, to last through life.—She might imagine, and being a woman, might think it of much importance, that the purest atmosphere in which a child can breathe, is that of his home.—In short there is no end to what she might think or have thought on this subject. It is even conceivable, that had she been a very malicious disputant, she might a little have disconcerted Mr. Haywood, by suggesting the possibility, that even the great and shining virtues which he had discovered to characterize English schools, might owe something of their lustre to this circumstance, that every one of the excellent young members, who united, compose these meritorious communities, does, individually, bring his own little person from an English home;

you may rely upon my having your success too much at heart, to thwart your plans."

But many a time Mr. Haywood did unintentionally thwart them, however sincerely he meant what he then said.

In discussing the matter with respect to their son John, they had come to a compromise, by placing him at R——, and John being a very finely disposed boy, turned out so well, that he strengthened the argument of both parties. Mr. Haywood said, "you see the advantage of a

and that in truth, the honor and courage of our English gentry are inherited from their ancestors, and not thumped into them at school*.

* A friend, who happened to run his eye over these pages, was rather dissatisfied that Mrs. Haywood should almost have passed over what he thought the strongest argument for a cause, of which he takes upon himself to be a zealous defender; and wrote the above remarks in a blank page of the M. S. which the author, unwilling to withhold from the reader, has subjoined in the shape of a note; though rather apprehensive, it may provoke the old observation upon the PS. of a lady's letter, that "It contains the pith of the whole matter."

public school!—show me a finer fellow any where than John!" And Mrs. Haywood said, "He has all the benefit of public education, divested of its dangers, and retains all the simplicity and mildness he was ever remarkable for;—but not even the superior hands that now hold the reins there, might answer equally for Dick."

CHAP. VI.



MRS. HAYWOOD, from the moment she expected to become a mother, had turned her thoughts chiefly to the subject of education; and carefully studied, and endeavoured to cull the choicest ideas, from the superabundance of new systems, that have of late years, misled many a well-meaning mother, and puzzled many more.

She saw the great advantage that must ensue, from making the *punishment arise out of the fault;* whenever this could be done without having recourse to *art*, which, if once detected by a child, would destroy its confidence for ever. Upon this ground she built her plan: and followed it up, in the way that has appeared; varying the means as

occasion required: and she succeeded in forming the most agreeable, well-disposed, and well taught children, that could be seen.

One of her severest punishments, as has been already observed, was the substitution of coldness and reserve, for her usual affectionate manner; and the distant epithet of Master or Miss, to the familiar appellation of Mary or John.

Upon these occasions it was, that Mr. Haywood not unfrequently counteracted her plan, for his good-nature could not stand the appearance of distress, and he would redouble his kindness to the little culprit, and say "Come to me, poor fellow!—I'll love you, when Mamma does not—and we will coax her—and promise to do so no more—come Lucy!—let me beg for him!"

This was a trying addition to the painful restraint she was imposing upon herself, but she never remonstrated against it in the presence of the children,

well aware that a difference of opinion between the parents might become injurious to the authority of both, and she would only reply, " Papa knows that I am always ready to give way to his wishes, and if he thinks he can answer for you, I am willing to make the trial."

But the quick-sightedness and observation of children, is far beyond what can be supposed by those, who have not been in the habit of attending to them: they were very early aware that there was more reason in Mamma's withholding, than in Papa's indulging. Some instances had occurred to show him that more value was set upon Mamma's love than his. Of these it will be sufficient to give one example, which was recent; and which, indeed, had the effect of at length bringing him so far over to her method, as to prevent his again interfering.

Sophy had been in disgrace for two days. On the third, Mr. Haywood sent for her, and said, " My poor little girl!

you shall go with me, and have a drive in the phaeton."

"No, thank you, Papa."

"No, thank you!—why I am going to the farmer's—and you shall play in the orchard with the children—and the lamb—and the Nanny-goat—all the time I am talking to him."

"Mamma never lets us go there, Papa, but when we are very good children,"—with a look of mortification.

"Well!—but I see you are going to be good, and so I am willing to encourage you."

"Thank you, Papa!—but if you please, I would rather not go."

"What!—you have got some new plaything in the nursery that you don't like to leave?—but we will take it with us, my love!"

"No, indeed, Papa!—but only Matty told me, that Mamma had given her leave to take me into her dressing-room by and by, for my writing lesson—and

you know, Papa, she always does that, when she is beginning to forgive us."

"And would you like better, Sophy, to stay and take your writing lesson with Mamma, than go to Farmer Gubbins's with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Papa!—because then—when Mamma looks at me again, as she does when I am good—and doesn't call me *Miss* Sophy—I shall be so glad, it will make me like to do any thing—but now—now—I don't like nothing—" and her eyes which had been full for some time, ran over.

"Then *my* loving you, and being good to you, is of no consequence, Sophy?"

"Oh! yes indeed, Papa!—but then you know you *always* love us when we are good, and when we are naughty—so we don't mind so much—but when Mamma loves us, it does make us glad—so very much!"

This artless acknowledgment proved to Mr. Haywood the encreased value, that children set upon what is at times judiciously withheld.

Nanny had adopted the appellation of "My Missin," for Mrs. Haywood, before she could speak quite plain, upon her having been chidden by Martha for calling her "Mamma," in imitation of her little companions.

For Martha's good-will to the foundling, great as it was, did not go the length of bearing her to be quite upon a footing with her young masters and misses; so she said "Mrs. Haywood is not your Mamma, Nanny!"

"Why not, Matty?"

"Because you have another Mamma."

"Where dat Mamma?"

"I don't know—she may perhaps come one day, and fetch you."

"But Nan won't do—Nan don't love

no oder Mamma—Matty! don't let poor Nan do wid her!"—and she fell a crying.

Martha soothed her, and said, "My Mistress will always take care of you, Nanny, if you are a good girl."

"Missin tate tare o' you, Matty?"

"Yes, of every body in the house."

"Well den! she be my Missin too, Matty?"

"Yes, yes! You may call her your Mistress, but not your Mamma."

Nan was perfectly satisfied with 'My Missin!' and continued to call her so, long after she should have outgrown the use of so childish an appellation,—but she had connected an idea of so much more affection with it, than either *Mistress* or *Madam*, that she could not bear to leave it off, till circumstances afterwards made a change in her situation.

When Nanny came to be old enough to make observations upon dress, she had occasionally expressed some little

dissatisfaction at the comparison of her best frock, which was only a coloured one, to those of her companions.

A maiden sister of Mr. Haywood's had worked clear muslin frocks for Emma and Sophy—and these were never worn without exciting a strong wish in little Nan's breast, 'that she had such a one!' a taste for finery had, besides, manifested itself upon any occasion, that a bit of ribbon or torn edging could be got at, to decorate herself with. Mrs. Haywood knowing the danger, as well as impropriety, of a young person's dressing beyond her station, was determined to correct her of this disposition, as opportunity might offer.

The children, who could see no reason, why little Nan should not be upon a footing with them in every thing, had solicited Mamma to indulge her with a muslin frock; and Emma having just begun to learn the tambour, begged she might work it for her.

"We shall see about it, when you have finished Sophy's tucker," said Mrs. Haywood.

And they were all delighted:—but before the tucker was finished, Nanny had got a surfeit of dress, which fortunately made an impression never afterwards effaced.—A circumstance of far greater importance than people are apt to think it:—many a poor girl has been lost, by no greater error: and Mrs. Haywood had had a recent instance of it, in her own family, that had given her infinite concern.

Mary thought her mother less indulgent than usual, in withholding from Nanny what would make the poor little thing so happy.—"And what, Mamma, can the trifling difference in price signify?—She looks so mortified when Emma and Sophy are dressed smart, and she has only a clean coloured frock on."

"It might not much signify just now, my dear!—but what do you think

Nanny's situation in life is likely to be?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, Mamma,—but I think you and Papa are too good ever to let her want."

"Do you think we should be doing her any kindness, by enabling her to decorate herself with muslins and frippery, not suited to her station?"

"I should not think there could be any harm in it, if it pleased her—and didn't make her vain—and above her situation."

"There might be some danger of that—but that is not the worst consequence it might have."

"I suppose, Mamma, you would make her a nursery maid? which she seems to have a natural turn for, she is so very handy in managing little Edward;"—(this was a younger boy, born since Nanny had been taken into the family,) "and we never had a girl in the nursery that was more good-natured or

took more pains to please us than Fanny, that went away two years ago—and if you had but seen her dressed sometimes, when she was going out on a Sunday!—with a white muslin gown—and feathers in her hat—and I don't know what all."

"And do you know what has become of Fanny?"

"No!—I have often asked Martha, and she has always said she could not tell."

"Martha is too much hurt at her fate, to like to mention it;—but I will tell it you, my dear:—her feathers, and her frippery, attracted the notice of a profligate young man, above her station—who would probably not have ventured to speak to her, if she had been modestly and properly dressed--but he had conceived from her appearance, that she was a bad girl;—when he found, however, that she would not listen to his wicked proposals, he pretended that he had only made them to try her; and that as

he found her good, he wished to marry her.—The poor thing was too honest herself, to suspect his treachery—and she let him wheedle her into giving up her place! and when he found his power over her, he seduced her by a promise of marriage—and when he had ruined her—he left her."

Mary's eyes overflowed at the fate of her favorite Fanny. "Who could have thought!" she exclaimed, "that so trifling a fault as loving dress, could have brought on so sad a misfortune!—I will go directly, and try to convince little Nan how necessary it is to get the better of it."

"Nanny could not understand your argument at present,—and I think the best remedy against her taste for finery, will be to take some opportunity of making it troublesome to her,—and when she grows up, she will be sensible of the good we have done her."

CHAP. VII.



A DAY of festivity at Farmer Gubbins's had been promised to the children, before their young cousins left them, who were upon a visit at Netherby; and they looked forward to it, with eager expectation. Harvest-home—a sillabub under the cow—a dance upon the green—and various other pleasures, that might have filled up a week, instead of a day, had been canvassed at every leisure moment, for the preceding fortnight.

It happened to have been fixed for Sophy's birth-day—but poor Sophy had become unwell—and it was not thought proper for her to go. This was such a drawback upon the general joy, that their affectionate little hearts would willingly have foregone their own pleasure,

to keep her amused at home; but Mrs. Haywood thought quiet might be useful in subduing her feverishness, and decided for their fulfilling their engagement.

The children were all desirous of some little smartness of dress, in honor of sister Sophy's birth-day—and none more so than Nanny.—New bonnets and new tippets were to grace the fête: but Sophy and Nanny had held a private consultation together, in which it was agreed that Sophy should ask Mamma's leave, to decorate the little favorite with her fine clear worked muslin frock, pink sash, and red-morocco slippers.—This coincided so well with Mrs. Haywood's plan of encumbering Nanny with some piece of troublesome finery, that she gave her ready assent: and Martha having received her cue, and having, besides, a great regard for the beauty of the frock, set out with the happy party.

The first difficulty that occurred, was the danger of tearing the fine frock, in the

farmer's waggon, which had been fixed upon as the most delightful mode of conveyance. Martha stated the objection strongly—and Nanny's own fears went along with it, whilst the sense of her smartness was new;—so it was proposed, that she should walk by the side of Dick's poney, with old Joe, who was to lead it; and the rest go in the waggon.—But they all goodnaturedly agreed to give up the waggon, since Nan could not partake of it.

So they walked.

Nuts and blackberries, however, tempted them to deviate occasionally from the straight road:—and this pleasure must be prohibited to a muslin frock.—Nanny gave a sigh—but she was made a partaker in the booty; and she comforted herself with thinking how her finery would be admired at the farm.

"Whoy, marcy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gubbins, the moment she beheld her,

" For sartin! if heare bean't Nance, as foine as a lady loike!"

Nanny chuckled, and held up her head.

" Whoy, lass! thou'll ne'are come in for a bit o't' fun!—bedoizen'd i' that fashion."

" But Nanny thinks it best fun to be fine, Mrs. Gubbins!" said Martha, " so every one to their taste you know."

It just then struck Nanny, that she might have chosen a better opportunity for being fine,—but she said nothing.

" Aye, marry!—every one to their teast, as you say;—moy Bet and Sal loike play better nor dress—and soa, coome!—t' last looad were brouwt in, just as I seed you cooming daown yon field—and t' lads and lasses be toighting theirselves fort' dance—theyse not be long, I'll uphod ye.—Meanwhoile I mun go milk t' cows."

" O! let us all go milking!" cried the young ones.

Nanny jumped up with the rest.—"It will never do for you, Nanny!" said Martha, "the stile is a high jagged one—and the way to the cow yard is all among briars and thistles—you migh tear your frock."

"Noa, marry!—it beant for foine lasses," said Mrs. Gubbins, "I know'd as Miss Haywoods always coomes i' color'd frocks, and loikes to scramble a bit—or I'd ha' set our Tummus to roighten't."

Nanny's countenance fell—but by this time the children's minds were engrossed with the novelty of their pursuits, and they skipped off without her. Poor Nanny sat down, and tried to enliven her solitude, by looking at her beautiful frock—and thinking how pretty it would look, when she was dancing!

Never, to be sure, were cows so long in milking!

At length Bet and Sal made their appearance, in their nice dark cotton

gowns. "Whoy!—what be yow doing all alone heare, Nance?—and theare be such jumping and laughing i' t' cow yard!

"I was afraid of tearing my fine frock," said Nanny, "see how beautiful it is!"—displaying it with some ostentation.

"Beloike, it may:"—said Bet, "but I would ne'er be troubled wi' a frock, as should hinder me fro' jumping and laughing."

"And mother says—ye know, Bet,—as none ever looks well i' clothes unsuitable to their station loike,—so to moy thinking, Nance look'd rosier and merrier wi' her cotton frock, nor i' this here poor thin gimcrack work, as a blast o' wind moight tear,—let alone brambles and fences,"—answered Sal.

"But there are no brambles, or fences, I hope, where we are to dance," said Nanny.

"Noa, noa—ye'll ha' yer shear o'that, spoite o't' frock."

The milking party at length returned and the dancing began;—and Dick lugged Nan into the thick of it;—but just as it was come to their turn to go down the dance, Martha stepped up, "I fear, Nanny, your frock can never escape safe from the riotous doings of the lads and lasses yonder,—who kick about at such a rate, that Miss Emma's frock caught in the heel of one of them just now,—and would have been torn—but for its being made of stouter stuff than the fine one you have on."

"Oh! dear Matty!—I'll take care—indeed I will!—they shan't come near it."

"But you would not be able to help it, Nanny,—and *I* must take care that Miss Sophy's beautiful frock is not torn,—indeed you must sit down."

"But she must *not* sit down," said

Dick, "I will take care nobody shall touch her beautiful frock."

"Why, Master Dicky, what could you do among them great tall men?—they would tumble you down first, if you did not get out of their way."

"But that I am sure they should not," said Dick, sticking his hands heroically in his sides, "but why did you put on that foolish frock, Nan? to be so troublesome to you!"

Nan's eyes filled, "I didn't know it would be so very troublesome, Dick!—and I wanted to be fine for Sophy's birth-day;—and she said I should look pretty in it."

"But you do not, Nan—you do not look pretty at all!—you have looked sorry ever since we set out:—and I'm sure, I like you much better in your own pink frock, that we may romp in, and dance in, and never mind if the lads heels do tear it."

"I believe I was a silly little girl! I am sure I wish I was not fine now!" and the tears trickled down her cheeks, as Martha took her by the hand and led her to a seat, saying, "when you sit all alone there, Nanny, every body will be able to see your fine dress you know,—and master Dicky can dance with his little cousin Sukey, who has got never a partner."

"But I won't dance with Sukey, nor nobody—and leave poor Nan crying by herself—I'll stay by her,"—and Dick's kind little heart seemed full.

"Now, I do wish—I do wish"—sobbed Nan, "I had never wanted to be fine—for now I have made Dick sorry too!"

"Never mind, Nan!" said the good-natured boy, "they will all stop by and bye, for the sillabub under the cow—and then we shall go with them."

But here, a new mortification awaited poor Nanny; the dancing had gone on

with such zeal, that the hour appointed for the sillabub, had slipped by unperceived;—and the dew had begun to fall, when the cow was thought of.—The little Haywoods and their cousins, trained up hardily, minded the dew no more than the young farmers did; neither would Nanny have thought of it, who had jumped up in great glee to join them—but Martha called her attention to Sophy's best shoes—which must not be spoilt.

The poor girl could bear it no longer; she burst into a passion of tears, that called up the sympathy of all the little party; who endeavoured to soothe her, by promising to bring her in a double share of the sillabub;—but she was not to be pacified;—and Mrs. Gubbins hurried them off, before it should be altogether too late.

Martha staid to comfort Nanny, and when she saw her a little more composed,

she said, "Pity!—that Miss Sophy made you so fine to day, to spoil all your sport, poor little Nanny!"

"Oh, Matty!—'twas Nan's own self wanted to be fine.—Sophy only did it to please foolish Nan:—but I will never be so foolish no more,"—sobbing.

"What! you will never go to harvest-home in fine clothes again?"

"I'll never put on fine clothes no more for nothing, as long as I live!—if it wasn't dear Sophy's frock, I should hate it—and the shoes too! that I thought looked so pretty!"

"But would you like, Nanny, to be seen without your finery now, if you could change it?"

"Yes, indeed, Matty, I should be so glad!—dear Matty!—do you think Betty Gubbins would lend me one of her every-day frocks;—I'm sure it would fit me well enough—and then I could dance with them in the barn, when they come

back;—and if I tore that—you know, Missin would let me give my old blue one instead of it—do, dear Matty, go and ask her!"

Martha, who thought the lesson had made an impression not easily to be forgotten, said, "I could do something better than that for you, Nanny; I did bring one of your own coloured frocks with me, for fear of any mishap to this,—and so we can put it on before they come back."

The transport with which the poor girl threw off her troublesome finery, was at least equal to that with which she had put it on,—and at the return of the joyous set, to foot it a little longer in the barn, who so joyous as Nan?—she jumped and frolicked, with the best of them,—and a drive home in the farmer's waggon, by moonlight, compleated the jollity of the day.

And when Nanny returned the frock

safe to Sophy, she said, "Thank you, dear Sophy, for being so good to let me be fine with it;—but I never will be fine no more,—it made me so very sad."

CHAP. VIII.



At the distance of about five miles from Netherby, lived Mr. and Mrs. Wogram;—a pair of as friendly—well-meaning-— underbred——-straightforward people—as could be wished for in a neighbourhood.

At the age of thirty, Mr. Wogram had discovered, that a wife would make his house more comfortable, and keep his servants in better order, than a bachelor could pretend to do; not that he had much fault to find with his servants neither,—they were about as good, he believed, as other people's:—but somehow, a household seemed but oddish without a wife,—he had indeed, thought so for some time,—but the trouble of love-making, had deterred him from

taking the necessary steps towards obtaining one: fortunately however, his uncle, Mr. Simon Wogram, purchased an estate not many miles distant from Sowerton, and came to inhabit it, with his three daughters; the eldest of whom, just turned of five-and-twenty, was neither pretty, nor accomplished, nor yet remarkably sensible; but she was good-humoured and notable, and very much the sort of person, Mr. Wogram thought, that would sit at the head of his table with credit and respectability; and her frank easy deportment to her cousin, led him to hope she might not take much time or trouble in courting.

So he set about making love forthwith—by praising every thing in his uncle's domestic economy—and at his table,—and attributing it all to his cousin Becky's good management:—Who, in return, received his compliments with all due complacency; and always helped him to the best bits at the table. At

the end of about a *week*, having, as he conceived, given his cousin sufficient time to judge how far she might like to form a connexion with him *for life*, he took the opportunity of attending her in a morning's ride, to " pop the question."

Rebecca had not been blind to the distinction paid her; and lost no time in revolving the matter in her own mind. A husband she had long settled to be the summum bonum of every girl's expectations;—her cousin Simon was certainly not more agreeable than many of her acquaintance; nor by a good deal so handsome as some she could name;—neither did he abound much in sense;—nor was his conversation very enlivening:—but still she saw no particular objection that could be made to him; and those she might have liked better, did not seem to have any thoughts of her; and after all, matrimony was a good thing to make sure of.—So when Simon began to break his mind to her, by observing, " That he

was just a-thinking, what a good thing it would be to have her for his wife!"—she very frankly answered, "That she should not desire a better husband;"—and a friendly shake of the hand, clinched the affair.

Nothing could be more agreeable to old Simon Wogram, than the connection between his daughter and his nephew; and in three weeks after their first meeting, (for it had so happened that they had not seen each other from childhood,) they were made one,—and *one*, they really were: for the similarity of their dispositions was quite proverbial in the neighbourhood; so they jogged on their even course;—they were in easy circumstances,—the world had gone smoothly with them, and they were in perfect good humour with it,—took things as they came;—lived for the day that was passing;—and never troubled themselves with foreseeing consequences.

The only disappointment they had

ever felt, was the want of children; and for that, they made themselves amends, by "educating" as they called it, the child of a favorite footman, who was married.

Their ideas upon the subject of education were extremely simple; they saw no difficulty in it;—to make the child as happy as possible, by letting it do just what it pleased,—and, when it became fretful, at not being able to please itself, from the waywardness of its own fancies, to coax it into good humour again, by new indulgencies,—was the grand point with them, "till it should be old enough to be taught better."

The principle was undeniably good, for to make a child happy, is a primary object in all education; but unfortunately they widely mistook the means of accomplishing their object; very few dispositions could stand the test of blind unlimited indulgence;—Billy was however, by nature, of an easy passive temper; so that

the mischief was not so fatal to him as to most children it would have been,—it did not make him overbearing and intractable, as might have been expected, it only produced a fretfulness that stuck by him through life.

He was a slim, genteel, pretty looking boy, that had the appearance of a gentleman's child;—he had an ear to catch any tune that he heard, and a pretty voice,—and this accomplishment was exhibited to all visitors; he had learnt Scotch steps besides, as, from the time that he could make full use of his limbs, he had shown a fondness for dancing, and with these two useful accomplishments, poor Billy had attained his eighth year.

When the harvest-home party at Farmer Gubbins's took place, Billy was expected to have shone pre-eminent upon the occasion; but a feverish cold confined him to his bed; and fretting over

the disappointment, encreased the fever till it became a serious disorder.

Mr. Wogram called at Netherby in his ride next morning; to hear "how matters had gone off with the young ones," (of which however, he had picked up some intimations, by the way;) and to impart his own distress at Billy's disappointment, and encreased fever.

He was much comforted, to find Sophy Haywood had been prevented from going, by a similar complaint— "because," he said, "it was what would make poor Billy easier,—when he found he was not the only sufferer—" seeing Mrs. Haywood smile at this speech, he added, "Do not think, my good lady, but what I am truly concerned, as I may say, for Miss Sophy;—only as charity begins at home, you see, I could not but rejoice at having a little matter of comfort to carry back to poor Bill."

"I am sure, sir, it will not be very good-natured in Billy, to be glad of

sister Sophy's being sick!" exclaimed Emma.

"Why, my bonny!—don't we always bear misfortunes better for having a companion in them?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Sophy, eagerly, "I'm sure I should have been much more unhappy if any of my brothers or sisters, or cousins, or Nan, had been ill too!—I kept thinking all the while, how glad they all were!—and how glad I should be, to hear it all when they came home."

"Why now that's really odd! seeing as it does not appear to me over natural," said Mr. Wogram, "for I must say, Billy is as good-natured, a kind-hearted lad as you shall see, be the other who he may,—when nothing happens to cross him,—but yet, it always makes him bear a disappointment better, when we can tell him of any body else that has been disappointed too,—and if I am not misinformed," he continued, with a sagacious

look, "I shall have somewhat more of comfort to carry home to him,—about poor little Nanny—who I hear, was crying fit to break her heart the whole time, because she mightn't dance with her muslin frock on."

"The muslin frock did certainly occasion some distress," said Mrs. Haywood, "but I hope it has proved an useful lesson too."

"Lesson!—" exclaimed Mr. Wogram, "sure!—why how?—to my thinking it was very hard upon the poor lass, to dress her up in what was to spoil her sport;—and what sort of a lesson it could be—I can't for my life imagine!"

"The desire to be so dressed was her own," replied Mrs. Haywood, "and the consequences of it will, I trust, give her a dislike to unsuitable finery, that may last her through life, and save her many a heart-ach,—so Billy *may* rejoice in tears, that will turn out so much to Nanny's advantage."

"Hay!—what, my good neighbour? you don't mean to say—I beg pardon for suspecting it—but you and my friend Haywood take odd ways sometimes—you don't mean to say that she was hindered on purpose?"

The children having been by this time called away to their dinner, Mrs. Haywood answered, "I will not deny *an intention* of letting her feel the inconvenience of being too fine."

"Well! well!—you know best, I dare say:"—with a self-complacent shrug of his shoulders, "My Beck and I go on i' the old jog-trot fashion, d'ye see,—we haven't made any of these new-fangled notable discoveries, how cruelty is to make children happier."

"Possibly we might differ as much in our ideas of cruelty, as in our modes of education,"—said Mrs. Haywood.

"Why as to that there—what I say is this here, d'ye see,—cruelty is cruelty, I think,—and to go for to send a poor

lass on a party of pleasure, for the sake of not letting her have any—"

"Would you consider it as kinder," interrupted Mrs. Haywood, "to let a fault grow upon her, unchecked, that might become the bane of her future life?"

"Why no,—no to be sure—it might be well to tell her of it kindly."

"And do you find, that kind telling is sufficient to eradicate natural propensities?"

"Why, as to that, d'ye see,—I can't say Beck and I have tried much about it yet,—on account of Bill being so young,—but we are thinking o' beginning with him."

"And suppose that when you do, he should not mind you?"

"But I can never go for to suppose such a thing; because why?—we shall tell him it's all for his good."

"I'm afraid," smiling, "that even in

riper years, we do not always mind what we are told is for our *good.*"

"Aye! aye!—but then, there will be old father Birch come out o' the corner to help him to understand it, you see;—the time must come when that there's the best argument after all; but meanwhile, poor loves! don't let's make 'em unhappy, say I!"

"My idea of making them happy, is by fitting them for the station they are to fill in life;—you know best, my good sir, what your views may be for Billy—but at all events—"

"Lord love you! my dear madam, I have no views for him at all, not I!—time enough to begin thinking about that there, when he comes to grow up a bit!—his father's a good faithful servant, d'ye see? and so, of course, I shall assist him in putting our little favorite to school:—but that will not be as long as ever we can put it off, because why?—for this here reason,—we shall miss him so sadly."

Mrs. Haywood was really hurt, to find that the poor boy was to be thus sacrificed to their want of a plaything; without their bestowing one moment's thought upon the injury they were doing him, or any intention to provide for the different expectations, they were raising both in the child and his parents. Fully aware, however, of the low estimation in which Mr. Wogram held *female* opinions, she thought it best to withhold hers, and request of Mr. Haywood, to argue the matter with him at some future opportunity.

Though Mr. Wogram's ideas of good breeding checked his "going deep into argument with a lady," he could not bottle up his indignation, at the "new-fangled" modes of proceeding of his "queer neighbours," to the end of his intended morning ride,—so he hastened home, to give it vent, and bursting into the parlour, he exclaimed, "Why! what

dost think, Beck, them there genius neighbours of ours have hit on now?"

"Nay, Sim—that's more than I can pretend to guess:—sommut pure whim-wham-ish, I'll be bound."

"Why, it's a good deal worse than whim-wham-ish, to my thinking!—its downright cruelty!—if Mrs. Haywood didn't go and dress up yon poor little Nance, in one o' her daughter's fine frocks—o' purpose to spoil t' poor lass's sport at harvest-home—and set the cross old nursery-maid domineering over her, not to let her stir a step, till the poor heart o't were almost broke—and I warrant ye, it might ha' broke altogether!—as Farmer Uphill said—if Patty Gubbins hadn't begged and prayed upon her knees, to let her ha' one o' her young one's frocks on, to let her hop about wi' i' t' barn, among the rest, before they went home—and happy enough was t' poor little lass to get it."

"Well! for my share!—but what

could it be for, Sim?—for I don't think 'em ill-natured sort o' people neither—only queerish, to be sure! and out o' the common."

"Why, it was some vagary about Nance being fond o' dress—as if that there matter'd much! when mayhap it's all t' poor lass will have to please her thro' life—for when all's said and done, they are no'b but bringing her up to be a servant, with all their kindness."

"Well! thanks be praised, Sim! we are no geniuses—so we cannot expect to understand 'em."

And here ended the dialogue;—not however quite to Sim's satisfaction, who had expected to work up his wife to the height of his own displeasure:—but whether Nanny did not equally interest her feelings; or that the comfortable conviction of having no pretensions to genius, so agreeably filled her mind, that anger could not just then find access to it; —certain it is, that she did not take the

matter much to heart,—and Sim was obliged to remount his horse, and seek for sympathy among his neighbours; who did not, however, *all* coincide in his view of the business.

Among those who vindicated the Haywoods, were Lord and Lady Melsom, who had a fine young family of their own,—and, from the anxious wish to educate them in the best possible manner, frequently had recourse to the advice and opinion of their sensible, judicious neighbours at Netherby.

All endeavour to convince Mr. Wogram, was however fruitless,—and they were, at length, glad to get rid of the subject, by turning the conversation to the ball, that was to take place at Melsom House in a fortnight;—when they should hope for the favor of Mr. and Mrs. Wogram and their little favorite's company, they said.—This invitation was most readily accepted, and had the happy effect, of turning Mr. Wo-

gram's thoughts to Billy's dress, and appearance, on that day; which engrossed them, very agreeably, during the remainder of his visit.

CHAP. IX.



It had been the custom in the Melsom family, from father to son, for some generations back, to celebrate wedding-day anniversaries, by giving a dance to the tenants and servants;—in which the whole family joined—and any visitors they might have; and such of the neighbours as were intimate, usually partook of the festivity.

Of course the Haywoods were never omitted,—and with high expectations of amusement, did the young ones prepare for their annual pleasure; and upon this occasion, Mrs. Haywood had some difficulty to prevail with Nanny, to have an old long lawn frock of Emma's, made to fit her; so impressed was her mind with the idea, that smartness would destroy

pleasure.—Here, however, she was taught the proper distinction between *neatness*, which is suitable to every station, and *finery*, which is out of character.

The festive day at length came—Nanny was the happiest of the happy; and there was not a single drawback upon the enjoyment of any of the party.

Among the first who arrived, were Mr. and Mrs. Wogram, with Billy,—dressed as smart, as his own fancy and their unbounded indulgence could make him.

Some accidental visitors, who came the evening before, were the only persons that were ignorant of Billy's parentage;—and their little girl, a very spoilt child, of about seven years old, was instantly caught by his appearance,—and told her mamma, "That pretty little boy should be her partner;"—The proposal was instantly made by Mamma, to Mrs. Wogram—who happened to sit next her, and acceded to, with great alacrity.

The dancing commenced with spirit; and Lady Upland (mother to the little girl) was struck with Billy's steps, and genteel carriage. She knew the Wograms to be an old Yorkshire family, and conceiving this to be their son, she was profuse in his praise; particularly observing the lightness and elegance of his motions, "so perfectly gentleman-like,"—she said.

"Aye," said Mrs. Wogram, "that's what my Sim and I offens say,—for sure he will come to be a gentleman, one day or other, he looks so very like one."

Lady Upland, in whose composition pride bore no inconsiderable share,—took the alarm at this speech, and darted across the room, to inquire, who the boy was that her daughter was dancing with?—upon being informed, she instantly broke into the set;—and taking the little girl by the arm, drew her towards one of the benches,—telling her,

"she must sit down till she should find her another partner."

It was not very likely, that a child accustomed to have its own way, would submit peaceably to such a proceeding; she struggled—vociferated—"Why?—what for?—I say I won't have no other partner but Billy Harris!—he is the prettiest boy in the room!—and he said he liked to dance with me;—and I won't dance with no other!—I say I won't—I won't!"—and she quite screamed with rage.

"But I say you shall!" exclaimed the angry mother, "what!—dance with a footman's brat!—I'm shock'd to death at the very thoughts of it!—for shame! Georgiana!" as she went on screaming and struggling, "See! how every body wonders to see you so naughty!—I must fetch your Papa to you!—"

"I don't care for Papa—nor you neither, you cross old girl!—I'll cry my-

self into fits—and then you'll be frightened enough, so you will."

While this agreeable contest drew the attention of the company, in one part of the room,—Billy had gone whimpering over his disappointment to Mr. and Mrs. Wogram; who had been collecting a groupe round them, for the purpose of admiring their favorite's dancing: and with no slight interest did they enter into his distress,—expressing their astonishment, at Lady Upland's unaccountable behaviour; who, but a moment before, had said so much of the dear child's beauty, and gentility! "But I'll go see what it all means, my dear,"—said Mrs. Wogram.

And away she posted, to call Lady Upland to account,—while Billy sat down in a corner, with his finger in his eye.

Meanwhile, Lady Upland, finding herself quite unequal to the contest with her daughter, had deputed a messenger to Sir Thomas, for his assistance.

Sir Thomas Upland was a worthy, good-natured man; of formal manners, valuing himself upon his *vieille cour* politeness; very aristocratic;—but affecting the most extreme affability, and anxious to court popularity upon all occasions;—which, however, was sometimes unfortunately counteracted by the very uncommon absence of mind to which he was liable:—not from its being overburthened with matter for deep reflection;—nor yet from studious habits;—but simply, from looking forward so eagerly to the next thing he was to do, that the sense of the present was apt to be lost in it.—He was deeply intent, therefore, upon the arrangement of the stages for his next day's journey; when his meditations were interrupted by the summons to his Lady's assistance, which he immediately obeyed; but as he was making his way towards her, he was encountered by Mrs. Wogram,—who conceiving that a husband must always know the meaning of his

wife's conduct, began her attack upon him, with a "Good gracious, Sir Thomas! what can my Lady mean by using our poor Billy so ill?"

"Who, Ma'am?"—exclaimed Sir Thomas—as waking from a reverie.

"Our poor Billy, as you saw dancing with Miss Upland—I say, I should be glad to know what her Ladyship means by using him so ill?"

Sir Thomas's eye having at that moment fallen upon Lady Melsom, he imagined the complaint must relate to her,—and replied with great urbanity, "Ma'am! I'm excessively concerned to hear of any ill usage to so fine a young gentleman:—and I beg you to be assured that if I could take the liberty of interfering—nobody would be more ready."

"Well! for my part!—did ever any mortal hear the like?—the liberty of interfering!—why, pray, who should interfere, if you don't?"

"Upon my word! Ma'am! that's

more than I can tell;—but I'll make a point of enquiring, if you desire it; and do myself the honour of acquainting you with the result." And with a civil bow, he passed on to that part of the room where Lady Melsom was stationed, instead of where his wife wanted him.

Mrs. Wogram, perfectly at a loss what to make of his speech, but too full of her purpose to bestow much thought upon the matter, pursued her way to the scene of altercation—which continued with unabated violence—and joining in with Georgiana, she exclaimed, "I can't say Ma'am—but what I think Miss has some reason to complain:—I'll defy any body to show me a better dancer in the room than our Billy."

"Our Billy!"—repeated Lady Upland with a look of great disdain,—"If you mean to *adopt* him, Madam, you had best give notice by the public cryer, that he is no longer to be known for the son of—Jack Sprat, or whatever other elegant

name his father may bear!—but till *that* be thoroughly understood,—I beg leave to say, he is no partner for Miss Upland."

"Jack Sprat! a partner for Miss Upland!" cried Sir Thomas, (who, having been fetched back from Lady Melsom's side by his wife's messenger, had just come up in time to catch something of the last words,) "No! be assured, my Lady!—no such thing shall be suffered—even in this very curious mixture, I must confess, that our hosts have assembled;—I will instantly apply to my Lord Melsom upon the subject."

"You may save yourself the trouble, Sir Thomas," retorted Mrs. Wogram, with great indignation—"there is no Jack Sprat in the case; but a little darling boy of Mr. Wogram's and mine—son to as faithful a servant as ever was in a house,—I'll say that for him,—and as pretty a dancer as ever was seen;—as to adoption and that,—it's what we have

never yet thought on,—but I won't pretend to say what such usage as this may drive one to."

She stopped in her harangue, from perceiving she had no listeners left.—Lady Melsom had sent her daughters, the Miss Orme's, to endeavour to pacify Georgiana by the offer of a more manly partner; who, they assured her, was quite as good a dancer, and almost grown up;—this last circumstance improved his value sufficiently in her eyes, to obtain the relinquishing of Billy. And Lady Upland, finding her daughter give way, no longer thought it worth while to attend to Mrs. Wogram: but having nodded to Sir Thomas to stop his farther interference,—and kissed Georgiana for resuming her good-humour,—telling her, "how pretty it made her look," returned to her seat on the other side of the room; and Sir Thomas had bent his course back to the station, where he had been cogita-

ting over his arrangements for the following day.

Matters being thus disposed of in that quarter, nothing remained for Mrs. Wogram, but to go and comfort the disconsolate Billy; whose distress had however no sooner been perceived by little Nan, than she had run to him—"Never mind, Billy!—don't cry so!—be a good boy, and I will dance with *you* instead of *Dick*,—who I'm sure will let me."

"But I won't dance with nobody but that pretty little miss!—who said as she liked me better nor anybody i' t' room."

"But her Mamma won't let her, Billy."

"Oh! but I know Madam will soon make her Mamma let her."

Billy had not been used to see Madam's will resisted,—and thought himself sure of the efficacy of her interposition; when she returned, therefore, with the information, that Miss Upland

had agreed to take another partner, he burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed out reproaches at Madam, who "he was sure didn't love him now—or she wouldn't have let them serve him so."—With this idea, the child worked himself up to a state of agitation, that affected his weak stomach; and he became so unwell, as to oblige Madam to take him out of the room,—and, shortly after, to carry him home.

The place Sir Thomas had resumed, would not, by any but himself, have been deemed the most apt for meditation,—being exactly in the way of the dancers as they reached the bottom of the set, for which his toes had suffered more than once,—and he had regularly begged "ten thousand pardons!" whenever this hint of their being in the way had occurred, without the remotest idea of the possibility of moving ever having suggested itself.

He had employed the last half-hour in consulting with all that approached him, about his road; but as out of a multiplicity of opinions confusion will arise, he at length determined to have recourse to Lord Melsom's coachman, who was accordingly sent for.

Coachman happened to have been a little too zealous in doing the honours of the ale and punch, in the servants' hall, and had found it expedient to betake himself to bed;—but Jack the Postillion had lately been the very road Sir Thomas was going, and it was naturally concluded he would do as well.

Sir Thomas was therefore told "that Coachman was out of the way, but Jack was at the door."

"Oh, very well!—let Jack come in, then,"—said Sir Thomas.

Now this name of "Jack" recalling the whole train of confused ideas, which Lady Upland's wrath had given rise to, they entirely superseded those, for which

Jack had been summoned; and he forthwith determined, not to lose so good an opportunity of administering a little wholesome admonition.

So, when poor Jack made his appearance, rather scared at being had in while all the gentlefolks were dancing, (it being the custom for the men-servants, only to join the party after the company had retired) Sir Thomas called him up to the very spot where he himself was encumbering the dancers;—and with a grave face, and an audible voice, began.—

"My friend, Jack Sprat!—I must have a word or two with you."

"Sir!" cried the astonished postillion, "my name—"

"I desire not to be interrupted, my friend!—as what I have to say, is entirely for your good:—as far as it relates to Miss Upland,—the affair is gone by; and you might not know her from any other young lady:—but what I have to say is this—mark my words—I consider

the subordination of ranks as essential to the good order of society;—Lord Melsom chusing to confound distinctions so important, I do not now mean to observe upon; because I reserve that discussion for his private ear:—but I caution you in future, not to suppose yourself a fit partner for a young lady of fashion, because you are admitted into the same room with her:—You might not always meet with those inclined to pass it over as easily as I am."

Jack did not know whether he stood upon his head, or his heels,—utterly confounded, he made no attempt at a reply;—but it may be supposed, the merits of the harangue were not lost upon some of the surrounding company, who formed a very attentive audience, not at all displeasing to the Baronet. Having acquitted himself to his own satisfaction, he now only added, with a more complacent countenance, "You seem conscious of your impropriety, my

friend,—and therefore I hope it will be unnecessary to say any more.—You may go."

This was a most welcome hearing to poor Jack!—and, in fact, the only part of all Sir Thomas had said that he in any degree understood,—and very readily did he act upon it, restraining the expression of his amazement no longer than till he got to his fellow-servants in the outer room, when it broke forth in the assertion, that "Sir Thomas Upland were for sartin gone out o' his wits! it were for all the world loike as tho'f he were a speechifying; and not one word, as I could make out, about horses or road,—except summut o' moy neame being Sprat,—whoy, Jack Higgins be no more loike Sprat, nor nothing at all!—he be crazed—for sartin sure."

When he was gone, Sir Thomas, turning to the gentleman that stood nearest to him, said with a smile of satisfaction, "Poor lad!—I hope I have made an im-

pression on him—I was pleased to see his confusion—I hope I was not harsh;—for after all—the fault may be traced higher; which is what I mean to hint to his Lordship before we part;—for as I say, subordination of ranks is the essence of social order—and bringing footmen into company with gentlemen—is really a sort of thing—a sort of thing that—I forget what I was going to say—but, are not you of my mind, Mr?—a—I beg ten thousand pardons, sir, for not knowing your name!—but are not you of my mind?"

The person to whom he happened to make this appeal, was Mr. Wogram. "Why, as to not knowing my name, sir, seeing we are not acquainted, I don't think it's any thing very unnatural—so I forgive you, with all my heart:—but as to footmen—and that—being I don't quite take your meaning—if you should happen to recollect it,—I should be willing to hear it explained."

Explanation was however, for the present, out of the question. Sir Thomas, having espied Mrs. and Miss Haywood and recollected he had not yet paid his compliments to them, had, without waiting for an answer, made his way through the thick of the dancers to them.

Supper however happening to be at the same moment announced, he, without saying one word, courteously took hold of the flap of his coat, and turning up the satin lining for Mrs. Haywood to lay her hand upon, led her towards the supper room, with an air of urbanity that might have become Sir Charles Grandison himself.

CHAP. X.



During supper, his attention was caught, by a conversation carrying on opposite to him, relative to a purchase recently made by some gentleman in the neighbourhood, "I beg pardon for interfering," said he, "but, I assure you, you are quite mistaken as to the purchaser; it's the What-d'ye-call-ums of thingumbob, that bought it—I am perfectly correct in my information—they are our near neighbours, and very intimate acquaintance."

A general smile spread itself over the features of the company.

"Pray, which of the What-d'ye-call-ums, sir, may I ask?" said a young Cantab, very gravely, who valued himself upon the talent of quizzing.

" The younger brother, sir,"—replied Sir Thomas, not in the least aware of the joke.

The laugh now irresistibly burst forth.—Sir Thomas, with some appearance of displeasure asked " Since when, the name of his friend had become a signal for such extreme mirth?"

The laughter encreased; and the Baronet looking offended, Lord Melsom interposed with, " My good friend!—it is not the name,—but the want of the name, that has occasioned the mirth!—the what-d'ye-call-ums are so numerous a race, that something more specific than *the younger brother* is requisite, to make the matter clear."

Still Sir Thomas was not at home.

" Sir Thomas has a treacherous memory for names," said Lady Upland, " the Tophams of West Appleton, are the neighbours he alluded to."

" To be sure, my dear!—that was what I said."

"Not quite—you fell into your old habit of what-d'ye-call-ums."

"Did I?—oh!—aye!—well!—no wonder you all laughed!—my memory is at a fault now and then for names—'Great wits'—you know, my dear—as the adage says," laughing good-humouredly.

"You atone for want of memory, better than by *wit*, Sir Thomas! for you make it up in *heart*; and it will be fortunate for those who aim at the reputation of wit, without caring at whose expence they show it,—if it do not, in the end, supersede that more valuable possession," said Lady Upland, glancing her eye somewhat indignantly at the young wag.

When the servants had left the room, Sir Thomas said, "I hope I was not too severe upon my friend Jack Sprat,—and that it was not my admonition, caused him to fail in his attendance at supper."

A general look of surprise prevailed,—

and Lady Melsom repeated, "Jack Sprat!—Sir Thomas!'

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my Lady—for making a little free with a servant of yours;—but I really wish to call my friend Melsom's attention to the consequences of these kind of democratical associations, so destructive of that subordination of rank, which I hold to be the great safeguard of the state. I beg, however, to be understood,—*not* to have taken the thing up, from any resentment in regard to Miss Upland's share in it."

The amazement of the company encreased,—but Lady Upland began to be aware of his mistake, and interrupted him with, "My dear Sir Thomas, you are in an error;—which I have occasioned by my foolish trick, of giving a name of derision when I am provoked;—there was no offence given by any footman of Lord Melsom's."

"Bless my soul!—then I've been very

much to blame, for using the poor fellow so ill!—and I'll not leave the house, without shaking hands with him, and telling him how sorry I am—but, by the bye! it was a very odd coincidence after all—that his name should happen to be Jack Sprat—and you should just hit upon it, my dear!"

Still this appeared all enigma, till Lady Upland entered upon the explanation—which Mr. Wogram's having retired before supper, left her at liberty to do. A discussion took place, in which their plan was pretty freely censured,—and Lady Melsom, who always endeavoured to find an excuse for every body, could only say, "Their good-nature misled them;—but she made no doubt, when they saw the consequence, they would make a provision for the boy, that would take him out of the line of his parents."

"And much the better a child is likely to be for that!" said Mr. Haywood,

"raising him into a class that will make him ashamed of his parents, and looked down upon by his companions. 'Tis the prerogative only of transcendent genius, to break through these established boundaries, and find its level in any situation to which it may rise.—But we will not pursue a treatise upon education, whilst something so much more agreeable is in view.—I think mention was made of a glee, whenever the absence of the servants should restore quiet."

The Miss Ormes immediately complied with the hint.

"That went off prodigiously well, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, as they finished, "Well! whose turn next?"

Mary Haywood was called upon—and sung a pretty little ballad, with great sweetness of expression.

"Vastly well! vastly well!—all the young ladies are so charmingly accomplished now a-days!" said Sir Thomas, "Pray Ma'am, did you ever see Miss

Topham's paintings?—beautiful, upon my word!—she learnt of Thingummy—By the bye," turning abruptly round to his next neighbour—" Pray, sir, who was the gentleman standing by me, when I made that confounded blunder about the footman?"

" That, sir, was the very Mr. Wogram, whom we were just talking of."

" Bless my soul!—was ever any thing so unlucky?—he must have thought that I meant to affront him! though I don't very well recollect what it was that I said—but I know my head was full of that unlucky mistake,—bless my soul!—I shall have no peace, till I have asked his pardon—pray where does he live?"

" About three miles off,—towards Doncaster."

" That's not the road we are going! then, positively, my Lady, we can't proceed on our journey to-morrow; I must ride over and beg Mr. *F*ogram's pardon."

"*W*ogram is the name, my dear, pray take care you don't mistake it!" smiling, "you take it for granted, then, that Lord and Lady Melsom will be troubled with us another day?"

"Gadso!—aye!—true!—as you say—I beg ten thousand pardons! I ought to have begun there!"

Of course every thing civil was said; and for the remainder of the evening, Sir Thomas heard neither music, nor conversation,—his mind was wholly intent upon what he should say, in excuse of his incivility to Mr. Wogram.

CHAP. XI.



NEXT morning, the moment breakfast was ended, he called for his horses; and having taken his directions as to the road, he set forth.

The direction was very simple: he had only to keep to the *right*, as soon as he was out of the park, and follow the high road to Doncaster. Mr. Wogram's grounds reached to the road, and a finger-post marked the turning.

Sir Thomas, however, happened to turn to the *left*,—and pursued his way, nothing doubting. He soon got into the Doncaster road; but it was towards Ferrybridge that his horse's head was turned;—nor did the encreasing numbers upon the mile-stones, draw his attention

for one moment, from the entrance speech he was conning over.

A sort of cottage lodge at length caught his eye, "That's the place!" said he, "Go on, George! and inquire if Mr. and Mrs. Fogram are at home."

George rode on,—and Sir Thomas followed so close upon his heels, that by the time he had obtained the information that this was Mr. Haywood's,—Sir Thomas was within the wicket leading to the house; and Mr. Haywood just then coming from his stables, walked up to him, and invited him to alight; which he immediately did. George seeing them together, concluded his master knew all about the mistake; and without saying any thing, walked off with the horses towards the stables;—whilst Sir Thomas supposing Mr. Haywood to be a visitor, as well as himself, walked into the house with him, expecting to find the Wograms in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Haywood was sitting at work

with her sister, and eldest niece;—he made them a low bow, and seated himself—to collect his thoughts for his intended speech.

Some attempts were made at conversation—inquiries after Lady and Miss Upland?—two or three common-place subjects started—to all of which, he gave a sort of civil assent, by a nod of the head; but the great object that engrossed his thoughts did not admit of being broken in upon.

The children, who had been sent home from the ball before supper, delighted to hear the odd gentleman was come, sister Mary had told them such funny stories about, were eager to get into the room, the moment their lessons were over.

Children always caught his attention;—he was fond of talking to them—though few people knew so little how.

Holding out his hand to Dick—

"Well! what's the best news with you, young gentleman?" said he.

"I am not a young gentleman," said Dick.

"No! why, what are you then?—a young lady?"

"No!" said Dick, disdainfully, "I am a boy."

"Aye, well!—but I'll tell you what—you'll be a man before your mother though."

This was a favorite piece of wit with Sir Thomas, and had sometimes succeeded in raising a child's wonder; but the young Haywoods were accustomed to such extreme simplicity, in all that was said and done to them, that their understanding was not easily thrown off its bias; and Dick very gravely answered, "Mamma will never be a man."*

"How do you know that, pray?"

"Because she is a woman."

"Ha! vastly well, sir!—vastly well

indeed!—a very acute genius, upon my word!"

Dick ran up to his mother, and in a half whisper, said, "Is he foolish, Mamma?"

Sir Thomas overheard him, and was diverted,—"Why I believe you are not the first that has thought so, my dear; I'm an odd sort of a whimsical fellow,—that sometimes do comical things, because I don't always think of what I am about."

"And why don't you?" returned Dick, "Mamma will learn you;—she says it's very silly not to think of what one is doing."

"Hush, hush, Dick!" said Mrs. Haywood, "You know you listen in company, and don't talk."

"Oh, pray let him!" said Sir Thomas, "I'm vastly amused with him"—and Dick so encouraged, went on chattering to his heart's content.

At length, however, Sir Thomas turn-

ing suddenly from the child, to Mrs. Haywood, said, "By the bye, Ma'am, have you seen either Mr. or Mrs. *F*ogram yet?"

"*W*ogram, you mean;—yes, I saw them last night."

"Bless my soul! I am for ever making that unlucky mistake!—and I kept telling myself all the way I came, that I must be upon my guard not to fall into it—*W*ogram then!—oh!—so they are not down yet?—a pretty kettle of fish I made o'n't!—what with one thing and what with another!—I should not leave Melsom House in peace, without making my apology."

"I dare say it will be readily accepted;—for they are very good-humoured people."

"Not overburthened with good-breeding though, I think, Ma'am! to keep you waiting in this manner!"

"Waiting! I am not expecting them, Sir Thomas."

"No! that's vastly odd, indeed!—well!—I have no right then to find fault certainly,—only I wish it was well over—that's all—for I feel confoundedly foolish about it."

"What was well over?"

"My apology."

"Did you expect to find them here?"

"Yes, Ma'am, to be sure!"

"Here?—how so?"

"Why, Ma'am—having understood they went home last night, it was natural to conclude I should find them there this morning."

"Very natural, certainly;" said Mrs. Haywood, smiling, as she now began to discover his error; "but do you conceive this to be Sowerton?"

"I was directed to it as such, Ma'am."

"There must have been some mistake in the direction,—for this is our house,—Netherby."

"Bless my soul!—I beg ten thousand

pardons then, for this unwarrantably long intrusion!—I suppose it is the next turning,"—and he rose to go.

"I am sorry to say, you have your steps to measure back, all the way to Melsom House. Sowerton is two miles on the road between that and Doncaster; and we are within three of Ferrybridge."

"Very odd, upon my soul!—the oddest thing I ever met with!—why Ma'am, they told me, I could not miss it,—I had but to turn to the right, when I got out of the park gate."

"But I apprehend you turned to the left."

"Very possibly, indeed!—aye!—sure enough, that must be it!—now I think o'n't!—my head was so full of what I had to say, that I could not attend to what I had to do;—a rare joke this will be against me!—comical enough, faith!"—and he laughed heartily, in which the children now all thought

themselves at liberty to join; and the extraordinary burst of merriment, brought back Mr. Haywood, from his study; whither he had taken the liberty to withdraw, when he found Sir Thomas seemed to have no consciousness of anybody being in the room, beside the children. Being informed of the mistake, he recommended adjourning to luncheon, before his unintentional guest should again sally forth; which Sir Thomas readily agreed to.

Luncheon brought the addition of Mary Haywood to the party, and the sight of her brought music into Sir Thomas's mind;—and he requested, when luncheon was over, that he might be indulged with a repetition of the beautiful ballad she had sung the night before;— She complied without hesitation;—and then he mentioned another, which she also sang; and then he asked for one, which required an accompaniment;—and that took them to the pianoforte;—and there

he found a book of Handel's lessons, of which he was passionately fond,—and Mary played them very well;—he was in raptures—and lost all recollection of time, and of the Wograms.—Mary was complaisance itself, and very fond of music moreover; so that she never grew tired—and it was almost as much to her astonishment, as to Sir Thomas's, when they heard the dinner bell ring.

"We are early people, on account of our young ones," said Mr. Haywood, "and you will be too late, even for Lord Melsom's late hours, if you go to Sowerton, before you return home, so I recommend it to you, to make sure of something, by eating your bit of mutton with us."

Sir Thomas acceded with great cordiality to the proposal—observing, "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," and that, "a glass of wine would strengthen his nerves for the encounter with the Fograms," and recollecting

some more very apposite old saws, of which he was an admirer, he sat down to the dinner-table with great glee. Notwithstanding the external formality of his appearance and manners, he was, in his way, a 'joker of jokes,' though not 'a diner-out of the highest lustre,' which, together with his inadvertencies of helping himself to salt half a dozen times over—eating everybody's bread that was within his reach—putting his napkin into his pocket, instead of his handkerchief—and various other feats—produced from the children such peals of laughter, as soon improved the acquaintance into perfect familiarity, to the infinite delight of their guest.

He had taken an opportunity, during desert, of again glancing at his friend Melsom's democratical propensity, so strongly evinced by the unaccountable medley at the ball;—which Mr. Haywood however assured him, had no reference to political principles at all; but was

merely a compliance with a family custom, handed down from father to son, for generations back; and which the tenants now claimed as a sort of right, that they would consider themselves ill used to have withdrawn.

Sir Thomas was not very easy to convince, because his attention seldom reached to the answer he received in an argument,—so that when Mr. Haywood ceased speaking; he only replied, "Aye, it all comes to the same thing though, and I think it my duty to admonish Melsom upon the subject, before we part." Mr. Haywood smiled, but saw it would be quite in vain to pursue the argument, so he let it drop.

CHAP. XII.



After dinner, Sir Thomas recollected having heard some encomiums passed upon Mr. Haywood's skill in farming: and he expressed a wish for a turn to the farm, which he confessed was his hobby horse. This was immediately complied with; and the children having obtained leave to go, they set forward—but little Nan was missing; she soon however came running after them, bawling from as far off as she could be heard—"Now! my missin!—did'n't you say I might do what I liked with my half-crown?"—and the tears were fast trickling down her cheeks.

"I certainly did, Nanny!—it's the reward of your industry—and you have a right to dispose of it."

"But Matty won't let me, though!—Matty says, I mayn't give it *all*—and the poor little girl does want it so bad—she does cry so,"—and Nanny's tears encreased.

"What little girl?"

"At the gate—my Missin—she has not had one bit of bread—not one bit all day—and the poor little girl will die of hunger, if I mayn't give her my half-crown!"

"But it does not take a whole half-crown, to buy her a loaf of bread, Nanny," said Mrs. Haywood.

"Oh, I'm so glad of that!" said Nanny, "for then may be, it can buy shoes too,—the poor little girl has got no shoes at all—May I tell Matty I may give it, Missin?"

"But what is to become, Nanny, of all the fine things you were to buy with this half-crown?" asked Mr. Haywood.

"I shall soon earn more—work very hard"—cried Nan, as she was running off,

in high glee, upon Mrs. Haywood's having nodded her assent.

"Stop! stop! though!" said Mrs. Haywood, "I'll go with you, and see about this little girl."

"And mayn't I give my half-crown then?"—looking mortified.

"I beg *I* may supply the half-crown," said Sir Thomas.

"I believe you would rob Nanny of a great pleasure," replied Mrs. Haywood, seeing the look of distress this proposal called up—"if I find the case deserving, I shall make no objection to her bestowing her earnings so well."

"Pray, let us all go then?"

Nanny eagerly led the way.

And they found, indeed, a very distressed object, who told a dismal tale, strongly corroborated by her looks; for the poor half-famished woman, had twins at her breast; besides the little hungry girl, that had so forcibly excited Nanny's compassion. Of course, some

very material additions of food and clothing were made to Nanny's bounty; and Sir Thomas slipped a crown into Nanny's hand.

"No," said she, drawing back, "I must earn my money."

"I meant it for the little girl," said he.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" exclaimed she, eagerly, "poor little girl will be quite rich now, never want bread no more," and she flew to her with it.

"Pray, Ma'am, may I ask?" said Sir Thomas, "whether it be a part of the new system of education, to accustom gentlemen's children to earn their pocket-money?"—for he had imbibed a shrewd suspicion of a jacobinical spirit existing in that neighbourhood, and Mr. Haywood's vindication of the anniversary ball, only suggested the idea, that *he* was infected with it.

Mrs. Haywood, however, explained little Nanny's situation, and their inten-

tions towards her, much to his satisfaction. And from that moment, he took more notice of "Miss Nancy," than of any of the other children; and told her, "he made no doubt of her living to become a great lady."

Luckily for Nanny, she did not happen to understand this ill-judged prediction; and the farm took up his attention for the remainder of the walk.

At their return, tea at length put him in mind that the evening was come; and starting up, he exclaimed, "By the bye! this apology of mine still remains to be made, after all!"—and calling for his horses, he added, that "he must insist before he went, upon a promise from Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, of visiting Moor Hall, with their whole family (not forgetting Miss Nancy,) in their way, next summer, when they set out upon a tour they had mentioned."

The tour he alluded to, happened to be in a contrary direction, which they

were beginning to explain, when he interrupted them, with a declaration, that "he would take no denial;" and shaking them cordially by the hand, he turned to the children, for a little more romping fun, with them—and finally made his exit, without discovering that he had not received the assent, he had so urgently requested.

He now set off full speed, for Sowerton.—But when he came to the gate of Melsom park, his horse made a full stop—upon which, George naturally opened the gate—and Sir Thomas very deliberately rode in,—and upon alighting, gave orders for every thing to be in readiness for his departure the next morning, at seven. He then walked into the drawing room, where he found the family at their coffee—which being connected in his mind with the idea of dinner, he said, "He hoped they were not waiting dinner for him?"

"No, no, you may perceive we know

you too well for that:—we don't usually take our coffee *before* dinner," said Lord Melsom.

Sir Thomas threw himself upon a sofa,—and began humming over some of the songs Mary Haywood had been singing.

"You are returned in so cheerful a mood, my dear," said Lady Upland, "that I conclude, you found no great difficulty in making your peace; and I suppose, they insisted upon ratifying it over a bottle."

"Never passed a more agreeable day in my life!—it went off delightfully!—the finest little boy!—egad! he gave me 'a Rowland for my Oliver!'—as sharp as a needle!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lady Upland, "and has your fondness for children, really led you to demean yourself to a footman's brat?"

"By the bye, my Lady," continued Sir Thomas, not in the least attending to

what she was saying, " I have exacted a promise of a visit from the whole family, at Moor Hall, next summer, in their way to some place they are going to."

Lady Upland was in utter dismay, " Impossible!—Sir Thomas, you could not think of such a thing!"

" Why not, my dear?—you'll be quite charmed with them, I assure you;—and we'll get Mary Haywood to sing—and Miss Topham to paint."

" What has Mary Haywood, to do with the Wograms?"

" With the Wograms, my dear?"

" Did not you say, you had asked the Wograms?"

" What could put that into your head, my Lady? I never thought of such a thing—No! the Haywoods, to be sure!"

" Oh! I shall be very glad to see the Haywoods, certainly,—if you are quite clear it is them you have asked," smiling.

" You are always suspecting me, my dear;—give a dog a name—you know,

hey?—No, no—the Wograms, indeed!—no wonder you looked so aghast."

"Well, but how did you light upon the Haywoods?—were they there?"

"Where?"

"At the Wograms'."

"No, my dear—no—at their own house, to be sure."

"You have had a long ride then."

"A long ride!—no, not very—by the bye, though—now I think on't—I've not been to the Fograms, after all!—Gadso! that's very provoking!—and it's all your fault, Melsom!—you told me I could not miss my road—but somehow or other, I certainly did—how the devil it was I can't guess—for I kept straight on the Doncaster road—and then I got to Haywood's."

"I fancy it may be explained without the devil's assistance," said Lord Melsom, laughing. "You turned to the left when you got out of the park, in-

stead of to the right—and so went towards Ferrybridge!"

"Aye, true!—by the bye! that was what Mrs. Haywood guessed—that may have been it, to be sure!—Well!—so what's to be done now?—here's all the fat in the fire still—I'd better have the horses back to the door, and go now!—egad! and now I come to think on't—that's what I intended when I left Thingumbob!—and how in the name of fortune did I get back here?"

"However it happened, 'tis as well it did," said Lady Melsom, "for the Wograms are dining at S——h, which prevented that family from meeting you here to day—so you would not have found them."

"Bless my soul!—what is to be done?" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "I must write my apology then—for I am excessively sorry to say, it is wholly out of my power to stay here another day,—

we must positively be off to-morrow morning!—must not we, my lady?"

This apology was the more diverting, as their unexpectedly lengthened stay, on that very day, had been attended with some inconvenience, by obliging the family to excuse themselves from an engagement made for sleeping from home; which they had put off to the day following.

He now settled himself at the library table, and began to compose his epistle.

Word was brought to Lord Melsom, that his Bailiff wished to see him.

"O! have him in!—have him in, by all means!"—said Sir Thomas, "I shall be glad to ask him some questions.—You know, Melsom, farming is my hobby-horse."

"I hope you take your bailiff behind you when you mount him," said Lord Melsom, laughing, "or I think the crops might now and then be behindhand."

"No! no!—I mind what I'm about there—that's too serious a concern!"

Lady Upland smiled; but said nothing. She was not willing to interrupt the letter, which seemed to perplex its writer, more or less; and the bailiff was admitted.

Sir Thomas occasionally broke into the business he had come upon, by farming questions,—and when he found Lord Melsom was dismissing him, he called him to himself, and entered upon a long discussion, in which he informed the bailiff of many successful experiments, that seemed very new to him, and would probably have appeared so to most farmers, as it is not to be supposed, that Sir Thomas was much more clear upon that topic, than upon others.—The bailiff's incredulous looks, and declared unwillingness to "contradict his Honor," afforded amusement to the listeners, and the conversation might have gone on till bed time, but for Lord Melsom's inter-

ruption of, "Come! a truce with your knowledge!—and let's have our rubber."

"I beg ten thousand pardons!—I'll only just subscribe my letter—and be ready for you."

Having subscribed—folded,—and directed it, he brought it to the card-table to seal; by which means Lady Melsom's eye fell upon the direction.

"My good sir! you must change your *F* into a *W*."

"Bless my soul! have I fallen into that mistake again?"

"And *Sowerton*, not *Netherby*, is the name of their place!"

"Very lucky!—very lucky indeed, your Ladyship cast your eye upon it!—it would have gone, faith!—"

"Had not I better just glance over the *contents*, before you seal it, my dear?—lest your attention should have been called off, by the bailiff,"—said Lady Upland.

"Aye, perhaps you had," said he,

tossing the letter to her, "and pray, read it aloud!—I wish Lord and Lady Melsom to be satisfied, that it is sufficiently civil."

Lady Upland read as follows.

"Sir,

"I beg to assure you, that I delayed
" setting out this day, on purpose to do
" myself the honor of waiting upon you, to
" explain the matter—enclosure bills I
" have always made a point of resisting—
" I mounted my horse the moment I had
" breakfasted, for the express purpose;—
" but by some unaccountable accident, I
" lost my way, and must now take this
" method of asking you ten thousand
" pardons for—the unconscionable high
" price of oats—the mistake was entirely
" owing to the coincidence of name—and
" I beg you to do me the justice to be-
" lieve that—I—hold it necessary to set
" the example of substituting barley,
" which I shall do, the moment I return
" home—I could have no intention of

"offending you or Mrs. Fogram, being
"with much respect,

"Sir, yours, &c."

It may be imagined, that this happy composition was interrupted by more than one laugh; and afforded some amusement, even to the good Baronet himself; who very readily agreed to the proposal, that Lady Upland should write his apology for him. She did it as satisfactorily as the case admitted; for in truth, it was not very easy to know what to say. But the Wograms were not hard to please; a little civility went a great way with them; and particularly here, where all that Mr. Wogram had made out of the whole business, was what his wife had reported to him, of Lady Upland's behaviour; for as to Sir Thomas's speech, it had conveyed no idea to him whatever.

Whilst Lady Upland was writing, Sir Thomas observed, "No great danger,

Melsom, of my wanting attention to the farming business, since it's always uppermost, you see, in my mind."

This atoning note, having set Sir Thomas's conscience at rest, he left Melsom House the next morning; and being under the guidance of his postillions, he reached the place of his destination, without any farther adventure;—at least that ever came to our knowledge.

CHAP. XIII.



When Nanny had reached her tenth year, Mrs. Haywood thought she might safely be trusted with the execution of various little acts of kindness, that were always going on at Netherby, towards the cottagers; she carried them their broth and their medicines, and made very accurate reports of the state of their health and their wants, because she was very attentive to what they told her, and took a deep interest in relieving them; on which account, she was extremely beloved in the village, and very particularly at Sarah Paxton's, whose poor old mother was become so enfeebled by age, and her sight so indifferent, that she could do little for herself, and Nanny

took great delight in stopping to do jobs for her, when she could be spared.

Upon one of these occasions, she heard a gossipping neighbour come into the cottage, and bestow some abusive language upon Mr. and Mrs. Wogram.

Nanny did not catch the purport of the conversation, but when she went down stairs to go away, she stopped to say to Sarah, "I am sure that must be a very ill-natured woman that I heard just now, to speak ill of Mr. and Mrs. Wogram, for they are as good-natured as any thing, and always indulging Billy, let him ask for what he will."

"Whoy, t'were for turning off poor Bill, loike, as she were a making such a perambulation abaout 'em."

"Turning off poor Billy!" exclaimed Nan, and the tears came into her eyes, "Oh dear! what has he done?"

"Whoy, I couldn't come wholly at roights o't—you were Bill's mother; and

she said, how t' Squire and Madam usen to be so fond o' Bill, Thomas and she thowt as they was moinded to make a gentleman o' un; but now having a young one o' their own, they care no more for Bill, but just to pay his schooling i't' village; and t' poor lad taks on mainly abaout it, and nowght his mother can do, satisfies him loike."

Nan went home very full of this tale of distress, and immediately ran to Mrs. Haywood with it.

She burst into the dressing-room, all breathless; "Only think, Missin!—do but only think!—poor Billy is turned away from Squire Wogram's, and sent to school,—won't you send for him to live here?"

"To save him from going to school, Nanny?—do you reckon going to school, so great a misfortune?"

"I don't know, Missin; but indeed Billy's mother told Sarah it was very cross of Madam to turn Billy away; and

the poor boy did nothing but cry; now a'n't you sorry for him?—and won't you send for him?"

"I think, if Mr. and Mrs. Wogram have really turned Billy away, he must have been very naughty; but I guess that they have only sent him to school for his good; and Billy cries at it, because he does not know what is good for him."

"But indeed, and indeed, Missin, his mother did say he was turned away—and then, mayn't he come here?"

"It would not be doing Billy a kindness, to take him from school, Nanny; he will learn there what is necessary for him to know, in the station his parents must fit him for:—his father is a footman, and his mother is a washerwoman; and Billy could not be made happy, if he were set above his parents: he must learn to be able to get his bread, that he may assist them, when they are past work.—Don't you recollect, what you say in your Catechism?—

that you pray to God, to let you learn to labour and do your duty truly, in that station, in which it has pleased him to place you."

"Yes, Missin, but we could tell Billy his duty here,—as you tell us."

"Billy will be taught it in a better way for him at school, and with his mother; and on a Sunday, you know, Mr. Sandford will explain it to him at the Sunday school; and if he be a good boy, he will soon find himself happier than ever he was at Sowerton."

"Will he, Missin? and may I tell him to be a good boy, that he may be happy?"

"Yes, you may tell him, that to learn his lesson well, and do what Mr. Sandford teaches him on Sundays, will make him good; and then he'll be sure to be happy."

"I'll tell him; - and I shall be so glad, if poor Billy is happy."

The change in Billy's situation, had not arisen from any misconduct of his,

but from the very unlooked-for event, alluded to by Sarah Potter, in the Wogram family. Mrs. Wogram had, for so many years, given up the expectation of being blessed with a child, that she could not be persuaded to believe in the reality of such a prospect, till one propitious morning brought a son and heir to light.

The astonishment and rapture with which he was greeted, may be readily imagined; and from that hour, Mr. and Mrs. Wogram's affections were so entirely absorbed by their own offspring, that Billy was left to the society of the servants; where he fretted and pined, in jealousy, envy, and discontent, till his father begged leave to send him to school; hoping to rekindle former interest, by the thoughts of parting with him: but the proposal was now acceded to, with great readiness, Mr. Wogram observing, "That it was indeed high time the boy should be taught something, or he would never know how to get his

bread; and he was very willing to be at the expence of his schooling!" and added, " that he would give Billy a bible, and prayer-book, by way of encouragement, as soon as he could read."

How short this encouragement fell, of the expectations that had been raised by the former blind and absurd indulgence, need not be told. Thomas, in a pet, hurried the boy off next morning, without even letting him take leave of his master and mistress; and all this, together, had produced the boy's tears, and his mother's rage, as overheard by Nanny, in the cottage.

CHAP. XIV.



The very next day, being Saturday, gave a half-holiday to the school, by which means Nanny met Billy, as she was going with some broth to old Hannah: his looks were still very disconsolate.

"Do you know, Billy," Nanny began, "Missin says, if you say your lessons well, and mind what Mr. Sandford tells you at the Sunday school—"

"What! must I go to the Sunday school, too?" interrupted Billy—"Oh dear!—oh dear!"—and he began to cry.

"Fie, Billy! don't cry for going to school!—it will make you good;—and then you will be happy, Missin says."

"I never shall be happy no more,

Nanny; Madam don't give me no more good things—nor let me sing, and dance, to the company—and get sugar-plums—and hear 'em say, what a pretty boy I am."

"But it's foolish in a boy to think about being pretty, Missin says; and when you was so sick at the Ball, I heard Missin tell Mary, it was because you got so many sugar-plums, and good things;—so never mind about it, Billy, but learn your lesson, and be a good boy."

"But I can't learn my lesson—it's so hard—and the boys laugh at me, because I don't know my letters right—and Joseph Hinchman don't love me—and I hate school—and I shall never be happy no more."

"Don't you know, Billy, what the Catechism says, about 'submitting ourselves to our teachers'?"

"No—what is the Catechism?"

"Don't you know your Catechism?" exclaimed Nanny, with a look of dismay,

"didn't Madam Wogram learn you to say it?"

"No—but she learnt me to sing, though."

"Oh! but learning your Catechism will make you good, Billy!—I wish you might come to Missin, on a Sunday; She tells us all how to be good, out of the Catechism; and then it makes us so glad, and so happy."

"Well!—tell me then!"

Nanny considered for some time. "I don't know how to begin, Billy—but may be, if I ask Missin, she would let you come with Tommy Jackson, and Sally Lane—for she tells them,—and they are grown so good, you can't think."

"And will she give me sugar-plums?"

"I don't know—she always makes us very glad, when we have answered right."

Billy thought he should like better to go to Mrs. Haywood, than to the

Sunday school, at any rate; so he agreed to Nanny's trying whether he might.

The matter was soon settled; as Mrs. Haywood considered, that when the weather became bad, the distance of the Sunday school might afford a frequent excuse for absence; and knowing how much the poor little fellow stood in need of instruction, she allowed him to come to her the very next Sunday.

This was imparted by Nanny, with infinitely more delight, than it was received; for Billy thought it very hard, he might not have one idle day at least in the week; and he only agreed to go to Mrs. Haywood, as the lesser evil.

After a while, Billy began to think going to Mrs. Haywood was not so bad as he had expected; though she gave him no sugar-plums:—but she possessed, in an uncommon degree, the art of helping the children to understand what she taught them,—she could bring down her language, and her questions, to the level of

their capacities; which is what few teachers think of doing; and indeed what is not very easily attained, when they do. Scarcely any of the Questioning books, now in such general use, appeared to her adequate to their purpose: and though she considered the " Broken Questions of the Church of England Catechism," as a very great improvement upon the old mode of teaching it, she found that even these were learnt by rote, without annexing a precise idea to the words; and that it was necessary to cross-question, and comment, till she could be sure, by getting the children to answer in words of their own, that they understood her.

This was what Nanny called, teaching them to be good out of the Catechism: and she fell upon various modes of inducing them to assist each other, in the explanation; having convinced herself by experience, that what a child once thoroughly comprehends, it will

more readily help its companion to understand, than a teacher can.

Certainly, the expressions used by these juvenile instructors may occasionally be a little out of the way; as the accidental overhearing of a dialogue, between Nanny and Billy, proved to Mrs. Haywood.

It was on the first Sunday, after Billy had been admitted: the usual reward for having said their lessons was, to be allowed to take a walk by themselves in the garden, and look at all the beautiful flowers; and help themselves to a dozen bunches, each, of ripe currants; and no consideration would have induced any of the children to transgress these rules;—except Billy,—who had stolen away from the rest, and got to a plum-tree, which was separated only by a hornbeam hedge, from the arbour, to which Mrs. Haywood had retired with her book.

Nanny, having gone in quest of him, found him stuffing his pockets, with ripe

and unripe; after having crammed as many down his throat, as the time had admitted of. As he saw her approach, he quickly tumbled them out of his pockets upon the ground, hoping she had not seen him.

"We may not eat plums, Billy, but when Missin gives 'em us."

"I am not a going."

"But you have eat some."

Billy hesitated whether he should deny it; but an explanation had been given that very day, of the wickedness of telling a lie; so he only said, "How do you know?"

"Your mouth is all dirty with 'em yet."

"There, then!" wiping his mouth. "Now, nobody will know, if you don't tell, Nan."

"O Billy!" with great solemnity, "but the worst of all knows it."

"Who is that?"

"God Almighty!"

"Why, who will tell him?"

"Nobody—He knows it of himself."

"How does he know, when he is in Heaven?"

"He sees every thing in the world that ever we do."

"Does he?——why, where is he, then?"—looking about.

"Every where, Billy—only we can't see him, because he is not like us."

"What is he like, then?"

"He is a spirit."

"Why can't I see a spirit?"

"Because it has no body."

"Well, then, if it has no body, it can't hurt me, you know."

"Yes, but He can—He can do whatever he pleases; He can make you dead, this minute if he pleases."

"And will he?" looking frightened—"Is he very ill-natured?"

"No, Billy—He is very good indeed; and will always forgive us when we have

been naughty; if we are sorry, and promise not to do so again."

"But you said, Nanny, He was worst of all."

"O! but I didn't mean so, Billy—I meant it was worst of all, for Him to know it, than Missin—or any body else; because He can punish us worst of all,—by making us die—and then punishing us afterwards."

"How can he punish us, when we are dead?"

Nanny was now getting a little out of her depth, and after some hesitation, she said, "Missin will tell you that, Billy, out of the Catechism.—Come now, and tell her about your eating the plums."

Billy was not yet trained to the habit of self-accusation—and he resisted this proposal with all his might. Nanny however, by persevering persuasion, at length got him to agree to her telling it,

provided she would beg him off from being punished.

But the punishment arose very naturally out of the fault: for his weak stomach could not digest the unripe fruit; and a violent surfeit that had nearly killed him, was the consequence.

During his illness, Nanny was his kind little nurse; and the only person that could prevail upon him to take the "nasty doctor's stuff," as he called it. And many were the good lessons, Nanny administered along with it; faithfully reporting all, that she had thoroughly comprehended, of her morning lesson.

The illness was of use to Billy, therefore, in more ways than one: it taught him not again to eat fruit by stealth; because he could not judge how much was fit for him:—And it taught him to take a pleasure in being instructed; for he was always very impatient for the hour of Nanny's coming. And after he

got well, he was even desirous to go to school, that he might get so forward in his learning, as to be able to read to himself some of the pretty story books, Nanny used sometimes to sit and read to him.

CHAP. XV.



WHEN Nanny had completed her twelfth year, she became very ambitious of making herself useful in Mrs. Haywood's family. Martha had made her so clever at her needle, that she could assist in whatever plain-work was going on; and it was with some little pride, that she presented Mr. Haywood, on his birth-day, with a remarkably neat specimen of her handy-work, in a shirt, which she had made for him, from beginning to end: and much gratified was Mr. Haywood in wearing it; for Nanny was a very great favorite with him; there was a look of intelligence in her sparkling black eyes; a good humour in her smile; a healthful glow in her countenance, and an activity in her well-pro-

portioned limbs, that made her an uncommonly agreeable object; and he said, it always exhilarated his spirits to look at her.

Indeed, she was a favorite with the whole family; and Mrs. Biddulph, the housekeeper, was as ready to teach her confectionary, and regularity in management, as Martha had been to instruct her in plain-work. And no small delight was it to Nanny, when she came to be entrusted with keeping the accounts of the poultry-yard, and dairy: and accurately did she, after a little practice, acquit herself of her trust.

She had, one day, been to carry some caudle to a sick woman, and staid away so much longer than usual, as to create some uneasiness in Mrs. Haywood; who was just going to dispatch a messenger after her, when she appeared in sight, running at her utmost speed.

The moment she got within hearing, she bawled out, "What do you think,

Missin?—you'll never guess!—George is come back—he is indeed—you never saw how happy they all are!"

"What George?—who is happy, Nanny?"

"George Potter!—come back from Botany-bay—you never did see, Missin, how glad Sarah was!—and old Hannah cried so!—but what did she cry for, Missin?—She said she was so glad!—now she hoped she should die!—does gladness make people cry?—and want to die?—it always makes me jump about so!"

Mrs. Haywood, not very clear how far George's return might be a matter of joy, was desirous of hearing more particulars: she therefore put off explaining the different effects of gladness, to a more convenient opportunity, and questioned Nanny, as to what farther she had seen and heard upon the subject.

Nanny had been drawn into the cottage, by the uncommon uproar she heard in it, as she was returning from

Dame Jackson's: and finding the mixture of exclamation, and what she took for lamentation, to issue from old Hannah's chamber, she concluded her dead; and stole anxiously up the stairs to see.

"And there was old Hannah, hanging about George's neck," says she, "and crying so—and blessing God—and praying, He would now take her,—and Sarah! she was clapping her hands together, and saying, How wonderful!—and George,—he cried too—and that made me cry, Missin—it was so sad to see a great big man cry,—and then they heard me—and Sarah said, "Is it any message from Madam Haywood?"—and then, George asked, "Is that one of the Miss Haywoods?"—and I said, 'No! I am only Nanny,'—and then he took no more notice; but went on talking to old Hannah, and said, how naughty he had been! and how he had repented at Botany-bay! and was good now—and always would be good—and a great deal I didn't

understand, Missin, because Sarah was telling me, it was old Hannah's son, that had almost broken her heart, and now was so sorry for it—as well he might, you know—and that made me cry again—and then George looked at me again; and said, 'Blessings on your kind little heart! will you be my friend with the Squire, and my dear young Mistress?—and tell 'em, if they'll please to forgive, and forget the past, and set me to work, they shall find me honest and industrious.'—So Missin, I came running as fast as ever I could; for I heard Master say, there was a great deal to do; and he could not get hands; and I'm sure, George will do as much work as two; he is such a great big, strong man—so, shall I go and fetch him?"

"Not just yet, Nanny!—we'll give him time to pass a few hours with his mother and sister, from whom he has been away so long. And I must acquaint Mr. Haywood with his penitence,—and

may be, he may like to call at the cottage, and speak to him himself."

"Oh! then, may I just run back, and tell him that?—for poor George will be so frightened to see Master!"

"Why do you think he will be frightened?"

"Because I heard him say so, Missin, to old Hannah; when she bid him go directly to the Squire, and down of his knees, and tell him all:—and he said, he should never dare to look the Squire in the face, who knew how wicked he had been, till somebody spoke for him first,—and then it was so good of him, to think such a little girl as me could do him good—and he looked so kind at me, I didn't think he could ever be very naughty—May I go and tell him?"

"Stay till I hear what my husband says to it! and then, if there is any good news to carry, you shall be the messenger."

"If?—Missin!—O dear! if you could but see how sorry he is,—I am sure it would be good news."

And Nanny's whole frame betrayed the agitation of impatience.

"Well, Nanny, I believe he is in his study just now; and you shall go and tell your story yourself, as you have done to me."

Nanny looked alarmed.

"O Missin!—but if he shouldn't mind me?—do, pray, do you speak for poor George."

"Don't let fear ever hinder you from trying to do good, Nanny!—I think your Master will mind you; and if he don't, I will speak to him myself."

Mrs. Haywood felt sure that the effect of Nanny's artless representation would be the same upon her husband, that it had been upon herself; and she knew he would be delighted with the good girl's earnestness in the cause.

Nanny's success was complete; and

she had the happiness of being sent with an encouraging message to the cottage.

Leave was given for George, to come and tell his own story in the evening; and if it appeared all fair, and his penitence sincere, work would be found for him the very next day.

George did make his story good, because his penitence was very sincere. His long and miserable banishment had given him full leisure to reflect upon his wickedness, and compare his forlorn wretchedness there, with all the comforts he might have enjoyed at home, if he had followed the honest example of his parents, instead of letting himself be led into profligate courses by idle companions. He grew so very unhappy, that he had been tempted, more than once, to make away with himself, if it had not been for the chaplain of the settlement; who talked to him, and showed him that he had no right to do so; but that it was his duty to repent, and lead a better life,

and try to get back to England, when his time was expired; and seek out his old parents—and give back comfort to their hearts—and work for them. So he had taken up: and the good Parson had encouraged him, and been kind in finding him employment. And when his time was up, he had worked his passage home, in a South-sea whaler.

He was, of course, immediately engaged as a labourer in the grounds, with a view to ascertain the spirit of industry, that had been awakened in him, and to raise his situation as he should be found deserving.

CHAP. XVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, being obliged to visit Scarborough, for little Edward's health, recollected their invitation to Moor Hall: and the children being all very desirous of seeing that "funny man" again, an intimation was given, to Sir Thomas, and Lady Upland, of their intention of passing a day with them, in their way.

This brought a very cordial reply; to which Sir Thomas had added a PS., importing, that he should not think the party complete, if his friend "Miss Nancy" did not make one of it.

It had been matter of doubt, whether or not Nanny should be taken; she was now coming to be of an age, that made a difficulty between the parlour and the

nursery. Sir Thomas's invitation, however, settled the point in Mr. Haywood's mind: and Mrs. Haywood agreed to it more readily, from the recollection of their having younger children than Georgiana, which would naturally give the resource of the nursery for Nanny to be in, there, as well as at Netherby.

And the whole family set out, John and all, who happened to be at home, on account of a fever having broken out in the school.

Their arrival at Moor Hall was welcomed by Lady Upland, and Mrs. Dorothea Upland, a single sister of Sir Thomas's, who usually resided with them. They both believed Sir Thomas to be somewhere about his farm; and a servant was sent in quest of him.

The dinner hour came, however, without producing their host. Word was brought, that he had not been about the farm; but the keeper had seen him riding

with his bailiff, beyond new Malton, an hour or two ago.

"Then there certainly will be no use in waiting dinner for him, sister! for he will never think of the hour;" said Lady Upland; which being assented to with a smile, dinner was ordered.

Pretty late in the evening, Sir Thomas came home; and was all astonishment, to find that his guests had arrived in his absence. He could not account, any way in the world, for its having slipped his memory, that they were expected to dinner. Indeed, he must confess he had not discovered that it was dinner time, till he found it growing dark upon the Wolds, about eight miles from home; and then it soon became so very dark, that if he had not fortunately overtaken old Timothy with his waggon, and borrowed his lanthorn, he didn't know how he should ever have got home at all. So after all, he thought he might reckon himself in luck. "But, by the bye, my

dear," he went on, " have you introduced Doll in a proper manner to Mr. and Mrs. Haywood?—as the first botanist of the age!—What's-his-name was a mere fool to her!—I call her Mimosa grandiflora, Ma'am; for you'll see how she shrinks from the slightest touch; and yet has expanded into a blossom of wondrous magnitude as you perceive:—apt enough! —isn't it?"

Good Sir Thomas was here, as usual, led by sound, without any distinct idea of the object to which he alluded—he would not have known the bloom of the Mimosa, from that of the Magnolia; but the contrast of the uncommonly delicate and elegant flower he had selected, to the overgrown person of his worthy sister, together with her uncomfortable consciousness of her own appearance, made her feel the sarcasm to carry a keener edge, than the wit was himself aware of.

All the answer she made him how-

ever, was, "Would there were less of the Teasel in you, my dear brother!"

"Ah! good! very good!—all fair, Doll! all fair!—but pray, Ma'am, where is Miss Nancy, my little favorite?" turning to Mrs. Haywood.

"Gone to bed, Sir Thomas,—as well as Sophy, and Dick, that they may be ready to set off at the early hour we must leave you to-morrow."

"Leave us to-morrow!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "Depend upon it, my good friends, you shall do no such thing!—nor the next day neither!—why, we have cut out business for three days to come! hav'n't we, my Lady?—it's what I have been in part settling this very day;—Ah! by the bye! and that's what made me forget the dinner-hour, and lose your company—and do you think I'll be fobb'd off so?—no! no!—make up your minds to taking up your abode here for the remainder of the week."

"I'm afraid that's quite out of our power, because—"

"Pho! pho!—I'll take no denial!" interrupting Mr. Haywood's apology, "I'll tell you exactly, what we have engaged for your doing.—To-morrow morning we'll be off by day-break; the harriers will be out; they expect to find about five or six miles off, on Pickering Common. We'll see them fairly off—and get some breakfast at a farm-house, belonging to one of my tenants; then go to see Lord ——'s,—carry cold dinner with us,—eat it in the hermitage—then drink tea in our way home with that cousin of Thingumby's, my dear, whose name I always forget, you know."

"Rather a remarkable circumstance!" said Mrs. Dorothea, smiling: "Sir Thomas puts me in mind of an aunt of ours, who set about giving an account of three gentlemen, she had dined in company with; one was Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, and the other Mr. Thingummy, and for

the life of me now, I can't recollect the other gentleman's name, said she."

"Well, well, Doll—I'll give you leave to run your rig,—I sha'n't be long in your debt—but no matter for names,—they dine here the next day, with the Tophams, who are dying to hear Miss Haywood sing; and I have made a point they shall bring some of their daughter's miniatures, to exhibit in return; and they take beds with us,—and the next day we all go with them; but return home at night—and then, we have heaps of lions to show you in the neighbourhood besides,—so that you see it is quite impossible to let you off."

Nothing could be less suited to the taste of Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, than all this bustle; but they saw that the good man had set his heart upon it; and they could not plead any necessity that tied them down to a day, for reaching Scarborough: so they compounded for the

three days, he had so completely filled up.

"I shall drive the barouche myself," said he, "and take Mrs. Haywood, and Miss and Mr. Haywood, and you in it, my dear;" to Lady Upland, "and Miss Nancy, by me, upon the box."

"Thank you, Sir Thomas, for recollecting Nanny, but, if you please, we will leave her with your younger ones, and little Edward, in the nursery, where she will be very happy."

"No! no!—by no means—I must have Miss Nancy by me; I have settled it so.—And Doll shall go in your landau, with the young ones; she'll be quite in her element; there's nothing she takes greater delight in, than children,—except plants,—not a weed will escape then!—nobody to object to your getting into every hedge and ditch by the way—come home all in tatters, and draggled up to her knees, I'll be bound, for't Have the dog-cart follow, to contain the specimens?

hey, Doll!——Doctor What's-his-name has set all the spinsters botanising, by his love-tales, you know, Ma'am," to Mrs. Haywood.

"Mrs. Haywood has not now to learn, I dare say, brother, what a wag you are!" said Mrs. Dorothea, with a good-humoured smile.

"Why I do love my joke, that's the truth on't; but let me tell you, 'tis not every old maid that would take it as good-humouredly, as you do, Doll."

Doll, feeling the compliment to her good-humour, somewhat counterbalanced by the epithet "old maid," was silent.

There were two or three subjects, upon which poor Mrs. Dorothea felt sore; the appellation of Doll, retained by Sir Thomas from the nursery, was one of them:—Old maidenhood was another; —disappointed by parental opposition, in an early attachment, she had professedly devoted herself to a single life, for the sake of the inconstant swain, who had

sought his consolation in a second choice. When she had attained her fortieth year, she had very readily assented to a hint, given her by Lady Upland, of the propriety of substituting Mrs. to Miss; particularly as her uncommon expansion of person (after having been in her youth a slim pretty girl,) made the appellation of Miss a matter of amusement, when her name was announced in company. But since that period, the "lord of her secret sigh" had become a widower; and her tender bosom had readmitted a hope, (a forlorn one however,) of his returning to his former sentiments; and now, every glance at old maids, or witticism upon age, which Sir Thomas never missed an opportunity of throwing out, were daggers to her newly awakened hopes. It therefore certainly required a more than common share of good-humour, to bear with the attacks so constantly made upon it, and an uncommon share of it she did possess, together with all the exuberant

sensibility, that had marked her juvenile years.

She had read a good deal—but novels and romances had occupied too great a share of her studies—she was a smatterer in botany, and affected to display her knowledge, by never bringing down her terms to vulgar comprehension, but would talk of Cynaras,* and Brassicas,† &c. to the housekeeper, and insist upon the footman's understanding her calls for Sambucus,‡ or Artemisia ¶ vinegar, at table;—and she had a rooted aversion to music, from conceiving it to have been the lure that had seduced her lover from his faith. Add to all that has been said, a spirit of curiosity, seldom out-done in the sisterhood; and you have a competent idea of Mrs. Dorothea Upland.

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* Artichokes. † Cabbages. ‡ Elder. ¶ Tarragon.

CHAP. XVII.

THE next morning, at day-break, it rained heavily, had turned cold, and promised to be a wet day: of course, it was concluded all idea of hunting must be at an end; but Sir Thomas's plans were not so easily foiled.

A bustle and stir in the house soon convinced Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, they were not intended to be let off; and they heard Sir Thomas exclaiming, "What!—not up!—bless my soul!—why, the barouche will be at the door in ten minutes."

Upon which, Mr. Haywood jumped up, slipped on his dressing-gown, and went to try to get Mrs. Haywood excused; pleading the danger of giving her

cold, but offering his own attendance, at all events.

"Cold!—how can she possibly get cold, with the head of the barouche up?—and the apron—she's not aware of my contrivance for the apron;—it opens, so as to fasten round those that sit in front, and then laps over, so as to throw off the wet.—You shall see!—I pride myself very much upon the thought—quite my own!—I would rather have a good heavy shower, than not: because you'll be surprised to find how snug and dry you'll be."

"But, my good Sir Thomas! those that sit in front, must—"

"Not a bit! not a bit!" interrupting him, "an umbrella, of a particular construction, saves them and those upon the box, at the same time,—fastens into a groove!—no trouble in holding it!—you'll see!—quite a new invention!—I wouldn't but have had it rain, upon any account."

"But might not the ladies follow in my landau, an hour or two hence?"

"And miss the finding?—bless my soul!—why, they might miss the hunt altogether—and disappoint farmer Wilkins! and the breakfast!—why, there will be ham, and a pasty—always send one or other of my tenants a share, when I kill a buck—it keeps up popularity—and he brews the best Yorkshire, into the bargain, you ever laid your lips to,—wouldn't disappoint farmer Wilkins, upon any consideration,—but, bless my soul! here we stand talking, while Mrs. Haywood should be dressing!—Lady Upland has been ready this half-hour!—she knows my punctuality—it's what I value myself upon—but, I'll delay half an hour, for Mrs. Haywood—possibly the rain may prevent the harriers being out quite so early!—go!—go!—my dear sir!—and hurry your Lady!"

"I don't conceive there can be a chance of the hounds being out at all."

"Yes! yes!—depend upon't they will—I settled it, weather, or no weather!"

Mr. Haywood, finding resistance useless, complied: and, in less than the half-hour, the barouche party was ready. But now an unlooked-for delay arose, in Georgiana's opposition to Nanny's having the place upon the box, which she had always been used to occupy.

Lady Upland had in vain tried her powers of persuasion: Georgiana too well knew, that violence and resistance always got the better of her mother at last, and she would not give up the point.

She came running to the door, all in tears,—Lady Upland following, and endeavouring to stop her,—just as Sir Thomas was giving his assistance to mount Nanny.

"Now, Papa!" she exclaimed, "won't you take me upon the box?—you know that's always my place."

"There is not room for both," replied

her father, "and strangers, you know, must always have the preference,—I promised Miss Nancy."

"But, indeed!" interrupted Nanny, "if you please, sir, I would much rather give Miss Upland the place."

"No! no!—by no means!—I have settled it so!—and Georgiana knows, I never suffer my plans to be deranged."

"Ah! but you do, though! if I tease you long enough."

"There! my Lady!" cried Sir Thomas,—"there are the fruits of your over-indulgence!"

"Nay! it's your own doing, Sir Thomas!—because you never would come to my assistance with the rod."

"No! to be sure!—thank you for nothing!—'as you brew, so you must bake,' I won't be made the bug-bear, neither, to my little girl!"

"Please to ask for me, Missin," said Nanny, "that I may stay at home—indeed, I should like a great deal better to

stay and play with Neddy, and Master Augustus, in the nursery."

"You will really oblige me, Sir Thomas," said Mrs. Haywood, "if you would let Nanny stay with your little ones—she has had a cold, and I am afraid of its turning to a cough."

"And you know, Papa, I'm always sick in a close carriage—so if I mayn't have my own place, I'm sure I won't go with my aunt."

"Well! well!—any thing for a quiet life!" cried sir Thomas, "and since you desire it, Ma'am—" to Mrs. Haywood, "Take care how you get down, Miss Nancy!"

Nanny was down with a step and a jump; and Georgiana, springing up with equal alacrity, cried, "There!—I knew I should get the better of him!—Miss Nancy! indeed!—why, she told me herself, she was found upon a dunghill."

"I said a hay-cock," replied Nanny, with good-humoured simplicity; and not

in the least offended, either with the mistake, or the impertinence of Georgiana.

No sooner did Mrs. Dorothea find Nanny had been dispossessed from her station, than she proposed taking her into the landau; but Nanny had, as usual, spoken the exact truth, in pleading her preference for the nursery. She was humble-minded; knew her station was not among ladies; and always felt happiest, when making herself useful to children, or playing with them: so she resisted Mrs. Dorothea's persuasions; and delighted the children, as well as pleased herself, by obtaining liberty to stay at home.

Mrs. Dorothea's romantic imagination was far from "resting supine" upon the simple account, given by Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, of the manner in which the foundling had been discovered.—She was very clear in her own mind, that the child's birth was not what was supposed; that the rags, in which she was found,

were a disguise to elude investigation; and, in fact, there was a something in her countenance and manner, that a little justified the conjecture, and induced even Lady Upland, to attend rather more to her sister's fancies, upon this occasion, than she had done upon many others.

How far Mr. and Mrs. Haywood might be better informed than they chose to appear, did not seem so decided a point. It was not absolutely impossible, that the surmise of the neighbourhood of Doncaster, might be the true one. It had been thrown out there, that Mr. Haywood had a nearer interest in the little foundling, than he chose to acknowledge,—his great partiality for her was a very suspicious circumstance;—and indeed, more than one discussion had taken place, of the indecorum, in a man professing such a very strict regard for morality, to allow himself the indulgence of bringing her up with Mrs. Haywood's children.

Mrs. Dorothea had a very competent skill in cross-questioning; so she depended upon finding some convenient opportunity of satisfying her curiosity, before the Haywoods left the Hall, and made little doubt of Nanny's coming forth a most interesting heroine, before many more years should pass over her head.

CHAP. XVIII.



Sir Thomas drove straight for Pickering Common.

He passed some of his tenants, by the way: "Good-morrow, Joe Dobbins!" said he, to the first.

"That was Timothy Trotter, papa," said Georgiana.

"Was it?—ah! well!—no matter!" said he, "it comes all to the same thing. —I always make a point of calling them by their name, when I meet 'em:" leaning back to Mr. Haywood, "nothing makes a man more popular than that: they fancy you well acquainted with all their concerns."

"Particularly, if you happen to name them right," said Lady Upland, with a smile.

"Aye! aye! I understand you, my Lady; but mistakes will now and then occur, in the best heads.—What think you of the day, Timothy Trotter?" said he, to the next he overtook, "will it clear up?"

"La! Papa!—why, that was old Walter Simkins."

"Well! well!—old Walter won't quarrel with me, for taking him for a younger man."

"Now will the next be Walter Simkins!" said Lady Upland, laughing, "and so he'll go on, for a whole morning together."

The next however, did not happen to be one of Sir Thomas's tenants; so he did not feel bound to name him; and only said, "Have you seen any thing of the harriers, friend?"

"The harriers, your honor!" with a look of surprise, "Noa, how should'ee?—they bean't here abaout."

"Oh, very well! very well!—then

we shall be in good time for finding—the weather has made them later, I conclude:" and he whipped on his horses.

"Humph!—odd enough too!" said he, as he came to the part of the common where he expected the huntsman to be beating about, "As sure as six-pence, they're off, after all; and we have missed 'em—and by the way, I see nothing of Doll, and the landau,—but she knows we were to breakfast at Farmer Wilkins's;—so we may as well cut across, at once, here."

The cross-cut was not much relished by any of the party, who had learnt from Lady Upland, that an overturn had been the consequence of it, upon a former occasion.—However, he engaged for their safety, insisting much upon the preciousness of time, for overtaking the hunt; and they, hoping the temptation of breakfast might damp his zeal, were satisfied to let him proceed, and to the farm-house he brought them in safety.

Mrs. Wilkins came forth with a look of wonder.

"What! John is off with the hounds, is he?" cried Sir Thomas, "which way?"

"What hounds? Sir Thomas?"

"Why, the hare-hounds!—an't they come upon the ground yet?"

"Hare-hounds!—whoy, bless your Honor, we ha' heard nowght o' t' hare-hounds heare!"

Sir Thomas looked amazed.

"I'se uphod ye!" continued she, after a moment's thought, "'t were Pickering Forest, as they must ha' meant,—'t runs in moy head, as moy measter were talking summut o' coursing theare."

"Coursing!—no! no! no such thing—'twas the harriers we settled for!"

"I think at any rate," interrupted Mr. Haywood, "the best thing now to be done, is to alight, and to comfort ourselves with a little of the good breakfast, in store for us here."

"I sure, your honors be welcome to

t' best we ha',—I fear me 't wunnut be so good as I could wish; seeing t' fresh butter be gone to market, an hour agone; and t' bread be droy—to-morrow be baking day."

"Never mind the bread, and the butter!" cried Sir Thomas, "provided the ham, and the pasty, and the ale prove as good as John told me I should find them."

"Whoy! wheare i' t' waide world, could John think o' getting ham and pasty?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins, in astonishment, "as for t' ale, indeed that we may partly boast of, at all times; only as ill-luck will ha' it, we be nearly out—and t' last cask upon tap, were turned sour, wi' t' thunder-storm, last Thursday; and moy measter were talking o' brewing next week."

Sir Thomas and his party looked rather blank. "But wheare i' t' name o' wonder, did your Honor loight upo' John, yesterday?" continued Mrs. Wilkins,

"he hav'n't been at huoame, sin Monday."

"Not since Monday?—why, I met him yesterday, upon the Wolds, and settled with him to breakfast here after the hunt should be off."

"Well! for sartin, it's the most accountablest thing loike, as ever I know'd"—but suddenly recollecting herself, "Whoy, it's moy belief, I can tell how 't is, a'ter all—aye, marry! I'll uphod ye, can'ee!—as sure as moy neame's Deb. Wilkins,—your honour seed brother Nick.—He favours our John—and he were looked for, yesterday—and sent a lad here from t' Woulds, to say, as he mun go straight back to t' Forest, wi'out coming here, on account o' summut, as I couldn't make out, about coursing."

A violent fit of laughter burst from the barouche; it was evident, Mrs. Wilkins had exactly explained the mistake.

"I do believe, you have hit the right nail on the head, indeed," said Sir

Thomas, a little confounded, "I certainly must have taken Nick for John—well! then, all that remains, is to make the best of our way to the Forest:—how many miles do you reckon it by the shortest cut?"

Strong representations were now made against proceeding; Lady Upland insisted upon the effects to be apprehended from cold and damp to their guests: but Sir Thomas assured them, it was quite impossible they could be sensible of either, covered and protected as they were, by his contrivances; and no persuasion might avail to save them from the short-cut to the Forest.

The rain encreased, and came down heavily; the wind being in their face, baffled all Sir Thomas's aprons and umbrellas. "It gets worse and worse!" said Mr. Haywood.

"The clearing shower!" said Sir Thomas, and whipped on his horses.

When they at length reached Pick-

ering Forest, "There they are, by all that's lucky!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, in great delight, upon perceiving a cluster of animals at a distance: "we are in time, after all."

But it proved to be a drove of oxen; and no vestige of hounds or huntsman was to be seen.

He could no longer oppose the earnest entreaties of the party, to take them to the farm; when they alighted there, they were literally drenched, as well as perished; and very thankful for a supply of clothes, from the dame and her daughters, whilst theirs were dried at the fire.

Sir Thomas could not for his life conceive, how they had contrived to get themselves wet; some mismanagement of their own, he could be bound for't. The suggestion of the wind being high, and beating the rain full into the carriage, he did not give ear to, at all.

The venison pasty, and warm ale, were now indeed, very acceptable; and

in some degree quieted Mr. Haywood's fears, for the effect of this luckless expedition upon the health of his wife and daughter: of his own rheumatic threatenings he thought little, provided they did not encrease so as to detain him an hour longer at Moor Hall, than he had engaged for. Lady Upland was a very stout woman, and had been in similar adventures before; and Georgiana thought it all very good fun.

Being in the course of a couple of hours, refreshed, warmed, and dried, and the horses well baited, they flattered themselves nothing remained, but to drive home, with all convenient speed.

Nothing however, could be farther from Sir Thomas's thoughts. He had been upon the look-out for Doll, and diverting himself, with conjecturing what ditch they should find her stuck fast in, on their return; when it all at once came into his head, that she was certainly

gone straight to Lord ——'s, and was waiting for them there.

This idea was combated by Lady Upland, who was very clear, that upon Mrs. Dorothea's being informed of the mistake at John Wilkins's farm, she would immediately return home; but his own conjecture supported his original determination to go to Lord ——'s, at all events; and he would not give it up.

" The day is become quite fine too, now," said he, (it had turned to a thick misling rain) I told you that was the clearing shower; the sun will be out bright, by the time we get to Lord ——'s, and the rain will have improved the cascade mightily; besides, my dear, you know I told you I had sent a particular request to his Lordship, this not being one of the usual days of admission."

"Yes, but I do not recollect your getting any answer," replied Lady Upland.

" No! no more I did; but ' silence

gives consent,' you know; and it would be the height of ill-breeding not to go now,—besides, I want to show my friend Haywood the Mangel-wurzel—the finest experimental farm in the county."

In short, his reasons were so numerous, and his determinations so immoveable, that resistance was in vain; and they once more got into the barouche, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood vowing in their hearts, that if once they got safe back to Moor Hall, they would not readily again put themselves into the power of so wrong-headed a charioteer.

By the time they reached the Inn, about a stone's-throw from the park gate, the sun did actually break forth. "There!" he exclaimed triumphantly, "I told you how it would be;—all come right at last!—nothing like perseverance!—Pray, friend," to the inn-keeper, "is there a landau here with a lady and children?"

"Not as I know of, your Honour."

"Oh! she has driven straight to the house, then:—ride on, Sam, and get the gate opened!—tell the porter at the lodge, 'tis Sir Thomas Upland and his party."

Sam rode on.

But before Sir Thomas reached the lodge, he came back; "Porter says, he have no orders, your Honour; and this beant show-day."

"Blockhead!—tell him I come to visit Lord ——, by appointment."

Sam went back, and Sir Thomas followed him close. "Well! why don't he open the gate?"

"He says, as how my Lord ha' been gone more nor a week, and he dare n't let in nobody, on no account, but the show-day."

"Was ever any thing so confoundedly provoking!—hark ye, friend!" to the porter, "did'nt a message come from me—Sir Thomas Upland—yesterday?"

"Not as I know on," replied the porter.

"Vastly odd!—don't you know, that if your Lord had been at home, and a message had come from Sir Thomas Upland, of Moor Hall, for leave to wait upon him with some friends, he would have given leave."

"I don't know that, neither—my Lord be main partiklar, by times."

"My dear Sir Thomas!" interposed Lady Upland, "do recollect!—you have never met, since that awkward election business; pray don't let us force our way in."

Entreaties from Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, to the same effect, at length prevailed so far, that he said, "Well, then, let's have the bailiff, and I'll only just show Haywood the Mangel-wurzel."

"What! and keep the ladies waiting here, the while?—No, my good friend, I beg to be excused; you'll find, for once,

I can be as persevering as yourself; I'll not stir."

As Sir Thomas could not lug Mr. Haywood out of the carriage, neck and heels, he was obliged, after a stout contest, to give way; and to the inexpressible satisfaction of the party, the horses' heads were fairly turned homewards.

He had not gone many miles however, before he made a sudden stop, exclaiming, "Bless my soul! we've left poor Doll in the lurch, though," and was preparing to turn back.

But Mr. Haywood observed, that Mrs. Dorothea could no more have got admittance, than they did.

"Oh! aye! true!—I didn't think of that!—but we must turn back a little way, though; for I've missed the turning to Thingummy's cousin; and it would be very ill-bred, not to call and apologize, for disappointing them this afternoon."

"Let one of the servants ride back with the apology, my dear! Georgiana looks so pale and shivering, I fear she will suffer from lengthening the drive."

This argument had its effect. "Well! be it so, then!—you know, my dear, I always listen to reason—Hark ye, Sam! you ride back to Mr. Thingummy's cousin—"

"To Mr. Stockton's," said Lady Upland.

"Aye, of course—and give my compliments, and my Lady's, and Mr. and Mrs. Haywood's, and Miss Haywood's"—

"We are not acquainted with him, my good sir,"—interrupted Mrs. Haywood.

"No matter!—no matter!—it's all the more polite—and Miss Haywood's—and we anxiously hope Mr. and Mrs. ——— What's their name, my dear?"

"Stockton."

"Oh, aye—we anxiously hope they are well; and we are excessively sorry,

that the badness of the day, and other untoward circumstances, prevent our having the honour of drinking tea with them; but we shall be happy in an opportunity of explaining it more particularly, when they favour us at dinner to-morrow.—I hope that's civil, Haywood! hey!"

"Remarkably!" smiling, "and it would be satisfactory, to hear the justice that will be done to your civility, in the repetition of the message."

"Oh! Sam's a 'cute lad, as we say—I always employ him,—he'll repeat it to a tittle, I'll engage:—a civil speech costs nothing, and produces great effect."

Mr. Haywood had the amusement he wished for, by means of his son John, who had accompanied the party in the landau, on horseback, and had been deputed by Mrs. Dorothea, to inform her brother, she had gone home from Pickering Common. By Sir Thomas's taking the cross-cut, John had missed

them; and was now returning after them, when he saw Sam meet one of Mr. Stockton's servants, and overheard the following communication.

"Oh, Bob! you tak t' message, as I be sent wi', to your folks—our folks' compliments, and canno' drink tea upon account o't' rain, ye see—but hopes as to-morrow will be more favorabler loike, and partiklar—and summut more Sir Thomas said—but I'se uphod ye, that's t' long and short o't—so you moind now, and be partiklar wi' 't."—cried the 'cute' Sam.

"So much for this day's pleasure!" said the Haywoods, to each other, when they were at length allowed to retire to their apartments to dress.

But the pleasures of the day, were not yet at an end.

CHAP. XIX.



Before we proceed to describe the farther provision Sir Thomas had made, for the solace of his guests, the reader may possibly like to be informed, how Mrs. Dorothea had employed her spare time, on her return home.

It had occurred to her, that this would be a good opportunity, for ascertaining what the little foundling knew of her own situation; and of throwing some new light upon it, in the child's mind; if it should appear, that she was cruelly kept in the dark.

Bending her steps straight to the nursery, therefore, she called Nanny to her; "Shall you like as well, my pretty love, to come and keep me company, as to play here?"

Nanny was at that moment in her highest glee, romping with Ned, and the younger Uplands; and had delighted herself with the prospect of Dick's joining the party, as she saw him alight from the landau. But ever accustomed by Mrs. Haywood to consider the pleasure of others, in preference to her own, she replied, "If you like, I should, Ma'am."

"I have got some pretty prints to shew you," said Mrs. Dorothea, opening a herbal, into which she had slipped two or three prints, that might lead to her present purpose.

"There's Joseph and his brethren!" she began. Nanny was quite at home in that story.

"Have you any brothers?—or sisters, my dear?"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

The next was the Prodigal Son. "How good his Papa was, to forgive him!" said Nanny.

"Should you have ventured to go back to your Papa, if you had been so naughty?"

"I have no Papa."

"How do you know that, my love?"

"Because Mr. and Mrs. Haywood never told me I had."

"And did they ever tell you anything of your Mamma?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Why did they not?"

"Because they don't know."

"Humph!—shouldn't you like to know?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Not like to know your parents!—why not?"

"Because they'd may be take me away from Mr. and Mrs. Haywood."

"But suppose they were very great, fine people, who would make you happier than you now are."

"O! but they couldn't do that, though."

" How do you know?"

" I'm sure they wouldn't love me so well! nor take so much trouble to make me good!"

" Why are you so sure of that?"

" Because you know, Ma'am, if they loved me, and wanted to make me good, they would take me home, and not let Mr. and Mrs. Haywood have so much trouble with me."

" There may be reasons for that, which you can't guess at, my sweet innocent!—and who takes most trouble with you?—Mr. or Mrs. Haywood?"

" Mrs. Haywood, Ma'am."

" And does Mr. Haywood never press you to his heart?—and weep over you?"

" No, Ma'am!—he says, I always make him merry.—He did once, though!"—recollecting herself.

" O! ho! did he?"—exclaimed Mrs. Dorothea, triumphantly, expecting some grand discovery was now at hand;

"Well!—and how was that, my sweet girl?—tell me all."

Nanny then related the story of the nursery quarrel, and Mr. Haywood's having taken her to his heart, for not liking to make Dick ashamed; "And he called me a name I didn't understand, and wiped his eyes—but I don't know what made him cry."

"Can't you recollect any thing a little like the name?"

Nanny considered. "It was something like herring—but that wasn't it."

"Was it heroine?"

"Yes—I believe it was—yes—that was it."

"Aye! aye! now we come to the point indeed!—this is what I have all along suspected;—a heroine you will come out, at last!—and they are fully apprised of it."

"What is a heroine, Ma'am?"

"Oh, my love! the most interesting being, in the creation! and what I

judged you to be, the very first moment I set eyes on you."

Nanny looked puzzled.

Mrs. Dorothea went on. "And now I'll tell you a dream, I had about you last night."

"Thank you, Ma'am!"—and she was all attention.

"I dreamt, that a very fine gentleman and lady were driving up the park, in a post-chaise and four, as you and I were walking along—and the moment they saw you, they called to the postillions to stop; and jumping out of the carriage, they caught you in their arms, and exclaimed, 'My long lost child!'—'

Nanny clung close to Mrs. Dorothea, and fell a-crying, "O dear!—I hope, Ma'am, you wouldn't let me go!"

"Not to such a fine Papa and Mamma!—when you are now only a nursery girl?"

"O no, indeed!—I should only make

'em ashamed of me,—I like a great deal better to be a nursery girl."

"Better than to have fine clothes, and servants to wait upon you?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't wear fine clothes for any thing, they're so troublesome; and I can do every thing I want for myself now."—Nanny said this with a little conscious pride.

"Then could you bear to find your father and mother very poor people, and working for their bread?"

"Yes!—that I could!—if they were good—and I would earn money for them,—and they needn't take me away from Mrs. Haywood;—see here, Ma'am! all this money I earnt!"

And she displayed some silver, with great delight.

"Poor child!—what narrow ideas!—how can they answer to themselves, for giving her such an illiberal education! when they cannot foresee, what station

she may be called upon to fill!"—ejaculated this well-judging lady.

Nanny, not very well comprehending the import of the expression, innocently answered, "Ma'am! Mrs. Haywood learns me in my Catechism, to do my duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call me."

Mrs. Dorothea shrugged her shoulders, but the dialogue was interrupted, by the gardener's bringing her a plant, that was coming into bloom for the first time; which fortunately drew her attention from any farther attempt, for the present, to expand her heroine's mind to nobler aims, and prospects. And the children's dinner-bell, rescued Nanny from a subsequent renewal of questions, which, without having staggered her principles, had perplexed her little brain, so as to require some rectifying explanations, from Mrs. Haywood, when she applied to her, for the solution of what had passed her comprehension.

And Mrs. Haywood took the earliest opportunity of requesting Mrs. Dorothea to refrain from a recurrence to similar conversations.

Sir Thomas, upon alighting from the barouche-box, was informed of the arrival of a regiment of dragoons in quarters at New Malton. He knew that the band belonging to it was remarkably fine. "Gadso! this is good news, indeed!" cried he, "now we can have music from morning till night."

So he forthwith dispatched a messenger, with an invitation to the commanding officer, (who was an old acquaintance,) and his band; stipulating that the band, at least, should come over, before dinner-time, that very day.

The Lieutenant-Colonel knew his man too well, to accept the invitation for himself; but sent the band, and deputed Captain Jardine with it in his stead; a good-humoured young man, very fond of music, not aware it was possible to have too

much of it, and anxious to hear the famous violin-player, Brasinski; who, he found, was, with his wife, to be at Moor Hall, and was expected to pass through New Malton, on his way thither, that very day.

Sir Thomas had written to a friend in town, a fortnight or three weeks before, to engage these foreigners to visit Moor Hall; as he found they were to be in the neighbourhood; and with a view to securing a concert for Miss Haywood, every evening during her stay: but the whole business had escaped his memory, in the various plans he had laid for the amusement of his guests; so that his surprise almost equalled theirs, when Monsieur and Madame Brasinski were announced; but the most agreeable expectations were raised in the Haywoods, who had heard much of the professional skill both of husband and wife.

Sir Thomas gave them a most hearty reception; and taking a hand of each,

led them straight up to Mrs. and Miss Haywood.

"Signor and Signora Brasinks, ladies!" said he, "the first performers in Europe!—this is Mrs. Haywood, Signor Brasinks,—one of the best bred ladies in England—and this is Miss Haywood, whose voice and taste leave all professional ability far behind!"

Mrs. Haywood was too well acquainted with the 'pride and circumstance' of Sir Thomas's introductions, to be as much disconcerted as poor Mary, who was ready to sink with confusion; till somewhat relieved by Lady Upland's observing to Sir Thomas, "that Monsieur and Madame Brasin*ski*" (endeavouring by her stress upon the last syllable of their name, to set him right in pronouncing it,) "didn't speak English."

"Gadso!—very true, indeed!—I had quite forgot that—I beg ten thousand pardons, Signor and Signora Brasinks, for not addressing you in your own lan-

guage!—by the bye, my dear, what is their language?"

"Polish, I should imagine; which you may find a little difficult;—but French will probably answer the purpose."

"Ah! well! as you say—I must rub up my French a little, then;"—and he blundered through some attempt at speechifying in French, but not being able to get on, he bid Lady Upland interpret for him; "she knows my meaning by my mumping," said he, referring them with a motion of his hand, to her, who did not renew the distress of Mrs. and Miss Haywood, by the exact repetition of his encomiums.

Sir Thomas hugged himself in the happy coincidence, of having got this military band to treat the foreigners with, in return for what was expected from them.

The company were no sooner well seated at table, than such a peal burst

forth from behind the screen, (which had purposely been placed for the pleasure of the surprise,) as literally made them start; it was one of Handel's loudest chorusses, from the whole band, kettle-drums and all.

"*Ah, bon dieu!*" exclaimed the poor foreigners, stopping their ears, and thrown by their surprise out of the recollection of their good manners.

"Aye! I knew I should surprise you all!"—vociferated their host, exultingly. "There's a band, Miss Haywood!—sound enough to fill Westminster Abbey! we'll let these foreign professors know what English music is!"

Miss Haywood sat next him, or he would have spoken in vain; the loudness of the chorus overpowered all chance of hearing.

Fortunately, dumb show may answer the more important purposes of the table; for no sooner was one chorus ended, than he sent directions what to play

next,—exclaiming, "Vastly well, gentlemen! that went off vastly well, indeed! lose no time!"—and the only respite to the ears of the company, was during the moment in which the musicians tossed off the bumpers of port he regularly ordered them, between every piece of music.

The consequence of which soon betrayed itself in the confusion of their performance; so that by the time the desert was ended, Sir Thomas himself was obliged to confess, "enough was as good as a feast," and agreed to their dismissal for the evening; "unless," he added, "they should be sufficiently sobered by supper-time, to resume their station; for music at meals, he declared, he considered as luxury for a king."

The butler, however, took care to leave him no chance of farther indulgence that night, by plying them with ale, the remainder of the evening, in honour of his master's hospitality.

The suspension of noise had been so great a relief to every one but Sir Thomas, that the subject of music was not even glanced at, till after tea,—when the company began to turn their thoughts to the treat they expected from Monsieur and Madame Brasinski;—and a look of satisfaction was exchanged among some of them, when they saw their host bustle up to the foreigners.

But poor Mrs. Dorothea, than whom none had been more annoyed, not only by the noise, but by the mournful recollections music ever brought to her mind, was but just recovering from the state of pathetic endurance her features had exhibited, (to the rather malicious amusement of her brother,) when a cloud again overspread her countenance in the expectation of renewed misery, which a roguish look from him as he passed her, was not meant to dispel.

His proposal did not, however, exactly answer to the expectations raised;

and Dorothea's countenance once more brightened up, when she heard him say, "Signor Brasinks! *vous voulez jouer* a rubber at shillings?—never play higher in the country."

"*Parfaitement a vos ordres!*" was the reply; imagining he was called upon for a solo, and he went to his violin-case.

"*Poing de toute!—poing de toute!*" exclaimed Sir Thomas, laying hold of his arm; "*une* rubber at whist!"

"My dear Sir Thomas!" interposed Lady Upland, "we are all dying to hear Monsieur and Madame Brasinski;—you wouldn't think of setting them down to cards!"

"Impossible, my dear!—quite impossible!—it would be the height of ill-breeding, to call upon them to exhibit, the first night they come into my house—no! no! I'll show them we understand true politeness in England!—after supper perhaps, we may get the Signora to join in a catch, or something of that sort;—

and besides, you know, I must have my rubber; I never feel comfortable without my rubber."

Lady Upland knew it was in vain to contend, so the whist table was ordered: "And you'll make a round game for the Signora;—Pope Joan, or something of that sort."

The round table was also brought.

Monsieur and Madame Brasinski were uncommonly well-behaved people; and though they felt a little mortified, at not having their professional talents called forth,—which they were anxious to make known, being but lately arrived, and having yet had but few opportunities of doing it,—still they conformed to the humours of their host, with the best grace possible.

The only improvement that could be obtained, was substituting Commerce for Pope Joan, of which the Signora, as he called her,' had never heard, and he sat down to whist himself, with Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, and Monsieur Brasinski.

Scarcely had two hands been played however, when he started up, and ringing the bell, inquired for his bailiff: "I must see him immediately! send him into my study!" said he, "and do, Jardine, be kind enough to play a hand or two for me:" calling to the young Captain, who was enjoying himself very much at the round game, between Mary Haywood and Madame Brasinski.

He directly obeyed: and good Sir Thomas, who had no comfort without his rubber, took himself off to his study; from whence he never more emerged, till informed supper was served.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!"—he said, bustling up to Madame Brasinski, and offering her his hand, covered with the flap of his coat, to lead her to supper in the true *vieille cour* style, "but I never neglect business;—*mon ferme avez besoin de* mare—brood mares, you know, Haywood—answer a double purpose, hey! sent my bailiff to see for some last

week—never brought me an answer—and it just popped into my head, after we sat down to whist—and by the bye, my Lady—I took the opportunity of enquiring why George never brought word that Lord —— was from home—and the fact was, he couldn't very well, because—"

"Because you had never given him the message, I suppose," laughing.

"I thought you'd say that!—ever suspicious of me!—but I did give him the message—only I find, I added another to it, to farmer Dickins, which took him twenty miles the other way—and as he was to bring a cow back with him, he'll not be here till to-morrow."

"Well, my dear!" smiling, "you prove very satisfactorily, how my suspicions wrong you—but suppose now, you were to fix upon the place, you intend Madame Brasinski to occupy—for you have handed her three times round the table, in search of it."

"Have I?—bless my soul!—ask ten thousand pardons, Signora—but *mon ferme toujours* absorbs my recollection."

Madame Brasinski made obliging signs, that she was ready to forgive, what she could in no shape understand, but she perceived that her host was *un original*, which was what she had been led to expect every Englishman to be; and so she was not surprised at any thing.

After supper, Sir Thomas reverted to the catches and glees; and insisted upon the Signora taking a part in them: equally unacquainted with the style of music, and with the language, she entreated to be excused; and offered to sing Venetian ballads—French songs—Polonoises—any thing she *could* do was at their service.

"No!—catches and glees were the thing after supper!—and Miss Haywood's voice and her's would suit, he was sure, to perfection."

So the catch books were produced, and the poor woman hummed the notes in the best way she could, without attempting the words, and her husband took his violin to assist her, in what she found ten times more difficult than to have sung, at sight, the finest Italian *cantabile*.

"Ah!—bravo!—bravo!—Signor Brasinks!" cried Sir Thomas, in an ecstacy, "That's very good-humoured of you indeed, to take your fiddle—Now—could you play a country-dance or two, d'ye think?—*joué petit contre-danse?*—hey!" producing Gow's book of country-dances.

The company, quite shocked at the request, wished to interpose; but in vain. Sir Thomas had set his heart upon the young ones having a hop, after supper, towards which the band were to hav contributed their part, but they bein disabled, it occurred to his well judging head, that the first violin-player in

Europe must be up to a country-dance—and so he would have it.

And with the greatest good-humour, Brasinski did it.

Upon mustering his forces for the dance, Sir Thomas first missed Georgiana. "Bless my soul!—what's Georgiana sent to bed for, my Lady! hey?—go and see, Jennings, if she be not undressed—bring her back!"

"Poor Georgiana was seized with a head-ach, and shivering fit, before we went to dinner, my dear."

"Very remarkable! that it should have escaped my attention!—but in truth, my head has been so full to day!—what could possibly have occasioned her illness?'

It did not appear difficult to the rest of the party to guess; but Lady Upland only said, "She has caught cold—but she took something warm, and was put to bed; and has been in a quiet sleep since, so I hope it will be nothing."

When bed-time at length came, Sir Thomas began a speech in his very best French, which he had been conning over during the dancing; about the honor and pleasure of hearing the Signor and Signora to-morrow,—when to his utter astonishment, they lamented the impossibility of staying another day.

This was indeed a disappointment to the whole party! and made Sir Thomas's absurdities doubly provoking; whilst he "couldn't for his life conceive, what should oblige them to go to-morrow, when he had depended upon them for a week."

They were "*au desespoir*," but had an engagement to perform at York, the next night, and they had requested Sir Thomas's friend to tell him so, when he had invited them to Moor Hall.

"Gadso!"—exclaimed Sir Thomas, "and now you put me in mind on't, so he did—it had quite slipped my memory, faith!—how could it happen?"

Petitions were now put in from all the company, for a delay of some hours the next morning; that they might at least, be indulged after breakfast: and this being agreed to, they retired to rest, with the hope of a compensation on the morrow, for the trials of temper of the past day.

CHAP. XX.

A bright sunshine exhilarated the spirits of the Haywoods, next morning; and they encouraged each other in the hope that the worst was past, and they might expect comparative quiet in the two days, for which they now felt they had rather inconsiderately engaged.

Breakfast was, of course, accompanied by the now sobered band, as harmoniously as the dinner of the preceding day; but the impatience of some of the party, to adjourn to the music-room, shortened the repast.

When they arose for that purpose, however, Sir Thomas declared that he had a proposal to make;—all listened in dread of what it might be. It was, " to adjourn to a saloon, so peculiarly adapted

for giving effect to a voice, that he entreated the Signora to reserve the gratification they expected from hearing her, till they reached it;—it was in one of his woods, not above four miles off.

It was objected by one and all, that a walk of four miles, would take all the time, that Monsieur and Madame Brasinski had to bestow upon them; and the fatigue might disable her from singing, when they got there.

He had foreseen that; and ordered the low carriages, donkies, saddle-horses, &c.

Then at least, the company might be indulged with one solo, and one song, while the servants were getting ready.

They were already at the door.

The less time was then lost, the better; and they soon set forth. The children in the donkey-cart; which little Walter Upland, a boy of about ten years old, had been in the habit of driving; so there

seemed no hazard in entrusting it to him.

Georgiana, deservedly ill with a feverish cold, remained in bed in very bad humour; till kind-hearted Nanny, free of all resentment for her impertinence to her, asked leave to stay and amuse her.

The party had not proceeded far, before the donkey, unused to so much company, became unruly, and presently dashed into a horse-pond, with the little cart—and laying itself down—overset it.

The outcry, and alarm, occasioned by this accident, may readily be supposed. The children were, however, got out unhurt; and sent home for dry clothes, but the delay was considerable.

When the party at length reached the saloon, a most unlooked-for disappointment occurred. A severe storm in the foregoing week, had driven some slates from the roof, by which means, such free access had been given to the rain of the

preceding day, that the furniture was all wet through, and the floor in a swim.

Sir Thomas proposed sending to the cottage, about half a mile off, for mops, pails, &c.—and said the party might explore the wood the while, in which he had cut some beautiful walks; but Monsieur Brasinski now declared he could not let his wife go into that damp room, "*au risque du* catch-cold, that English disorder he had heard so much of in Paris."

So Sir Thomas was for once overruled; and the party marshalled back again in the order they went. But the various delays which had arisen, just brought them back to the Hall, as the chaise, which had been ordered for the foreigners, drove up to the door.

Upon the steps stood Mrs. Dorothea, with a look, and in an attitude of alarm, who, as Mrs. Haywood alighted, began begging her "not to be frightened!—but poor Nanny had met with the most shocking adventure!—with a mad woman!"

This mode of communication not being exactly calculated to allay fright, Mrs and Miss Haywood, without stopping for farther information, flew to Nanny's room with all the speed terror could lend.

They found her in a state of some agitation; but not such as to prevent her from giving a very distinct account of what had happened.

Upon Georgiana's having fallen into a sound sleep, Mrs. Dorothea had taken Nanny to walk out with her. As they passed the farm-yard, they saw a poor, but clean, decent looking woman, standing by it. She fixed her eyes upon Nanny, but said nothing; and Mrs. Dorothea, being just then intent upon initiating her little companion in the rudiments of botany, took no notice of her. They had crossed into a lane in search of some specimens to illustrate the lecture, and whilst Mrs. Dorothea scrambled up the bank for a plant, the woman, who had followed,

came up with them, and catching Nanny in her arms, hugged her to her breast, with a wild expression of delight, exclaiming, "One kiss I will have, you lovely little angel;—though it should be my last."

Nanny terrified, called Mrs. Dorothea to her rescue, but before she could get to her, the woman had let her go—and run off.

During this simple recital of Nanny's, Mrs. Dorothea had been ornamenting her narrative with all the wonders her romantic imagination could supply. Servants were immediately dispatched in different directions, in quest of the mysterious stranger; "who, if she was not out of her senses, was certainly some person in disguise, for the purpose of carrying off the little heroine," Mrs. Dorothea said.

The servants had seen her lurking about the yard, all the morning, and she had questioned the farming people, rela-

tive to Mr. Haywood's children. She had been offered food, and charity, but declined both; which confirmed Mrs. Dorothea in her suspicions.

Mrs. Haywood was not without her's; but did not apprehend any disguise in the case, and was very anxious to have the woman brought back.

No trace of her was however to be found.

During this bustle, the foreigners had taken their departure; leaving those who had anticipated the musical treat in store for them, to feast upon the recollection of the glee and the country dance. It was a trial to the good humour of all; but none expressed their disappointment so pathetically as Sir Thomas himself, though at the same time, he said, "It was what could not have been foreseen, and wholly unavoidable."

At this last stroke, a cool "curse it," escaped, *aside*, from the Captain, in spite of all his good-natured endurance,

(which had been remarkable) to the entertainment of Mr. Haywood, who overheard him.

"And now," said Sir Thomas, "let's make a bill of fare, of the music to be performed this evening; and then, we'll just have a practise of it, this morning; before I take you round the grounds, that it may all go off smooth and well at night."

"A practise of what?" said Captain Jardine, "there's nothing left but for Miss Haywood and me to take it in turn to amuse the company."

"Hey! what!——why, you forget the band—I'll engage they can every one play a solo upon their own instrument—and then there's young Topham, whistles like any flageolet;—gadso! and Miss Topham plays the tambourine—I'd like to have forgot that.—We shall have very good variety, I promise you—and by the bye, now I think on't, the two

Miss Tophams dance the bollero with the castaguettes.

During this speech, he had collected pen, ink, and paper; and set about putting down, in regular succession, all that he intended should be done; which might have filled up the space of a day, instead of an evening. With very great difficulty, curtailings were obtained; but nothing could conquer his determination, to have a practice beforehand, of all that was to be done, "that it might go off well."

The band however, conceiving there would be a respite till dinner-time, had taken themselves out of the way; and the Tophams were not come; so the practice consisted of what Mary Haywood, and Captain Jardine were destined to perform, which, as they were both perfectly skilled in music, was wholly unnecessary, though by no means disagreeable to either; excepting as it interfered with the proposed walk through the grounds;

which was now driven off so late, that, with the help of Sir Thomas's never-ending dissertations upon the improvements he had made, which regularly began with what had been, what might have been, and so on to what was—they were so far from home when the sound of the first dinner-bell reached them, as made it impossible to get dressed, till long after the guests were assembled in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Dorothea had however been in readiness to receive them, with Nanny in her hand,—whom she had introduced to the company as a "future heroine."

Among the number, were Mr. and Mrs. Stockton, to whom Lady Upland had written an explanation of the verbal message, so curiously reported by Sam the day before. Mrs. Stockton was struck with Nanny's resemblance to some person she had seen, but could not recollect where; and making the remark to Mrs. Dorothea, it set her imagination upon

the range, amongst all the great people in the county. Mrs. Stockton, when she did however at length recollect that it was only to a dairy-maid, at the house of a relation of hers, did not care to mention a circumstance so short of Mrs. Dorothea's brilliant expectations.

Poor Nanny felt extremely uncomfortable, in being made an object of so much observation; and applied to Mrs. Haywood, the moment she entered the room, for leave to return to Georgiana, which was immediately granted.

Mr. Stockton was but lately come into the neighbourhood; his person was very remarkable, and it had caught Sir Thomas's fancy so much, that Lady Upland was in perpetual dread of something unintentionally coming out, that might offend the little man, who was uncommonly touchy, and had not yet known the Baronet long enough, to understand or allow for his eternal blunders.

Sir Thomas had been making himself so extremely merry during the walk, in describing his "squat figure, bandy legs, short arms, flat nose, and very remarkably long chin," that Lady Upland had felt it quite necessary to go to his dressing-room, purposely to put him upon his guard. "And do, pray, my love, recollect that his name is Stockton," said she.

"Yes, yes,—you know I told you I should always remember it now, by Stock-*pot.*"

If there was one thing she dreaded more than another, it was, his settling what to remember a name by.

The band was, of course, again upon duty during dinner, and Sir Thomas, bent upon showing particular attention to his new neighbour, seized the opportunity of a suspension of the music, to say, in an audible voice, "Mr. Stockpot, I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with you; you can reach the decanter, I believe, if

you'll be kind enough to take the trouble to" (his eye at this unlucky moment falling full upon the poor little man's face,) "put out your—*chin*."

This came out so innocently—and he remained so unconscious withal, of having uttered it, as to be irresistibly diverting; and make it no common effort of politeness, to suppress the laughter it had provoked. Lady Upland's dismay may be conceived. Mr. Stockton, however, being fortunately hard of hearing, caught the intention of the speech, by the direction of Sir Thomas's hand; and Mrs. Stockton's attention being arrested by a botanical dissertation of her neighbour Mrs. Dorothea's, who had seized upon the momentary cessation of noise, to burst forth with it,—no mischief ensued from the blunder.

In the evening, the bill of fare was produced, with all due solemnity: and though there were obvious difficulties in the way of adhering strictly to it, Sir

Thomas would not hear of the smallest deviation; "because, where was the use of putting it all down in order," he said, "if it was not to be followed?"

Fortunately however, he was soon called away upon business; and, according to custom, lost sight of all that was going forward in the drawing-room; he staid away best part of the evening, and most comfortable advantage was taken of his absence, in suppressing and shortening the instrumental performances.

He just came in for the last notes of a song of Mary Haywood's—"Vastly well!—vastly well!—that went off admirably!" he exclaimed, "well! what comes next?—gadso! you've made quick work on't!—or I've been away longer than I thought for—why, you've got almost to the end! and it an't supper-time yet!—see the use of putting it all down!—no time lost between the pieces! an excellent selection!—wasn't it?—

well! suppose we encore the grand chorus!—hey!"

But a general petition for a beautiful duet, between Mary Haywood, and one of the Miss Tophams, over-ruled the encore; and the evening passed with greater comfort to the ears of the company, than had been hoped for.

Next morning, the band was ordered back to New Malton; Sir Thomas did not make his appearance at breakfast; and the Haywoods, most readily acceded to Lady Upland's arrangements, for accompanying the Tophams home at an early hour, that they might see some interesting objects by the way.

Word was left for Sir Thomas to join them at dinner. He arrived just as the desert was putting down—"Just in the nick of time, faith!"—he cried, rubbing his hands, joyfully, "just in the nick of time!—the luckiest thing in the world, that your horses happened to want shoeing, Haywood; by which means, I just

met them, as I was going to see after a remarkable fine team of my neighbour Hodgson's; and inquiring of your coachman, what was become of you all, he put me in mind of our engagement to dine here—so I lost no time you see."

"And as I am not the Marquis of A——,* I will order back some of the dinner for you, into the next room;" said Mr. Topham, "where you may have it in more comfort, than intermixed with the scent of our melons and pines."

"Gadso!—what!—it's desert, is it? I thought I had just come in with the soup, and I should have been particularly vexed to have lost the last day with our Netherby friends."

Dinner, was accordingly served for

* The Marquis of A—— never waited dinner for any of his company, but at whatever time they arrived, they only partook of what was going on. Upon one occasion a guest came just as dinner was over, and the Marquis ordered him coffee.

him in another room: and by the time he had ended it, the carriages were at the door, to take them back to Moor Hall. He escorted them on horseback, and having gone through more than usual fatigue in the course of the day, he laid himself down upon the sofa the moment he entered the drawing-room, and fell fast asleep, by way of "completing his enjoyment of his Netherby friends company, the last day."

It was with no common sensation of comfort, that the Haywood family found themselves, the following morning, in the road to Scarborough; whilst their well-meaning host remained exulting in the recollection of "How *vastly* well it had all gone off!"

CHAP. XXI.



At the return of the family to Netherby, a most favourable report was made of George.—But for the last week he had not come to work; and upon being inquired after at the cottage—he had disappeared.

Much disturbed at this information, Mr. Haywood apprehended a return to his former practices;—but Nanny, in dismay at the idea of misconduct in her Protégé flew to old Hannah, for some farther particulars than what the bailiff had obtained; and old Hannah told her, "she were sartin sure, as summut partiklar had happened, to make him fly off so—but for her loife she couldn't guess what;—only she would steake her last shilling, as he were gone for no harm—

for ever since t' squire had forgi'n him, he had always been a-saying, how comfortable loike he felt now—his conscience were always so easy—and he were a-getting his bread honestly."

"But, dear, dear Hannah! can't you guess ever so little of it?" said the anxious girl.

"I sure I canna—I'se tell ye every word as Sal or I knows.—T' last evening, a'ter he coom'd huoame fro' his work, he just steps into t' village—and all on a sudden, he coomes back, looking so flooster'd—and crazed loike—and says never a word to nobody—but ties up a clean shirt and stockings, in a pocket-handkercher—hangs it upo' t' end o' his stick over his shoulder—and away loike mad—'Whoy George!—wheare beest going?' says I: 'Upon no bad errand,' says he, 'but I canna stop to tell—howsomever I'll be back afore t' Squoire coom huoame again,'—and wi' that, he flew

off—but that's a week agone—and we ha' heard nowt o' him since."

When Nanny brought back this report, she entreated, with tears, that George might not be condemned, till something farther should be heard about him; and Mr. Haywood promised her to suspend his judgment.

After two days of anxious impatience, Nanny had the great delight of bringing word that George was returned—married!—and begged leave to speak with the Squire.

Nanny had met Sarah at the lodge, coming with the message—who was quickly dispatched back, with leave for George to come.

George's narrative was rather embarrassed, from consciousness, and penitence; and consequently somewhat prolix.—And as it cannot be expected, that all readers should be blessed with the patience Mr. Haywood showed upon the occasion, it

may be expedient to relate the matter more concisely.

Upon going into the village on the evening Hannah had spoken of, he met a young woman, who accosting him by his name, inquired, "How he had come to life again, whom she had believed dead for so many years?"—George recognized her for the sister of a worthless woman, who had entrapped him into marrying her, in his wildest days; when he had gone up to London with Sir John Campley, for a few months. She had believed him to be possessed of some property; he thought her pretty; and troubled his head about nothing more—so they married.—But when she discovered that his only fund was in his wits, she took the shortest method of getting out of the scrape, by running away from him; and he having found her worthless, artful, and ill-tempered, considered himself in luck to have so got rid of her. And as he soon after returned into the country,

he bestowed very little farther thought upon the transaction. Meeting however, afterwards, with a pretty, innocent, honest girl, who resisted all his lures, it occurred rather disagreeably to his recollection, that he was not at liberty to offer to marry her. But George's conscience, at that time, did not stand long in the way of his inclinations: and he soon satisfied himself, that as no one knew of his marriage, it was much the same as if it did not exist; and his wife having chosen to leave him, there was no great danger of any trouble from her.—So without farther consideration, he proposed to marry Susan Smith; and the good girl, too simple herself to fear deceit in others, agreed to become his wife.

She lived at the distance of some miles from Sir John Campley's residence, in a family who objected to married servants; and inconsiderately gave way to George's persuasions to marry him se-

cretly. In a short time however, it became necessary for Susan to reveal the truth; as the frequency, and privacy of George's visits to her, exposed her to suspicions among her fellow-servants, of which she could by no means bear the disgrace; and when she went to reveal her situation to the housekeeper, the unhappy girl received the dreadful information, that George Potter was married to a relation of hers, some years before.

Susan now deplored the secrecy she had agreed to;—she passed sleepless nights, and anxious days,—vainly attempting to vindicate her innocence.—George's character was so notorious, that her assertions of having been ignorant of it were disbelieved:—she met with no compassion—and on the return of the family from London, lost her place.—She went home to her parents, almost broken-hearted.—They were industrious, hard-working people, with a large family of children.—They believed poor Susan's

story, because they had never known her guilty of falsehood; and afforded her shelter till her child should be born;—but it must go to the parish—and she must return to service—they could do no more.

George, notwithstanding his profligacy, had a heart,—and indeed, naturally, a kind and generous temper; of which his associates had taken advantage, to lead him into mischief,—but even in the midst of his wickedness, he would, when left to himself, do a good-natured thing.—He really loved Susan—soon sought her out in her retreat—and exerted all his power over her, to obtain her belief that she was his real and true wife; and the other, a worthless woman, who only chose to call herself so, for a blind to her relations.

Susan is not the first—and will certainly not be the last instance of the credulity of love. She believed him—and agreed to inhabit a cottage, with the

owner of which, George had entered into a partnership of iniquity, to provide for their exigencies, as they could find means, and see occasion.—What these means were, poor Susan never knew; till their detection ended in sending George to Botany Bay.

George having got over the greatest difficulty of his narrative, went on more smoothly.

" If your honour will believe me, ye moight ha' knocked me daown wi' a feather, when I seed who 'twas as spoke to me—for sure enough, she were sister to her as took me in, when I were quoite a boy loike—So says I, ' Better mayhap I had been dead, if as how yer sister be cooming to claim me for her husband, loike.'—' Noa !—noa !'—says she, ' you be seafe enough theare—she be gone to answer for all, in another pleace.'—Well! yer honor !—I felt all so, in a minute—I didn't know how!—I were ready to drop—for Susan coom'd into moy moind

at once—and now, thinks I, I'll meake an honest woman o' her, a'terall!—for I never deared to think o' poor Susan sin I coom'd back—and felt how wicked I had beheaved to her—that is—I mean—I scarce thowt o' ouwt else nor she—but I didn't deare to think o' going near her,—is what I would say—so I ne'er stopp'd to ax her another word loike—but away I run—loike one bewitched for sure!—and wouldn't tell mother, nor sister, a word o' t' matter, till I went to see what were coom o' t' poor lass—so I goes straight to her feather's—and theare they would fain not tell me wheare to found her,—but I says, 'O! you may trust me now—for I've left all my wicked ways—and she's my own dear woife—and I'll ne'er rest, till I meake oop to her, for all t' distress I ha' browght upon her.'—Soa I suppose, yer Honor, as they seed moy heart i' moy feace loike—for they meakes no more ado—but tells me at once wheare she were at sarvice. 'And

wheare's moy dear little one?' says I, cannot I get a soight o' she?'—'Susan mun tell ye all abaout that herself,' says they; 'she meade we kiss t' book, as we would ne'er tell.'—Well!—how I got to Susan, I scarce know—for I ne'er stopp'd to eat or drink, nor sleep, till I held her to moy heart—and she croied, whoile I thouwt she'd a' doied—thof 'twere all for joy,—and when I'd doone kissing off her tears, and she could speak—I ax'd—and wheare's our choild, Susan?—But now, yer Honor—I be a'most afeard to go on.

"Why?"—cried Mr. Haywood, alarmed, "surely she can't have done anything wicked about it!"

"Wicked!—oh! bless yer Honor! noa!—poor Susan ne'er did nothing wicked, si' the hour she were born!—But indeed, yer Honor!—I hope as you'll be pleased to forgive her—for sure and sure, she meant no harm—and didn't know what upo' yearth to do!"—

"Well!—what did she do?—for heaven's sake, speak, man!"

"Whoy! as sure as I stand heare—that theare dear little blessed baby, as yer Honor found upo' t' haycock—"

"Is your child?"—in the utmost astonishment.

"As true, as theare's a God in heaven!"

Mr. Haywood could hardly tell what his own feelings were, upon this discovery. He certainly had never supposed Nanny's origin to be higher than it now appeared.—Yet still, the poor girl's being claimed by parents in so very low a situation,—after all the comforts to which she had been used,—seemed in the first moment, to be a hard lot, for his little favorite. And indeed, it occurred to him, that the fate of George's first wife required to be better ascertained, before he could give way to any claims, respecting the child.

So, having taken a minute or two, to recover himself, whilst poor George stood aghast, and trembling to see him look disordered,—he said,—"Well, George!—I am not at all angry with Susan,—all circumstances considered,—for the means she fell upon to have her child taken care of—but I must see the sister of your first wife, before I can say any thing farther."

"That I sure yer Honor may do, any hour; seeing she be coom'd to live leady's maid, just hard by heare."

"And where is Susan now?"

"She be coom'd hooame to Sarah's cottage,—and theare, mother, and sister, and all, be so fond o'her loike—'t meakes moy heart ready to burst moy soide, to see 'em all so happy!"—and poor George wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"Well, George!—you may set Susan's heart at rest, as to my forgiveness;—but I must have nothing said to

Nanny, yet:—and send that young woman to me immediately."

"I humbly thank yer Honor!—I heartily thank yer Honor, I sure!—I doesn't know how to say enough o' thanks!"—

"You need say no more, George!—only send that young person to me directly."

Still George twirled his hat upon his thumbs, and lingered.

"Well!—why don't you go, George?"

"Yes, yer Honor!—I ax pardon for what I'm a going to say—but if I moight just ha' one little look o't' blessed feace o' her!—just to feel I'm her feather loike—'t would do moy heart such a power o' good."—

"I can't admit of that, George, till I have spoken to Mrs. Haywood—she must know the whole matter first;—and she will judge best, how to tell it to Nanny.—You would distress the

poor girl, by making the discovery too suddenly."

"Distress her! yer Honor!—that's what I wouldn't, I sure! the longest day I ha' to live—I shall ne'er be thinking, but how to meake her as happy as ever I can—and I'll not be spearing o' my labour—but yer Honor knows best—so just as yer Honor pleases."

"Well!—I'll go to Mrs. Haywood directly—and do you send the young woman,—and you may come again in the afternoon, to hear what we determine upon."

"The blessings be upo' yer Honor," said George, as he went out of the room, wiping his eyes. "I sure I havn't said half enough o' thanks, a'tér all,"—muttered he to himself—"Oh marry!" he exclaimed, "I had clean forgot—I ha' said ne'er a word o' Madam!—and sure, and sure, she ha' been koind to t' poor lass!" so George just turned back again,—but

Mr. Haywood having left the library, by the door that communicated with the drawing-room—George, after having several times tapped in vain, finally determined to go upon his errand.

CHAP. XXII.



Mrs. Haywood was surprised and agitated by the communication her husband had made to her; and they agreed that nothing could well be settled about Nanny's fate, till they had seen the sister of the first wife.

When Mrs. Trip came to be questioned upon the subject, it appeared that her sister's evil courses had brought her to an untimely end, in little more than two years after her leaving George—so that in fact, he was a free man, when he married Susan.—And the housekeeper in the family where Susan lived, was ignorant of the death of her relation, from having given up all intercourse with her, on account of her profligacy.

This set the whole affair in so satisfactory a light, that it now only remained to be seen, how poor Nanny would take the discovery of her parents,—and this Mrs. Haywood immediately undertook to ascertain.

Nanny was accordingly sent for, into the dressing-room.—She came in high glee, to impart the good tidings, that Martha had met George going out of the Hall;—and he said, Master had been so good to him—he could never be thankful enough!—"and so, I'm sure he's coming to work again now,—and all will be right!" said the kind-hearted little girl.

"And I can tell you more that will please you about him, Nanny—the wife he has brought home, is a very good woman."

"O dear! yes!—so Sarah said, that she was very good.—May I go and see her?"

"Perhaps you may;—but you shall hear a little more about them first."

Nanny looked all eagerness.

"George married this wife, a great many years ago—before he went to Botany Bay."

"O dear!—O dear!—when he was not so good!—O poor woman!—how unhappy she must be, when he was sent there!—but why did she marry a man that was not good?"

"She did not know it."

"Could nobody tell her?"

"She married him secretly."

"Why did she do that?"

"For fear of losing her place."

"Why!—would any body turn her away for marrying, if her husband was good?"

"Yes!—many people object to married servants."

"O, but then!—wasn't it wrong of her to deceive her master and mistress?"

"Yes, Nanny,—it was both wrong, and foolish,—and she suffered for it, poor woman!—as people always do in the end—by not being fair and candid."

"Did they find it out?"

"Yes!—and she was turned away with disgrace."

"What!—for having deceived?"

"Yes!—because having deceived them, in concealing her marriage—they neither would believe her assertion, that she was married; nor yet, that she was ignorant of the character George bore at that time."

"That was very hard, though."

"It is the natural consequence of all deception."

"But, wasn't she very good besides?"

"She was, indeed!—and it almost broke her heart, when she found what she had brought upon herself."

Nanny's eyes filled.

"Then,—when George was condemned to go to Botany Bay—and she

was left with her poor little babe—and no means to support it, but her hard labour—and her spirits quite sunk—"

"O dear!—O dear!—wouldn't they take care of her then—when she was so unhappy—in the house where she had served?"—And her tears flowed fast.

"She did not venture to go near them—she had been so wounded by the treatment she had received there."

"O! that was right!—wasn't it?—she knew she did not deserve it—doesn't that show she was very good, Missin?"

"I believe she is a very good woman."

"O, yes!—that I'm sure she is—her being so unhappy, makes me love her so—mayn't I go to her now?"

"Presently—but don't you want to know what became of her baby?"

"Why!—isn't it with her?"

"No!"

"What!—did she put it out to nurse?"

"No—she had not money to pay for that!"

"O! why didn't she come to you, Missin? and you would have given her some."

"Perhaps I might have done better for her, and taken her child to educate."

"O! as you did me!—dear—dear Missin! and we should all have made the poor little babe so happy!—and put by some money every week, to help its mother!—O! why didn't she bring it here!—but what did she do with it?"

"Try—whether you can't guess!"

"I can't!"—with some agitation—a confused presentiment seeming to dart into her mind.

"Suppose—she laid it upon a haycock—to be found!"

"O! Missin!—Missin!—is it?—is it?"—She burst into an agony of tears, and falling upon her knees, concealed her face in Mrs. Haywood's lap.

After giving time for her emotion to

subside a little; "Should you be grieved, Nanny, if Susan Potter were your mother?"

"O, no!—O, no!—Missin—she is a very good woman—and she won't take me from you, Missin—will she?"

"I believe she is a very good woman, and will wish to make you happy."

"O! I am sure, I love her a great deal!—may I go and tell her so?—indeed, I want to see her very much."

"Well!—try to compose yourself now, Nanny—and we'll send for her here—I wish to see her myself."

Nanny's agitation was too great to admit of her thoughts yet having reverted to George.

Mrs. Haywood said, "Her husband shall bring her hither."

"Her husband!—yes, George!—George!—my father—Missin!—O! is George my father then?"—looking scared.

"Certainly, Nanny; and a very

tender father you will find him, from all that he expressed to Mr. Haywood about you."

"O yes!—and he is so good, now!—nobody will ever remember he was naughty, when he was a boy;—for he was only just quite a boy, you know—Old Hannah told me so—Oh!—and so glad old Hannah will be, that I am her grand daughter—she always loves me so dearly. But why didn't George tell me I was his child?—when he first came back from—you know where:—didn't he love me then?"

Mrs. Haywood then explained to her the particulars; and as she became more composed and collected, she grew very impatient indeed, to see her father and mother; who were now immediately sent for.

Nanny was eagerly watching, at the window, their coming into the grounds; but the moment she distinctly saw her mother, she uttered a scream, and clung

to Mrs. Haywood, exclaiming, "O! it's the mad woman! that frightened me so at Moor Hall."

"Depend upon it, she was not mad, Nanny!—but knew you to be her child then, and love for you made her do as she did."

"O dear! good Mother!—how I love her then, for that!"—and away flew Nanny, into the arms of her parents, who wept tears of joy over her, again and again; taking her one from the other, kissing, and blessing her, till they got into the Hall; when the expectation of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Haywood restored them to a little self-possession.

The children now came crowding round. "I'm so glad Nanny has got a father and mother!" said one; "But you can't love her so much as we do!" said another. "You mustn't take her away from us!" said Dick, "or we sha'n't love you at all."

"God in heaven bless you all, for

your goodness!" said Susan, "that will be just as Madam thinks fit."

"Then, I'm sure we shall keep her!" said Sophy, "for Papa and Mamma love her as well as we do."

Susan could not speak, for her tears; and George got into a corner, to conceal his. "Whoy! what a deuce ails me, to be so chicken-hearted, all at once, now!" muttered George to himself, "I never in all my loife, had so much to make me happy and merry, and I feel all flabber-ghasted loike,—and asheamed somehow."

"Never be ashamed of such tears as those, my friend!" said Mr. Haywood, who was just then coming into the Hall, close by where George stood, "They flow from an honest feeling heart, and are a credit, instead of a disgrace, upon such an occasion as this; and now, that you have found a good wife, and a promising child, George, I hope we shall find some means of putting you in a way to provide for them,

better than you could hitherto have done."

A fresh flow of tears spoke George's thanks, but his heart and throat were too full for utterance.

"Nanny! show your mother the way to Mrs. Haywood's dressing-room," said Mr. Haywood, after having kindly shaken hands with her.

"Let us all go!" said the children.

"Not just yet, my dears:—Susan will sooner recover her presence of mind, by a little quiet; you shall see her again, when she comes down; and desire the housekeeper, in the meanwhile, to get her some refreshment in her room, against she returns; and you, George, go and get a horn of ale to recover you."

Mrs. Haywood soon brought back Susan's self-possession, by the kind manner in which she inquired into her concerns.

She accounted for her having come to the determination of exposing the child,

as she had done, from her strong sense of shame, upon finding that George had only deceived her into the belief of her being his real and true wife. For when she got leave to see him in prison, before he was sent off to Botany Bay, she had asked him whether she might not go and live with his mother and sister; and he forbid her, saying, they knew nothing of his marriage to her; and upon her urging him for the reason of his secrecy to them, he acknowledged that he was actually married to the other woman.

"This had well nigh killed her outright," she said, "broken down, as she already was, with coming to the knowledge of his bad ways; and she fell ill,—and that forced her to make away with all her things, almost; for George, however he came by the money, had always taken care she and her child should be comfortably fed, and clothed. So then, when she got better, and had scarce a rag left to put on, what to do,

she did not know,—till it came into her head, how George had always been used to talk of young Madam Campley, as married Squire Haywood, who was as great a pattern of charity and goodness, he said, as herself;—and had such a fine family of children:—so then she thought, if she could contrive to put her poor baby any where, for them to notice it, she had no fear but it would be taken care of."

"Better have come fairly with it to me at once," said Mrs. Haywood, "I am always for open dealing."

"Ah, Madam!—but what a disgraceful story I had to tell!—with all your goodness, you could never have given credit to my having been from first to last so completely deceived:—besides, Madam, wrong as George had been in some things, he had always been kind-hearted to me and my baby; and I could not bear to go and make him appear worse."

"But it was a hazardous experiment; your poor infant might have been exposed to the weather all night."

"O!—begging your pardon!—I had taken care of that; for I was hid among the tuft of trees, at the bottom of the meadow; and if none had come near it, I should have fetched it away again, till next evening;—but when I saw your blessed children discover it, and all that happened afterwards,—I down on my knees, to thank heaven for its goodness to the widow and the orphan:—For indeed, I never then expected to see George, more; and even if he did come back, unless his wife were dead, I was determined he should never see me again. But I took heart, now my babe was provided for; and thought I could never be at a loss for my own bread, while I had hands to labour; so I begged my way to a distant part of the country, and first found employment at an honest farmer's; who saw I was willing to work; and

then recommended me for dairy-maid, to a family not far from Moor Hall, where I lived many years; always keeping myself at home, and about my business,—so that I was not known in the neighbourhood. But all at once, when I heard one day, that Squire Haywood's family were coming to Sir Thomas Upland's, I grew like one frantic, with the hope that my poor lass might be with them; and then, I got leave to go out for two or three days,—and then, you know, my poor little lass, what happened," hugging Nanny to her heart.

"O! I wish I had known it was you then, dear mother! I shouldn't have run away so."

The farther explanations, Susan had to give, may be so readily imagined, as to require but little detail.—Her surprise at the sight of George,—her unwillingness at first, to credit his assertions,—her subsequent happiness, upon being convinced of their truth,—her eagerness to accom-

pany him to his sister's cottage, and anxiety to see her child,—all followed so naturally from what has already been related, as to make it unnecessary to lengthen the story, by dwelling upon them. Fortunately, the family she was in, upon being told the circumstances, agreed immediately to release her from her engagement to them; and now it only remained for Mr. and Mrs. Haywood to consider what was farther to be done.

CHAP. XXIII.

A SMALL farm, adjoining to Mr. Haywood's estate, had lately been offered to him to purchase: and for some reason, immaterial to enter into, he had declined it. He now however considered, that it would be a desirable establishment for George and Susan; and he immediately dispatched old Joe, to inquire whether it was still to be had.

The answer being favourable; the bargain was soon concluded; the farming-stock taken over at a fair valuation; and in less than a fortnight, George and Susan were established in a situation so respectable, and so comfortable, that they thought they had nothing left to wish for, in this life, but the means of showing their gratitude to their benefactors.

Billy, who had taken a full share in all that had befallen Nanny, was now very earnest with George, to employ him in the farm; George, seeing him weakly, and hearing of his fretful temper, was not very willing to engage him; but Nanny had so much to say in his favour, and made such promises for Billy's utmost exertions, and said how much better his temper already was, and how much better his health would be, with regular wholesome labour, and good food, and kind usage; and how his faults were not in his own nature, but brought upon him by being so sadly and foolishly spoilt; that she prevailed upon her father to make a trial of what could be done with him;—and Billy showed himself deserving of the kindness he met with, by the steadiness and attention with which he learnt, and acquitted himself of his business.

Nanny was now the happiest of the happy;—she was the delight of her father

and mother; whose farming concerns prospered to their heart's content.—She was become very useful in Mrs. Haywood's family; and beloved by every individual of it.—She was diligent, and quick in her work; and by that means, was often at liberty in an evening, to go and assist her mother in her dairy accounts, and see Billy happy; who loved her with all his heart, and always took care to get himself clean, against Nanny came, and ready to read any pretty instructive book with her, that Mrs. Haywood might lend them,—and sometimes Nanny heard his praises, and sometimes she found it necessary to have recourse to the good lessons Mrs. Haywood had taught her, when complaints were made of any sulkiness, or fretfulness, that Billy had shown; and he always listened to her with the desire to amend. But, alas! bad habits, long indulged, are slow to conquer: and many was the tear,

poor Billy shed by himself, over the difficulties his temper brought him into.

Susan however was very kind to him,—because she saw that he did his best; and George was only rough, when there was hard work in hand,—and that Billy, from want of strength, could not get on, and, when he felt himself exhausted, would get into a corner and cry; and if he were spoken to, would become sulky.—George said, " That were so unmanly, he couldn't bear it," but then in the evening again, he'd shake hands with him, and say, " Well! poor lad! nivver moind—I believe thou does thy best,—and so, thou moosn't moind a quick word, spoke i't heat o' t' leabour; but I canno' stand whimpering."

So things went on smoothly, for the first year or two:—in the course of which, the only misfortune they had to lament, was the death of good old Hannah; after having been for some weeks bed-ridden. She had felt herself dying, and was per-

tently resigned—having lived to enjoy the happiness of seeing her son repent, and become a good man, and her children all happy,—she had nothing left to wish to live for, she said.

But 'tis not in this world that we must long expect to keep an even course; —success in life is sure to call up enmity in one way or other;—and George had something worse to contend with,—the recollection of the faults of his youth.—It is in Heaven only, that true penitence is promised its full meed;—on earth, there will ever remain humiliating mementos of of former mis-deeds.

The sister of George's first wife, had long cast a malignant eye upon the prosperity of this little happy family.—As his sister-in-law, she had wished to come in for a share of the good-will of Mr. and Mrs. Haywood; and indeed, had laid claim to George's giving the preference to an idle, lubberly nephew of her own, over Billy, in the farm; and some alter-

cation had passed upon the subject, which had shown her to be so selfish, ill-tempered, and meddling, that George and Susan declined keeping up any acquaintance with her.

This so highly incensed her, that she made it her business to stir up ill-will, among all the neighbouring cottagers and farmers, against George; calling to mind the almost forgotten misdemeanours of his youth; exciting envy against the favour shown by the squire, to such a reprobate; who, she said, now only added hypocrisy, to all his former wickedness.—In short, she worked up a spirit against poor George, in the village, of which he soon began to feel the baneful effects.

If upon any occasion of being particularly pressed, from fear of bad weather, to get in his hay, or wheat, he applied to a neighbouring farmer for the lend of a waggon, or a horse,—the horse was sure to be lame, or the waggon broken down;

when perhaps the very next day, he would see them pass his yard in good condition.

If he asked a day's work from themselves, or one of their labourers, upon condition of paying them in kind—they had enough to do to mind their own, and didn't want neighbour's assistance.

Occasionally, these refusals were accompanied with some bitter taunt against those who had not always been used to get their bread honestly, not knowing how to set about it, without more help than came to their share.

This went the more severely home to poor George's heart, from feeling the cause he had given for it. He became unhappy, and melancholy;—hung down his head,—and scarcely spoke to his family, when he came home to them in an evening.

Susan, after much anxious entreaty, obtained from him the avowal of the cause, and immediately advised him tc

repair to Squire Haywood, who could best tell what was to be done.

George was too conscious, and felt his mortification too severely, to bring himself to follow his wife's advice; but agreed to her going to the Squire herself.

The moment poor Susan had, with many tears, related the distressing circumstances, it occurred to Mr. Haywood, that nothing was likely to obviate the mischief, in that neighbourhood.

Had George's life been irreproachable, time might have got the better of the ill-will; and George's mind might have been strengthened by reason and good sense, to bear up against it. But in the present case, it was evident that success would encrease the evil; and therefore, the only thing to be done, was to remove the family to a distance; where nothing more would be known of them, than their present inoffensive excellent conduct.

He told Susan, he would consider of what might best be done; and in the mean time, bid her endeavour to keep up George's spirits, with the prospect that some means would certainly be found to obviate his distress.

When he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Haywood, it occurred to them both, that the kind-hearted Sir Thomas Upland might be of some assistance in this business. He had talked of his farms being under-let; and of his intention to raise the rents; by which means, some of them might be vacated:—and Mr. Haywood lost no time in writing to him upon the subject.

Meanwhile, mortifications accumulated on George and Susan. Mrs. Trip, among other fabrications to injure them, had thrown out hints, that her sister was not actually dead,—and that she had only asserted her to be so, because she could not bear to have a sister of hers, claimed by such a worthless fellow

as George Potter, for his wife.—This worked its way into the minds of those who were envious of poor Susan; and broke out one day, that in returning from the village, she endeavoured to separate two little girls, who from quarrelling, were proceeding to fighting:—she succeeded in stopping their fisty-cuffs, but not their abusive language; and after having in vain tried to make them sensible of their fault, she insisted upon each going home to their own cottage;—and did not leave them till she saw them on their way.

The consequence was, that each represented her to her own mother, as having taken part with the other.—The provoked mothers, bent upon revenge, instantly sallied forth to the farm, "to let Susan Potter know a bit o' their moind."

The torrent of scurrility of the first that reached it was not easily stopped by the exculpation Susan had to give; her moderation but incensed the vixen

more:—"What! I warrant! because you be upheld by Madam, you thinks to domineer over the childer of honest folk,—but I'd have you to know as I be fairly married—and trumps up no tales of a first wife's being dead, to cover my sheam! my childer may show theare feace any wheare, and are not to be bullock'd, and hector'd, by such as you."

By this time, the other woman had come up,—and George, who was just returning to his dinner, heard the last sentence,—it may be supposed with no very patient ear.

He attempted to speak—but the two women now joined their clatter, and sputtered forth such terms of reproach, and abuse as almost tempted George, (who had shoved his wife back into the house, and shut the door upon her,) to make use of the pitch-fork he held in his hand, in a way that he would afterwards have been very sorry for:—curbing his passion therefore, as well as he could,—he de-

manded the occasion of the uproar?—but the women had now begun to revile each other, for abetting their own child, in its ill usage of the other,—and George could make nothing of it, except this sentence, addressed to himself,—' Whoy, what signifies your meddling in the matter? who never knew right from wrong in your loif—and ought to be asheamed to show your feace among honest folk.'

This carried a sting he could not bear; and he retreated into the house, leaving them to fight it out, as they might.

Here he found poor Susan in an agony of tears, "I cannot bear to live under such an affront as this, George!—I must go away, and hide myself."

"How can you moind what you know to be false, Susan?" said George, "If moy conscience were as clear as yourn, dost think I wouldn't hold up my head wi' t' best o' em?—but thear's what meakes a coward o' me!—would I could

hoide moyself anywheare i' t' world!—we mun gee up this farm, that's sartin!" and George sunk back into his seat, the image of despair.

Susan now turned her thoughts to the comforting of George; who on his part soon recollected, that as far as Susan was concerned, Mr. Haywood, who knew the truth of that matter, would quickly set it to rights.

To Mr. Haywood therefore he went; who immediately sent for the author of the scandal, Mrs. Trip,—learnt from her the place where her sister died,—and wrote to the clergyman of the parish for a certificate of the time of her death and burial;—and this he took care to have shown to the most respectable of the villagers.—So Susan's fame was cleared; George, however, sunk deeper and deeper in gloom.

CHAP. XXIV.

SOME change had of late taken place in the nature of Dick's affection for Nanny. He had, for the last three or four years, been at home only during holidays; having been placed with a respectable clergyman, some miles off, to prepare him for Cambridge.

Since his last return home, he had been diligently studying Pamela, convincing himself of the exact resemblance between his favorite, and Richardson's heroine. He felt much indignation at the young Squire, for ever having had a thought, but of marrying Pamela:—and he had been revolving various plans in his own mind, of which Nanny was the chief object,—when he one day (shortly after the affray at the farm) found her in tears:—he anxiously inquired into their cause.

"O! Master Richard! I can't tell you!"

Nanny had, since the discovery of her parents, taught herself to leave off childish familiarities, and speak with the respect due from servants to their masters;—but the changing Missin, to Madam, went hard with her, as it seemed to throw her at a distance from Mrs. Haywood's affection;—however, she conquered it.

"Don't call me master Richard, Nanny!—say Dick, as you used to do; and tell me what ails you."

"I don't know how to tell it, it makes me so ashamed."

Dick however, still insisted, till the poor girl related to him the cruel usage her father and mother had met with.

"And who could be so ill-natured as to tell you of it, Nanny?"

"It wasn't out of ill-nature indeed;—it was Billy,—who always likes to tell me every thing he knows."

"It was very silly of him, however,

I'm sure;" said Dick, "but, Nanny—I'll tell you what,"—with a little hesitation, "If you were a year or two older—and loved me as well as I do you—you needn't mind it so much."

"I'm sure, I love you as well as any of your sisters can; but how can that hinder me from feeling sorry for my father and mother?"

"But you must love me a good deal more than my sisters do, for what I mean, Nanny,—and then we might pass our life together—and make your father and mother happy too?"

"I don't understand you now,"—said Nanny.

"Why, Nanny—I might marry you!—you know."

"Marry me!"—exclaimed she, in the utmost surprise, how in the world can you think of such a thing, Master Richard?"

"I've thought of it a very long time, Nanny!—and I promise you I'll never have any other wife."

"Pray, Master Richard, don't say so! it makes me very uneasy to hear you talk in that way."

"That's because you don't love me."

"Indeed but I do, though!—but I'm sure it would be a bad way of loving you, to let you do what would displease your Papa and Mamma so much."

"Why!—do you think I couldn't persuade them?—I've heard them say, they loved you, almost as if you were their own child."

"O! that's so good of them!—but then you know, that's because they think I'm a good girl;—but I shouldn't be a good girl, if I wanted to marry my master's son."

"Aye!—but you don't want to marry me, you know,—'tis I am persuading you,—I'll tell them that."

"Thank you, Master Richard, for your good-will to me;—but I have often heard your mamma say, every one ought to marry in their own station—and none are ever happy out of it."

"Pho! Nanny!—that's only when they don't love one another better than any thing else in the world—as I do you;—did you never read Pamela?"

"Indeed, Master Richard, you must not talk to me so,—nor think of any such thing;—and I am very sure my master and mistress would be very much displeased, if they were to hear you."

Dick was now called away, to ride with his Papa; which put an abrupt end to the dialogue.

Dick had some presentiment, that Nanny might not be much mistaken, in fancying the opinion of his parents would differ from his, upon this subject; though he would not acknowledge it to her,—and indeed he was not very willing to acknowledge it to himself:—but when he came to try to speak to his Papa about it, he could not exactly find the words in which he liked to tell it; and so—after some hesitation—he put it off, till another time.

Nanny, however, (now between fourteen and fifteen) was quite aware of the impropriety of Dick's notions; and lost no time in communicating to her mother what he had said. Her mother was much pleased with her answers; told her they were quite right; and she would go directly, and let Madam know of it, who could best tell what was to be done.

Nanny only hoped poor Dick might get no anger for his good-will to her,—and promised Susan to keep out of his way, as much as ever she could.

Mrs. Haywood highly approved both of mother and daughter. for giving her such immediate information, of what might have cost Dick some heart-aches, if it had been allowed to go on;—for however well Mr. and Mrs. Haywood loved Nanny, Dick was widely mistaken in thinking they could ever have agreed to so unequal a marriage.

Susan obtained a very ready promise,

that no anger should be shown to Dick upon the occasion, nor was any notice taken to him of the circumstance; his holidays were drawing to an end: and before he again returned to Netherby, it was probable Nanny would have left it, and there was little doubt but this youthful fancy would soon be obliterated by absence.

Meanwhile she was allowed to be much more with her parents, than she had been before her father's spirits sunk so sadly: for the sight of her, seemed always in some degree to revive him; and he would at times exert himself not to let her see his unhappiness;—at others, he would draw her to him, throw his arms round her, and weep upon her shoulder, as if his heart would break, reproaching himself with having brought disgrace upon her too,—"for who would marry the daughter of a convict?"

Poor Nanny's distress upon such occasions was very great. "Indeed,

dear father!" she would say, "I have no wish ever to marry; if I can but be a comfort to you and mother, I don't wish or care for any thing else."

Billy was sometimes a witness to these scenes; and he would then creep up close to Nanny, and whisper her, "And won't you let me help you to comfort 'em, dear Nanny?—and I should be so glad to marry you—and never think of no such ill-natured things, as your father talks of—I only wish I was big enough to earn a livelihood for you now, if you would have me."

Then Susan would hug them both to her heart, and say, "They were her only comforts—and pray God, to bless them and support poor George!"

It was from the midst of one of these affecting scenes, that George was one day called upon, by the only neighbour that had continued friendly to him, and always stood up for him when he had heard him abused,—to go along with

him, upon a matter in dispute, that had been referred to Mr. Haywood.

A hay-stack was to be made over at a given price; hay had since risen in value; and the man now refused to let it go according to the agreement; having been told by an attorney, that he would be a great fool if he did, when there was nothing but the man's word to prove the bargain.

George's friend wanted his testimony, as having been present at the transaction.

The instant the fellow saw George brought forward against him,—with a most malicious grin, he exclaimed, "I hope, your Honour, as it isn't by such a witness as that there I shall be condemned.—Who would ever take the word of a convict, come back from Botany Bay?"

George was dumb-foundered.—He turned pale—staggered—and was with difficulty kept from sinking.

Mr. Haywood, inexpressibly hurt, said "At all events the poor fellow is very ill, and not able to speak. I see—lead him into the air—and give him something to take. We will wait, if we can't get on with this business without him." But the business was settled without him, in favour of George's friend; as it happened that there had been another ear-witness to the bargain he had not recollected—and who now came forward of his own accord.

But this last stroke went near to destroying George altogether. He took to his bed—he wished to die—neither wife, nor child, could now give him comfort.—It remained for Mrs. Haywood to recal to his mind the duty of resignation to the divine will—she bid him recollect the excellent precepts he had been taught by the worthy clergyman, who had formerly been so kind, and of so much use to him.—She was sure he had told him, that it is for our good we are af-

flicted—she placed before his eyes, in short, those strong religious principles, which can alone support under all trials—and which the short period of poor George's prosperity had, in some degree, driven from his thoughts.

She and Mr. Haywood took it in turn for many days to see George, and endeavour to bring him to reason; and they did in some measure succeed. He recovered sufficiently, to be able to take a part in settling matters for his removal to Sir Thomas Upland's farm, which Mr. Haywood had at length obtained for him; and the prospect of getting away from the scene of his mortifications, and the necessary thought to be given to the business, took his mind off from dwelling so constantly on his distresses; and poor Susan once more looked forward to better days.

Nanny was now called upon for the first trial of her fortitude. Her mother said nothing of her wish to take her with

her. Mrs. Haywood waited to see what her principles and good sense would suggest.—Nanny's heart and soul were in Mrs. Haywood's family; but her duty and her compassion were her father and mother's. She had been taught, that next to her Creator she was to consider her parents; and nothing she had ever learnt had been thrown away upon her.

"You intend to take me with you, don't you, dear mother?" said she, one evening, after she had been assisting in some of the preparations for removal.

"Why, I think you'll be happier where you are,"—answered her mother, rather doubtfully; "and I suppose Madam thinks so too, for she has said nothing about it."

"But indeed, mother, I could not be happy any where, if I thought you and father wanted my help, and I was too far off to give it."

"Mayhap, Madam cannot so well

spare you, or she would have said something either to you or me."

"Will you speak to her, mother, about it?"

"Why I don't think it would be so right of me to ask to have you away, after all the kindness you have been treated with here."

"But couldn't I be a help and a comfort to you and father, if I were with you?"

"That you would, indeed, my child, —the greatest I could have upon earth; but we cannot have all we wish, and I am very thankful now poor George just begins to look up again a bit;—and when we get away from this wicked place, we shall do well enough again, never fear!"

Nanny said no more, but determined she would pluck up courage to speak to Mrs. Haywood herself.

The difficulty was somewhat encreased, by her young friends having just been discussing the subject among

themselves, whether the removal of George and Susan, might not deprive them of their favourite likewise, and with one accord they flocked about her, at her return. "I hope, Nanny—I hope Susan don't want to take you away from us; we can't do without you, indeed we can't!" was repeated by one after another of the younger ones, with tears in their eyes.

This was almost too much for the poor girl's resolution; she answered, "No! mother don't want me, but I must do what is right, for all that, you know; your mamma will know best."

"Oh! I'm sure mamma won't want you to go from us."—"I'm sure she won't!"—was repeated over and over again; and, "I'm sure you don't love us, if you ask her to let you go."—

A seasonable summons to supper now saved Nanny from the continuance of this affectionate persecution. And after a sleepless night, she resolved to speak to her mistress in the morning.

With a beating heart, and quivering lips, Nanny began, "If you please, Ma'am, I want to speak to you."

"Come into my dressing-room, then."

"When I learnt my Catechism," began Nanny, "you told me, that my first duty was to God, and my next to my parents."

"I did so."

"And if my duty to my parents makes me ungrateful to you, Ma'am, what must I do then?"

"I hope that is a trial you are not likely to be put to.—Why do you ask?"

"Because it would be very ungrateful of me to leave you, that have been so good to me, while I can be useful to you; and yet I think when father and mother go to New Malton, they will want me very much too, and I don't know what to do!" and her tears forced their way, in spite of her attempt to keep them back.

"Did your mother bid you ask me?—and does she wish you to go?"

Nanny then faithfully repeated what had passed between her mother and her, on the subject.

"Well! you are a very good girl, and I am much pleased with you; and there will be no ingratitude to me at all, in your determining to do your duty by your mother. It would be ingratitude to me, to leave me because you could get a better place, or higher wages."

"That nothing in the world could make me do, I'm sure," interrupted Nanny, her tears fast increasing.

"Or if you were to leave me abruptly in distress, when I could not possibly get another person in your stead"—

"Oh! ma'am! you don't think I would do so?"

"No, I certainly do not; and I am only making the distinction between what I should consider as ingratitude to me, or what is done from a proper sense

of your duty to your mother. I was so sure, from what I have always observed of your strong feeling of right, that you would prefer going with your parents, to all the happiness you have enjoyed here, that I have been making enquiry for a young person, to supply your place in my family; and I have heard of one that is likely to suit me: therefore you will not even put me to an inconvenience by going.—But you will not go from my mind, and my affections, when you leave my family, Nanny!—you increase the interest I have always taken in you, by your present conduct. I waited to let it come from yourself, that you might not lose the merit of its being your own act. I knew, that a word from me would have been sufficient to make you do any thing; but now I have the comfort to see, that you consider with yourself what is right; and as soon as you are clear in it, you do not hesitate a moment to do it."

These praises from Mrs. Haywood

helped very much to strengthen Nanny's mind, to the sacrifice she was about to make:—and Mrs. Haywood took care to save her from any farther distress on the part of the children—by explaining to them, how right she was acting,—how painful it was to her,—and how cruel it would be in them, to increase that pain by their lamentations.

CHAP. XXV.

THE day at length came for George and his family's removal.

Billy had been so earnest not to be left behind, that he had, by dint of perseverance, got the better of his mother's unwillingness to part with him to such a distance.

The farm was much such another as that they had left; and they were soon settled comfortably in it; and George's spirits recovered from their depression; which, of course, revived poor Susan's likewise;—and things once more bore a promising aspect.

Nanny had now grown up into Ann; and though she had been christened Hannah, after her grandmother,—the name of her adoption was so dear to her,

she was unwilling to relinquish it:—As her parents readily indulged her in this,—and it is possible she may also have created an interest for it with the reader,—there can be no reason for changing it.

Indeed, interest she could not fail of creating, by whatever name she might go;—for a more prepossessing appearance is not often to be met with. There was an animation in her countenance, set off by the bloom of youth and health,—she was well proportioned, though not tall—had an active grace in her movements, together with a modesty of manner, and dignified simplicity, that would well have become a higher station than she was destined to fill,—and which in her own gave her a consequence that she was far from assuming to herself.

Ann's mind also had formed itself to Mrs. Haywood's utmost wish. The useful lessons so judiciously inculcated during childhood, had been brought to perfection, under the trial of her parents'

sufferings,—her impetuosity and violence were subdued by the unremitting exertion of self-control;—ever important—but doubly so, when the slightest want of circumspection might have been so injurious to her father in his peculiar situation.

A couple of years had now passed in quiet prosperity in the new farm. They had kept themselves to themselves: going only to market; where Ann's butter, Ann's fowls, &c. always found the readiest sale, from being the best of their kind;—and the farmer lads that were attracted by her beauty, were kept at a distance by the modest civility with which she gave them an answer, but never encouraged their conversation. So the family remained unknown, and unmolested.

About this time Mary Haywood was to be married; and wished her old favourite Ann to be made a partaker in the gayeties upon that occasion.

Ann was invited, and delighted to go.

Billy, who was now grown a tall lad, and had been promoted into higher concerns in the farm, as well as to the more manly appellation of Will,—was very earnest to accompany Ann, on pretence of visiting his parents; but in fact, because he could not bear to lose sight of her.

She remonstrated with him on the unreasonableness of their both being absent from the farm at once.

Will had never thought of that. " But what I know, is this,"—said he, " one wedding always brings on another, and some smart lad will be taken with you, Ann,—as who can help it that sees you?—and you'll come back no more,—and I shall break my heart."

" Never fear, Will!" said Ann with a smile, " I shall meet with [illegible] lad, that will draw my affections from home; but I hope your heart is not made of such brittle stuff as that comes to, neither!—

it will never bear you through the trials of life, if it be."

"There is but one trial I am afraid of for it, Ann."

"Well!—then you know what to set your strength to, to guard against it, Will!"—replied she, not chusing to let him explain his meaning: -"And I know you don't want for sense, if you will put it to its right use.—But now I must go, and get my matters ready for my journey; and I shall trust to you, for taking care of father and mother, while I am gone,—and don't let Tom milk Buttercup, for he's not tender of her, when she's restless;—and do, Will, feed poor little Tiny yourself;—now she's almost recovered, neglecting her for a meal would perhaps throw her back again."

"Never fear me neglecting any thing you love, Ann!—if I mustn't think of going with you:—but I like you to tell me the things too,—because then I remember your words."

Ann was grieved to see Will loved her more than she wished him to do; because it was her firm purpose, not to marry. She felt that whatever family she married into, it might expose her father to fresh mortifications;—and she wished to devote herself to making his life happy, as far as it rested with her.

She was received at Netherby with all the affectionate kindness she had looked for, from every individual of the family.

Mary Haywood's choice had the perfect concurrence of her parents. Her prospect was as fair as possible; and all was joy and hilarity.

Her young cousins had come upon the occasion; and a brother and sister of the bridegroom's; and either music or dancing was usually resorted to in an evening;—most commonly both; and the upper servants frequently called in, to encrease the number of couples, in a country-dance.—Ann of course was not omitted.

She was now in her seventeenth year, and certainly not a person to be overlooked, upon any occasion that could bring her into notice.—So thought Mr. Rayner Woodville—brother to the bridegroom,—a smart young man,—lately removed from College to Chambers in the Temple, that he might impress his parents with an idea he intended to do something,—and blind them to his actually doing nothing, but pursue his own pleasures wherever they led him.

A small estate, unfortunately left him by an uncle, led him to fancy himself independent of his own exertions.—His father, Sir Joseph Woodville, having had a paralytic attack some years before, which affected his faculties,—and Lady Woodville having allowed her blind partiality for him to overpower her better judgment,—his brother only remained to exert any influence over him;—and his brother, he held to be neither more nor less, than a quiz—for preferring moral

duties and literary pursuits, to spending his large income like a man of spirit and taste,—by which epithets, Rayner dignified the habitual idleness, and consequent profligacy, he had himself fallen into;—so that neither Mr. Woodville's advice, nor remonstrances, had any weight with him at all.

Some of his jovial companions being absent, and London thin,—at the time his brother's marriage was to take place,—he determined to go with him to Netherby, and take a look at his intended sister-in-law, whom he made no doubt of finding a rare dowdy—from all the objections he had heard George make, to the handsome, spirited girls about town, whom he had occasionally suggested to him, as likely to make desirable wives—either from the recommendation of their beauty, or high fashion,—or their large fortune,—or their brilliant wit,—or their divine waltzing.

He could not, however, readily find

much to criticise in Mary Haywood.—There was a quiet air of gentility about her, together with an unassuming sweetness, and a readiness to oblige—which gave such an interesting finish to her pretty, elegant person, that envy itself must have been disarmed by it.

Rayner also discovered that the habitual simplicity of the family gave no scope whatever to the display of his fine airs—They either passed unnoticed, or only excited in Mr. and Mrs. Haywood a smile of compassion.

Not being wholly deficient in understanding, (however he had suffered it to be perverted,) he now thought it best to conform in some degree, to the tone of the society he was in,—and appeared to such advantage by it, that Mr. Woodville flattered himself, Rayner might eventually be reformed, if he had but opportunity sufficient given him, for associating with the Haywoods.

It was after the first few days of his

visit there, that Ann was introduced with the upper servants, to make out the dance;—his attention was instantly rivetted to her. He soon made himself master of her little history, from Sophy, with whom he was dancing; and then he contrived to get her for his partner. He was quickly aware however, from the modesty and propriety of her conduct, that much caution would be necessary, to induce her even to enter into conversation with him at all.

He began upon his satisfaction in his brother's prospects, with so charming a person as Miss Haywood for his wife.

Ann's gratitude now untied her tongue, which till then had confined itself to a simple yes, or no.

She readily enlarged, not only upon Mary's merits, but those of every individual of the family; and was pleased with the interest her partner seemed to take in them,—whilst he was delighted, not only with having at length conquered

her reluctance to speak to him, but with the feeling and animation of every word she uttered.

The next evening, he took care to put himself in the way of securing her for his partner, the moment she entered the room;—and quickly reverted to the same topic—which she 'nothing loath' again held forth upon, with all the readiness gratitude could inspire.

"I feel so deep an interest in this subject," he at length said, "it seems to me, as if I could never have enough of it;—and the music so often prevents my hearing what you say,—are you never to be seen but in an evening?"

"Oh yes, sir!" replied Ann, with great simplicity, "I am in the housekeeper's room, or the young ladies' dressing room, all day long."

"But those are not places I can be admitted into—do you never walk out?"

"Yes—when the ladies are so good as to take me with them."

"But in the presence of the young ladies, we could not talk of them, you know."

"No, certainly."

"And do you never walk alone?"

"No, never, sir, while I am here."

"Why?——are you afraid of any thing?"

"Not in the least;—but I don't like to lose the company, either of my friends in the house-keeper's room, or the young ladies, in their dressing-rooms; when they are pleased to admit me to be with them there."

"When you are at home, then—you make no difficulty of going by yourself?"

"Oh dear, no!—how could I do my business in the farm, else?"

"Where is your farm?"

Ann saw no necessity for an explicit answer to this—so she only said, "A good way off."

"What name does it go by?"

"I don't know that it has any."

"But it is near some large town, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And that town is called—"

"Right and left, sir, if you please! we are putting the dancers out,"—said Ann.

Rayner saw that his questions were becoming suspicious; and he refrained from putting any more; but attempted to return to the former topic of conversation. Ann now, however, only said, "I beg pardon, sir, I can't talk and mind the dance."

Fearing that he had in some degree betrayed himself, he became silent; and even engaged another partner for the next set.

Ann, who now believed he had only wished to satisfy his curiosity, felt easy upon the subject; though not without apprehension of having been uncivil, in so abruptly breaking off the conversation.

She told Mrs. Haywood the following morning what had passed; and Mrs. Haywood entirely approved of her having declined to answer questions, which could not, or at least, ought not to signify to him,—and said, she would desire her son John to dance with her, if there should be any dancing that evening.

John was much pleased to have Ann for his partner, instead of Miss Woodville, who was timid and silent, and did not much interest him,—and he informed Ann, that he had just received a letter from Dick, who was gaining great credit by his studies, at the University.

This gratified her very highly; for Dick was rather her favourite, of the whole family; and her eyes sparkled with so much pleasure, as she spoke of him, that young Woodville conceived there was more between John and her, than mere friendship; and he became the more anxious to obtain her favour to himself.

He was however completely thrown

out that evening.—But it occurred to him, that by appearing to show a preference for Emma Haywood, he might put Ann off her guard, and get her into conversation again.

And so far he succeeded—that she blushed at her own folly, in fancying such a gentleman as him could have any meaning in what he said to such a girl as her.

Mrs. Haywood however told her, that a pretty young girl could not be too careful in avoiding conversation of any kind, with young gentlemen above their condition,—and so far from there being any blameable conceit on her part in drawing back from it, she commended her for her caution;—and earnestly exhorted her to persevere in it.

Rayner had obtained from Emma the information Ann had withheld; Emma having no suspicion of any improper motive for the enquiry; and he now determined to delay the prosecution of his

plans, to a more convenient opportunity, —as he had a plea for going into that neighbourhood, having been invited by Sir Thomas Upland, to take the diversion of the Moors, at the proper season;—which was near at hand.

He had also obtained information through his servant, relative to poor George, that gave him hopes he should find no great difficulty in getting the girl into his power, when once she was away from the Haywoods.

He therefore turned his whole attention to Emma Haywood, during the remainder of his visit; and Ann returned to her parents at the expiration of her fortnight;—happy in the reception she had met with,—happy in the fair prospects of her dear Miss Haywood, who had been united to the man of her heart, with the approbation of all parties;—and happy to get back to her own home, and the arms of her father and mother, who seemed to exist but in her sight.

The rapture of William, at her return, was also unbounded.—He had done every thing she had enjoined, in her absence; and every thing he could think of to please her, besides.

Things now went on as usual, in peace and comfort; and all seemed prosperous.

CHAP. XXVI.



It was rather a remarkable circumstance, that during the two years this family had now occupied Sir Thomas Upland's farm, it should never have been discovered at the Hall, that George Potter was father to the identical Nanny, that had been such an avowed favourite with Sir Thomas; and had created so lively an interest in Mrs. Dorothea.

The servants too had often heard and brought reports of the 'bonny lass o' t' farm,' that occasionally attended the market at New Malton,—but though they might even have seen her, she would not readily be recognized for the little girl that had been considered in so different a light, as Mrs. Haywood's protégée.

Sir Thomas indeed might have made

the discovery,—for this simple reason, that Mr. Haywood had mentioned it in the letter he wrote to him upon the subject.—But Sir Thomas's attention in reading a letter, was generally caught by some one prominent circumstance in it; and this being, that Mr. Haywood wanted a farm for an honest industrious man, for whose good conduct he would answer;—his eye ran over the remainder of the letter, without conveying any intelligence to his brain; and the name of Potter leading to nothing that had been heard of in the family before,—the bailiff regularly received the rents—and nothing farther was thought about them.

A short time after Ann's return from Netherby, it so chanced that Sir Thomas overtook her, as she was riding home from market.

"What part of the country do you belong to, my pretty lass?" said he, "I don't recollect meeting with you before."

"George Potter's farm, sir."

"George Potter!—oh!—aye! very well!—that's the honest farmer, Haywood recommended to me.—So you are his daughter, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"By the bye!—talking of Haywood puts me in mind—you can perhaps tell me—what's become of that little Miss Nancy, I took such a fancy to?—a nice little lass, without father or mother,—as Haywood pretended!—that they were bringing up, you know—"

Ann coloured up to her eyes, and was for a moment at a loss, upon finding he had no recollection of her; for her dread of any unpleasant allusions, with respect to her father, had made her very unwilling to be recognized by the family;—but subterfuge appeared to her so odious at all times, that she quickly lost every other consideration in her regard for truth—and with the utmost simplicity answered, "I *do* know, indeed, sir,—for I am that very girl."

"You!"—cried Sir Thomas, in the greatest astonishment; "You!—my little favourite Miss Nancy!—why, it's quite impossible!—you are half as tall again! Besides, you say you are daughter to George Potter!—No, no, my lass—don't think to impose upon me so, neither."

"Indeed, Sir Thomas,"—said Ann, smiling, "I should be a very ungrateful girl, to attempt to impose upon you, who were so very good to me.—It is between four and five years, you know, sir, since I was with Mr. Haywood's family, at the Hall."

"Gadso!—between four and five years, is it?—I didn't think it had been above one!—Aye! aye!—bless my soul! how time flies!—well!—that makes a difference, to be sure!—you may have grown in that time!—but how in the name of fortune came you to be George Potter's daughter?"

Distressed at this question, because wholly unable to bring herself to relate

her father's story,—Ann, after a moment's hesitation, said, "Mr. Haywood made the discovery, sir;—and can give you the particulars,—if you should ever think it worth while to ask him for them."

Sir Thomas had now looked full in her face, to ascertain what traces of the former Nanny remained in it; and seeing her confusion, had for once recollection enough, to forbear urging her any farther;—but expressed the greatest delight in having met with her, and insisted upon taking her home to Lady Upland and Mrs. Dorothea.

This however Ann strenuously resisted; pleading the distance and the alarm it would give her parents, if she did not return at the time they expected her.

Sir Thomas was very urgent; but Ann continued firm;—and they parted at the turning of the road that led towards the farm,—not without a slight

temptation on Sir Thomas's part, to ride on with her, and see the farmer, and hear how it all was, at once.—But this was combated by his impatience to impart the news to Lady Upland and his sister; and triumph over Doll's disappointment, to find her heroine dwindled into a farmer's daughter; and the exultation this idea brought with it carried the day:—so he let her ride away, and turned his horse's head straight home,—entirely forgetting, that when he had overtaken Ann, he was on his way to fulfil a dinner engagement.

Lady Upland and Mrs. Dorothea were just rising from table, as they saw him alight.

"There's my brother come back!—what can have happened?" said Mrs. Dorothea.

"Happened!"—repeated Sir Thomas, catching at her word, as he entered the room, "such an adventure, Doll!—as you would give your ears for!"

The ladies were all eager attention.

"Such a discovery!—such a heroine!—"

"Who?—what?—brother!—pray explain!"

"You remember Haywood's foundling!"

"Oh, brother!—and is the discovery actually made?—ah! I knew it would be something very unexpected!—I could not be deceived."

"No, no, Doll—you're a deep one! there's no deceiving you!—you see farther into a mill-stone than other people; you were never taken in by her rags, you know!"

"Oh!—that was such an obvious blind, as did not require my habit of looking beyond the surface, to penetrate; any body might have seen through that!—but *I* read the dear girl's birth, in her mind—and countenance."

"Well!—but dear Dorothea!"—interrupted Lady Upland, "you are follow-

ing up your own discoveries—and won't let us hear, what Sir Thomas has to tell us,—I am all impatience."

"Nay, nay,—I am only waiting till Doll has given us all her data;—because, when once she is told, you know, she may assert what she pleases, of her penetration."

"You're a provoking creature, brother!—and I won't say another word, till you have told us."

"Well, then!—she comes out to be—the Lady Anna Potterina!!"

"Lady Anna who?"—said Lady Upland.

"Potterina!"—exclaimed Mrs. Dorothea, "a foreign nobleman, I suppose!—aye—I knew it would be something extraordinary!—stolen, very likely by a Bohémienne*—and smuggled over to this country."—

* *Bohémien* and *Bohémienne*, abroad, answer to our gypsies.

"No!—that's not it—guess again!"

"But why teaze us with my sister's guesses?" said Lady Upland, whose curiosity was now also a good deal excited; "—when you can tell us."

"My dear!—I am making Doll happy!—she would ten times rather discover it herself, than be told."

"O!—an émigrée!"—cried Mrs. Dorothea, "reduced to the most unparalleled distress—perhaps indeed her parents guillotined!—and the old favourite servant—escaped with her,—and knowing the liberality of our nation, trusted to the workings of humanity—"

"Well done, Doll!—very pathetic, and moving!—you'll make a very good novel of it,—but you've not hit the right nail on the head yet."

"Potterina!—It carries more of an Italian, than of a French sound with it, too!"

"Why not Spanish?—or Portuguese—as well?"

"Well, then!—do say which—for I am dying with impatience!"

"Why!—you must be content then with her being of an old English family."

"There is no such name in the Peerage, Sir Thomas!" exclaimed Lady Upland.

"I wouldn't have you too sure of that, my dear!" replied Sir Thomas, gravely, "we are all apt to fancy we know more than we do."

"Well, but—pray then, brother!—how has it been discovered?—do tell us all you know about it."

"I've told you that already," drily.

"Pshaw!—impossible!—you are only trying how you can teaze us!—you could never have come home without your dinner, merely to tell us that."

"Gadso!—but I have though, indeed!—now you put me in mind on't—I quite forgot my engagement at the club—so do order me something, my Lady!—whilst I try to satisfy Doll's curiosity."

—winking slily to his wife, "though in fact, I know little more than what I've told you,—for the rest, I am referred to Haywood."

"Well!—but the title!—you know the family title!—that will help us to make out something."

"The title is Potter."

"Nonsense, brother!—there is no such title!"

"Upon my word, Doll,—I have the family parchments in my possession, at this moment."

"The family parchments!—what!—the patent, do you mean?—a new creation then!—how could you possibly come by it?—do, dear brother! let me see the patent, for pity's sake!"

"I'm willing to give you all the information in my power, Doll!" And he gravely fetched out a roll of parchment from his study.

She began to examine it with great eagerness—but soon exclaimed "Why

this has nothing in the world to do with it!—this is the title-deed for the purchase you made some years ago—of that estate beyond New Malton!"

"I'm sorry it don't satisfy you, Doll!—it's all I have to show upon the subject."

"What can you mean, brother?"

"It is in consequence of that purchase, the family have come into this neighbourhood."

"Heavens!—into this neighbourhood!—and you never told us that, all this while!"

"I'm apt to be forgetful, Doll, you know!—but I'll take you to see them, if you like."

"Dear brother!—I hardly know how to trust you now!—is the dear girl actually in this neighbourhood?"

"Actually!—I overtook her on horseback, this morning."

"Is it possible?—and wouldn't she come with you?—does she wait for the ceremony of being visited first?"

"Very possibly!—I couldn't for the life of me get her to come."

"I hope, brother, you were aware that her Ladyship was entitled to some apology, for your making the proposal.—I'm afraid she might think you presumed upon her former situation:—Sweet creature!—never shall I forget, how I was struck, the very first moment I beheld her, with a foreboding of her elevated rank,—for you'll allow, brother, there was nothing to betray it to the eye of vulgar observation!"

"No!—nothing in the world, indeed, Doll!—you've all the credit of it."

"And I hope, brother, you will in future be more sparing of your sneers at my romantic presentiments—as you are pleased to style them."

"Yes, yes, Doll!—I shall henceforth always knock under to your penetration."

"Do you think it would be premature, if my sister and I were to wait upon the Lady Anna, this evening?"

"Why, yes!—I think you had better put it off till to-morrow,"—replied Sir Thomas;—fully proposing to himself a good deal more entertainment, from his hoax in the evening;—and then to leave it to his wife, to undeceive her, before the intended visit in the morning:—(for however he might enjoy the fun of playing upon his sister's foibles, he had too much good-nature, to let it proceed to any personal humiliation of Ann:) "And so—let me go to my dinner!—will you?—for this grand discovery has sharpened my appetite."

And away he went—hugging himself with delight in the success of his joke;—and forestalling the farther amusement of the evening. Here, however, he was counteracted by Lady Upland, to whom he had taken an opportunity of imparting the truth; being aware that she could not easily be appeased, if he involved her farther in the deception. She was a little vexed at having been taken in her-

self, by some of Mrs. Dorothea's former opinions, as well as by Sir Thomas's fun; and would not agree to join him in letting it go any farther.

He contended hard for the pleasures of the evening;—but she very properly urged the consideration, that if the children should get hold of it, it would spread among the servants, and in the neighbourhood; and might eventually find its way to the poor people themselves; whom she never wished to mortify, whilst they kept to their own station. It had been chiefly from a dread of French levelling principles, that her pride had taken the alarm at Lord Melsom's ball, and betrayed her into the unguarded violence to which she had given way. She thought from Sir Thomas's account, that in the present instance, the girl had answered him with sense and propriety;—and she was therefore bent upon putting a stop to the progress of the joke, of which he had not sufficiently considered the consequences.

Lady Upland therefore lost no time in rejoining Mrs. Dorothea, before she should have made the communication to her own woman:—a little apprehensive that her sister would be more than commonly provoked with the success of Sir Thomas's wit,—she had revolved in her own mind, how to let her down in the gentlest manner, from the altitudes in which her imagination was running riot.

But this proved a very superfluous consideration indeed.—For Mrs. Dorothea, having listened with the utmost calmness to the explanation, now very disdainfully said, "And so my brother conceives that he has been making a fool of me!—well!—let him enjoy his laugh!—'They laugh best who laugh last,' the French proverb says;—and he will be a little surprised, I fancy, when he finds the tables turned upon him."

"What do you mean, Dorothea?"

"Why, my dear sister!—is it possible you can be so blind?—do you not perceive that Sir Thomas is the dupe?"

Lady Upland looked amazed.

"Are not you aware that the reference to the Haywoods is an evident proof, there is something the girl is afraid she should betray, were she to attempt telling her story herself?—Depend upon it, Lady Upland!—she's no more daughter to that farmer, than she is mine. I am not so easily deceived as my brother is—and I shall soon get to the bottom of it now, be assured!—To-morrow morning I shall set forth upon my voyage of discovery; and if I don't make something more of it than he has done—never give me credit for penetration again—that's all!"

CHAP. XXVII.

Next morning, she hardly gave herself time to get her breakfast, before she was on her way to the farm.—She excused herself from any companion in the barouche, as she wished, she said, to manage the matter in her own way.

Ann was just going into the house, as the barouche stopped at the wicket.—She knew the livery, and instantly went to receive Mrs. Dorothea.

"My sweet girl!"—she exclaimed, affectionately embracing her, "how very unkind it is of you to have been so long in this neighbourhood, without giving me any intimation of it!"

Ann, rather overpowered by such an excess of condescension, felt a slight embarrassment, which gave a momentary

hesitation to her answer,—but she said, "I did not think, Madam, that I had any right to intrude upon your goodness, in my present situation."

"*Present* situation!"—repeated Mrs. Dorothea to herself:—"Surely, my love!" she exclaimed sentimentally, "after all the proofs of affection I gave you when at the Hall, you might have trusted to my delicacy, for the suppression of all prying curiosity;—though I should have been highly gratified by any disclosures you might have made—and not more safe would they have been in your own gentle bosom, than in that of your confidential friend."

"You are very good, Madam; but I have nothing to disclose:—Will you please to walk into the parlour?"

And she opened the door of a very neat room, where Susan was sitting at her wheel.

"Mother!—Mrs. Dorothea Upland is so very kind as to recollect my being

at the Hall, with Mr. Haywood's family,"—said Ann.

"And very little, indeed, did I now expect to find this lovely girl in such a situation as this!"—said Dorothea, looking with a scrutinizing eye at Susan; and having some confused idea of having seen her before, though she could not recollect when, or where.

"Why, Madam, it's all along of her kind-heartedness to we.—I would have had her a-staid where she was so happy; and treated just the same as if she was one of the family;—and I couldn't bear to think of all the hardships she must undergo in our way of life."

"Yes!"—said Mrs. Dorothea, with a sagacious look, and nod; "but the fear of discovery, I suppose—?" and she stopped.

"Lord love you, Madam!—the discovery was made long before—or we should never have had her with us here."

"Ah!"—replied Dorothea, who now

thought she was striking upon something very important:—"Then it was the discovery, that made farther concealment necessary?"

"Why, as to that, Madam—I can't just call it concealment;—but we were fain to get out of the way,—because George couldn't stand the ill-natured treatment he met with, seeing he had been such a true penitent."

Just here, Ann returned with some refreshments she had been getting for their guest; and catching the import of her mother's last words, she said, with quickness, "Dear mother! Mrs. Dorothea will not, I'm sure, wish you to go on with a subject so painful to us all;—that is past and gone by, you know,—and we are now all happy."

This was proof positive that Ann was anxious to check what Susan was about to betray.

"I should be grieved to give anybody pain," rejoined Mrs. Dorothea; "but it

has ever been my system, that unreserved communication to a friend, is the greatest relief a feeling mind can know—'who divide, they weaken too the torrent of their grief,'—I dare say you know what author I quote from, my interesting young friend?" glancing her eye, as she spoke, towards a neat little book-case, containing a really choice selection both in prose and poetry, which the young Haywoods had made for their favourite; and which tended not a little to strengthen suspicion.

"But our griefs are all at an end now, Madam," said Ann; "and we have nothing but happiness to look forward to,—so I wish my mother to forget the past—"giving her mother an affectionate shake of the hand, and kiss, as she said this.

"Ah, darling!—our happiness all hangs upon you, indeed!" said her mother, "we were glum enough while you were away."

"I see, I am not yet thought worthy

of perfect confidence!" observed Dorothea, sentimentally; "but I shall trust to time, for proving me deserving.— Meanwhile, I shall be indulged, I hope, with the company of this lovely girl, whenever she can be spared to me."

Ann, who felt extremely unwilling to be drawn into notice at the Hall, coloured deeply, and said, with some embarrassment—"I cannot tell you, Madam, how grateful I am for your goodness;—but I earnestly hope you will excuse me,—it might be attended with consequences I am anxious to avoid, if I were to indulge myself in waiting upon you at the Hall."

This was "confirmation strong:" what consequences could arise, but her being recognized by some of the visitors, before the time? With very proper discretion, therefore, this proposal was dropped,—but Mrs. Dorothea substituted the request, "that she might visit her lovely young friend, whenever she should

drive that way," trusting to perseverance, for at length accomplishing her end.

This was by no means consonant to Ann's wishes; but not knowing how to help herself,—she only courtesied her thanks; and so ended the visit, more to the satisfaction of the visitor than the visited:—for she had very clearly satisfied herself, that there was a wide field for conjecture, where there seemed so anxious a desire for concealment;—and they feared a repetition of curiosity, that might end in renewing poor George's distresses, by bringing his early life again into notice.

When Sir Thomas came in to dress for dinner, "Well, Doll!—what have you made on't?"—cried he, with a very facetious air.

"I have made enough of it, brother, to give me reason to hope that I shall not again be turned into ridicule, for my romantic whims, as they are called," Mrs. Dorothea replied, with much dignity.

"Gadso!—bless my soul!—what!—

she comes out to be a heroine then, after all—does she?" laughing.

"Brother!—I do not feel at liberty to tell you what she comes out, yet;—but, that you are most egregiously deceived, is a very clear case!"

"Bless us! and save us!—and so then, I've proved a prophet; without suspecting any thing of the matter—have I?—and so she acknowledges herself to be the Lady Anna Potterina!—does she?"

"I really hold this to be no laughing matter, brother.—I have respected her secret, as every feeling heart ought to do!—and I trust to time for proving me worthy of more unreserved communication than I have hitherto obtained.—In the meanwhile, it creates my highest admiration, to see the heroism, with which the interesting creature submits to the drudgery of her 'present situation,'—for those were her words—and to me, they imported much."

"Did they, indeed?—why now, to me, they seem to import nothing more than her being a farmer's daughter."

"Merciful heavens! brother!—as soon might you persuade me, that the night-blooming Cereus could spring from a cabbage, as that this elegant plant should come from such a stock,—and it moves my wonder, that you can be so unfeeling!—I'm sure my heart bleeds for the lovely creature's distresses."

"Well, well, Doll!—I know you are never so happy, as when you can get a good bleeding at the heart;—so I'll not mar your enjoyment on't."

Much surprised would Ann have been, to hear of the commiseration bestowed upon her sufferings,—whilst she considered herself as one of the happiest of beings;—and little could she have foreseen, that Mrs. Dorothea's vagaries would convert the imaginary sorrows she deplored, into very real ones, before she had done with her.

When Mrs. Dorothea retired to her toilette, she began lamenting over Ann's fate, to her own woman; who was so impatient to get out what she had learnt upon the subject, that she broke into her pathos, before it had near reached its climax, with—

"Aye, sure, Ma'am!—and to think of the poor young lady being given over to the care of yon mad woman, too!"

"Mad woman!—what do you mean, Stavely?"

"As sure as you are there, Ma'am!—she's the very 'dentical person as was a-roaming all about here, you remember,—when Mr. Haywood's folks was a-visiting us,—trying to snap the poor young lady up then—only you was her garden angel, Ma'am!—and to think of her being now thrown upon her mercy, like!—I declare, it makes one's hair stand on end!—it's so like some of them dreadful stories, I offen reads to you, Ma'am."

"Why, upon my word, it looks very

alarming!—and now you put me in mind of it,—it certainly is the very person.—I thought I had seen her somewhere, before.—But how came you to know any thing of the matter?"

"Why, Ma'am!—John Coachman see her through the window—and know'd her in a minute:—Says he, Mrs. Stavely, here'll be rare work for Madam Dorothy! says he; now, she may write a book of her own, about it all;—I beg pardon, Ma'am,—but they sometimes laughs at me, when I goes to improve their morals, like, in the Hall,—by telling 'em all about the love, and the murder, and the madness,—and all that,—as I read on, to you."

"John Coachman is an impertinent fellow!—to take the liberty of making so free with my name!"

"Yes, Ma'am!—that's what I tells him:—Says I, Pray, what right have you to make fun of Madam Dorothy's books?—I'm sure, there's some on 'em as would make you not able to sleep in your bed o' nights, as they does me,—all

about such beautiful black plumes—and statuaries—and death's-heads coming from under the coverlets—and blood—and treason—and wax figures,—that's what the quality likes! says I, and for that reason, so should we,—they knows best, to be sure,—or else what have they all their larning for, dy'e think?—so I gave it him well, Ma'am! I'll assure you."

Dorothea's attention had been wholly withdrawn from this brilliant oration, by the unlooked-for incident of her hapless heroine's being thrown into the power of a mad woman;—and having revolved various plans for extricating her, without being able to satisfy herself as to the expediency of any of them, she now interrupted the flow of Stavely's eloquence, by bidding her go and call Coachman to her.

Stavely, conceiving she had brought Coachman into a scrape; and that he was going to be lectured for his freedom

of speech, in regard to her Lady's favourite studies, brought back word, she could not find him;—and Dorothea was obliged to go down to dinner, with all this accumulation of woe, and uncertainty upon her mind.

Her looks were of course, all perplexity, and abstraction; to the great amusement of Sir Thomas: who kept nodding and winking at Lady Upland, all dinner-time.

The simplest mode of obviating the calamities, Mrs. Dorothea saw "impending over the devoted head of her interesting young friend," would have been, to write to Mrs. Haywood;—and it would have been the most natural way of coming at the truth;—but simple and natural means were not usually the first, that found their way to Mrs. Dorothea's brain,—and she could think of nothing better than writing to Ann herself,—which she did as follows.

I am horror-struck! my lovely and interesting young friend,—with the in-
" telligence I have received, since my
" visit to you this morning, of the dan-
" gers with which you are surrounded.—
" Far be it from me, to pry into communi-
" cations, you seem bent upon withhold-
" ing. The delicacies and intricacies of
" your situation may compel you to
" that want of confidence,—which how-
" ever, I must lament, as it keeps me in
" the dark, as to the most effectual mode
" of coming to your rescue:—but be as-
" sured, my active friendship shall be
" upon the watch, to come forward at
" any time, that any alarming violence
" should break out. Against daily occur-
" rences, you may possibly be habitu-
" ally upon your guard;—but when
" once such an unhappy tendency takes
" possession of the mind, it is impossible
" to foresee what it may end in.—A line
" from you shall however, at any mo-
" ment. obtain such assistance from

"hence, as may effectually secure from "harm, one whose happiness is become "so important to the sympathising bo-"som of her highly admiring friend,

D. U."

This pathetic epistle was dispatched with orders not to wait an answer—as Mrs. Dorothea flattered herself, it might move Ann to enter into more detail, than a speedy return by the messenger would admit of.

CHAP. XXVIII.



NOTHING could exceed Ann's surprise at the receipt of Mrs. Dorothea's letter, except the difficulty of attaching any precise meaning to it. The circumstance of her mother's supposed madness was quite obliterated from her thoughts; and there was not any expression so explicit in the letter, as to bring it back to them. That some very serious evil threatened her was however evident; as well as that Mrs. Dorothea knew what it was.

After a very harrassing, sleepless night, therefore, she determined to go next morning to the Hall, and obtain an explanation of what it might mean.

The only quarter from which she ever saw any evil to apprehend, was what might

affect her father. And now, dreading that some old, and heretofore undiscovered, misdemeanors might have come to light, with respect to him, she judged it best not to communicate the alarm of Mrs. Dorothea's letter, till she should be better informed upon the subject.—Simply saying, therefore, she thought it her duty to go, and wait upon Mrs. Dorothea,—she set forth at an early hour.

Mr. Rayner Woodville had arrived at Moor Hall, the evening before,—and intent upon more than one kind of game, had enjoined his servant to get all the information respecting Ann, which the servant's hall might afford.

The first person he met with was the coachman; who, of course, made no difficulty of imparting all he knew; which being repeated to Rayner, placed the object of his pursuit in a light so consonant to his wishes,—with a convict father, (according to the information obtained by his former servant at Ne-

therby,) and a mad mother,—that he gave way without scruple, to the plans with which his head had teemed, for getting her into his power;—making very little doubt that he should easily satisfy her own scruples, by establishing her in much greater comfort, than such a house afforded.

There had appeared to him such extreme simplicity in her, that he thought persuasions, such as he could use, must prove irresistible; being under the mistake men of the world are very apt to fall into, of confounding simplicity with ignorance.

The morning being fine, and the breakfast hour late, he thought he could not do better than take an early ride, and reconnoitre the situation of the farm, and the means it might afford, of sculking about in its neighbourhood, for opportunities of communication with Ann, unperceived by her parents.

Fortune seemed more propitious than

he could have dared to expect; for, within about a mile of her own residence, he met the very object of his wishes. He recognized her long before she was near enough to be aware of him; and instantly dismounting, he gave his horse to his servant, and walked on rapidly, to meet her.

"'This auspicious meeting is so much beyond my most sanguine expectations!"—he began, "that I cannot but hope every thing favourable from it."

"Meeting with me, do you mean, sir?—Is there any thing in which I can be of use to you?" said Ann, with a simple courtesy,—not in the least aware of his meaning.

"Loveliest of creatures!"—exclaimed he, endeavouring to take her hand, which she withdrew;—"how enchanting this simplicity!—of use to me!—aye! throughout the whole course of my life!—which I only wish to devote to your service."

"You mistake my meaning, sir!"—she replied in a tone of modest dignity, that was natural to her, "I did not expect that an intended civility should be returned by an insult; I wish you a good morning!"—and she quickened her pace, hoping to get rid of him.

"An insult!—do you call the most unqualified admiration of your charms an insult?—by heavens! I had no other view in visiting Moor Hall, but to be within reach of seeing you;—and convincing you that I have thought of nothing but you, since we met at Netherby."

"I'm sorry, sir, your thoughts have been so poorly employed.—I did not immediately recollect you,"—(which was the fact,) "but now that I do, I must beg you will not think of coming near our farm,—for upon no account whatever can I admit of your visits."

"I know, my charmer, the inhabitants of the farm are not such as you

would wish me to see,—but we may contrive to meet.—"

"Surely, sir!—you must mistake me for something widely different from what I am,—or you would not hold such language to me.—I must beg you to leave me."

"There is no mistaking your loveliness;—"said he, "and depend upon it, I will never leave you a moment, when I can possibly help it."

"Then, sir,—you compel me to seek my parents' protection from farther insult." And she turned with a very quick pace, back towards her own home.

He pursued her, with the same insolent avowals of his love, and beneficent intentions towards her,—to which she no longer made any sort of answer,—but kept quickening her pace almost into a run, till she reached the farm-yard; when making an abrupt turn round an angle, of which he was not aware, she disappeared,—and left him for a moment

irresolute, whether or not to make his way into the house after her;—having very little idea of any opposition to apprehend from her parents.—But the extreme repulsiveness of her own manner led him to think he had perhaps been too hasty in his avowals; and that it might be necessary to cloak his designs, with somewhat more of dissimulation.—He had now found his way; and he did not like the adventure the worse, for giving him a little more trouble:—he therefore remounted his horse, and got back to the Hall, before breakfast was quite over,—observing, that it was a habit with him, to take an early ride to quicken his appetite.

Mrs. Dorothea was, as she said, a very quick-sighted person, in love affairs; so quick-sighted indeed, as frequently to see them 'in her mind's eye,' before ever they took place; by which, she occasionally gave birth to feelings, which, but for her, would never have existed; and

which were not always brought to a happy issue; and as often, she foresaw what never occurred at all. In the present instance however, her quick-sightedness very soon led her to discover there was something hanging about Rayner Woodville's thoughts, besides game; and as not even the gratification of a botanical discovery was more precious to her, than becoming the confidante of a love affair, she lost no time in expressing so kind a sympathy in whatever Rayner might be sighing for, that she obtained a satisfactory proof of her own penetration, in his avowal, "That his sighs were heaved for an unpropitious attachment."

All her sensibilities were, now, awakened;—and she urged him to "confide particulars to her sympathising bosom; which knew but too well how to feel for him,"—she said.

The discussion of particulars with Mrs. Dorothea Upland, did not however, quite suit the nature of the case;—but

he was diverted with her youthful sentimentalities, and uttered some rhapsody about "delicacy," and "concealment," and "respectful devotion," which he did not conceive to be at all applicable to his own present pursuit; merely to draw her into a little further absurdity.

The words delicacy, and concealment, however, so instantly brought the idea of Ann, into her mind, that, without stopping for a moment to combine the probabilities of his ever having met with her, (for of Ann's late visit to Netherby, she knew nothing,) she most pathetically exclaimed, "Feelings such as those, are surely calculated to obtain a return, from a mind so congenial, as I believe the object of your affection to possess!"

"I must be greatly flattered by Mrs. Dorothea Upland's opinion of my taste; that she so readily gives the object of it credit for perfections of such eminence."

"But suppose those perfections should have fallen under my own observation?"

said she, with a look of much meaning.

"Impossible!"—Rayner replied, convinced, that if she had any guess at the truth, she could not have entered upon the subject with him.

"Why impossible?—does the distance of a few miles secure a person for ever from discovery?—because it has answered for a time."

He now indeed knew not exactly what to think: and for once, both felt, and looked confused; "I really don't—I am at a loss to conjecture how—" and he stopped.

"What!—I have struck upon the tender chord, then!" cried she, with great exultation. "Well!—now you perceive my penetration is not so easily baffled—will you be more explicit?"

"Upon my soul, this is altogether so odd—so unaccountable—I don't know what to think."

"How I admire this delicate hesitation!—so truly worthy of its fascinating

object!—Well!—I will not urge for what you are disposed to withhold.—It raises you in my esteem,—and you do not yet know me well enough to confide.—We shall be better acquainted before we part. I will so far, however, convince you of the sympathy that exists between us, as to tell you, that you can scarcely yourself have a higher admiration for the lovely creature than she has inspired me with."

It now occurred to him, that she must mean Emma Haywood, with whom he had flirted at his brother's wedding, and who was really a very attractive girl; —and he thought it might be expedient to confirm her in that idea; so he answered, "However generously the dear girl herself appeared to be disposed towards a younger brother, with a bare competency; I could hardly hope her parents' liberality would extend so far, and—"

"Her parents!"—eagerly interrupted Dorothea, "she has then revealed them

to you!—Ah! it is as I thought!—Oh! what a triumph over Sir Thomas!—but be assured I will betray nothing!"—added she with emphasis, perceiving Rayner's encreasing surprise; which she took for alarm at her indiscretion.

The interruption of Sir Thomas summoning him to a ride, put an end to a conversation that remained an enigma upon his mind; which, however, he felt no anxiety to unravel; as he satified himself it could have no reference to Ann.

Mrs. Dorothea was now, on her part, all exultation, working her way into intricacies of the highest interest; and which would have remained for ever undiscovered to her 'plodding brother,' but for her 'penetrating genius.' Upon mature consideration, she determined to let the plot thicken a little, and obtain more unreserved communications before she boasted too openly of her triumph.

CHAP. XXIX.



Sir Thomas had taken it into his head, to verify the truth of Ann's assertion by going himself to the farm and seeing her parents;—more to complete his triumph over his sister, than from any doubt that had arisen in his own breast; and he thought it would be a very good ride, to take his young guest; particularly as there was so pretty a girl to be seen at the end of it.—He did not impart his intention, upon setting out; and having begun by some of the home farms, of which he was in the habit of doing the honours, they proceeded by a different road from that which Rayner Woodville had gone the day before; and he did not discover where Sir Thomas was taking him, till they came to the

wicket that led to the house; and then Sir Thomas said, "Now you shall see, for the honour of Yorkshire, what pretty farm lasses we can boast."

"Well, my good friend!" said he to George, who had come out of the house to meet them, "how are you going on?—I am of opinion we have been strangers too long;—but you keep yourself so snug, we might have continued so till dooms-day, if I hadn't chanced to light upon your pretty daughter, my old friend Miss Nancy—Pray where is she?—I've promised to treat this young spark here, with a sight of her—and so she comes out to be your daughter, after all, does she?—and this good dame here, her mother?—Well!—it's droll enough, faith!—but how could it all happen?"

Sir Thomas strung his questions so fast, as not to leave much room for reply; and George, embarrassed from more causes than one, rather hung back a little. Rayner, who had felt awkward in the

first moment, and doubtful whether this might be an intended hoax of Sir Thomas's, now opened his eyes and his ears, in eager hope of some clue, by which to guide his farther proceedings; as he found there was in fact some mystery to unravel; and the familiar appellation of "my old friend Miss Nancy," did not much appear to encrease her title to his respect;—so he resolved to wear the semblance of a perfect stranger to "Miss Nancy," till he should see what was best to be done.

He was, however, saved from any trouble in that respect; for the Dame quietly said, with a curtsey, "that her daughter was not in the way." And Sir Thomas's eye having been at the same moment caught by an apparently fine crop of mangel-wurzel, which was just then his farming hobby-horse, he proceeded to inquiries, respecting its dimensions, &c. &c.—with so much rapidity and earnestness,—that George, far more ready with

his information upon this head, led the way to the field where it was growing, and so evaded answering the questions, that had in the first instance somewhat posed him, leaving Rayner with the Dame.

He was rather surprised with the very composed appearance of Susan;—but it occurred to him, that madness was very commonly confined to one particular subject; and as she was allowed to go about unwatched, he judged her's to be harmless, whatever it might be. So he said, "Don't you expect your pretty daughter home soon?—Sir Thomas promised me a sight of her."

"Our Ann is not made a sight of, to any body, sir",—answered Susan, "and I should have expected better of a gentleman of Sir Thomas's years and character, than to bring a young gentleman to distress a modest girl, by looking at her."

"Hey-day! dame—is your daughter so desperately modest as that comes

to?—why a cat may look at a king, you know:—I shouldn't eat her,—nor run away with her."

"To tell you a piece of my mind, sir,—I think she's best out of your way,—for if I'm not much mistaken, you be the gentleman as drove her back home again, yesterday morning, in a fright, by your improper talk."

"Improper talk!—why doesn't every body that sees her, tell her they are in love with her?—that's all I said—and I think she must be pretty well used to that!"—said he, carelessly whipping the dust off his boots, with his switch.

"I hope, sir, you didn't come here to affront us!"

"Affront you, Goody!—what do you mean by that?"

"Sure, sir! I think it is an affront, to say that a modest girl will let every man talk of love to her."

"Well!—I shall have no objection to her being a little more particular, provided that includes me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," (reddening) "I wouldn't behave rude, to a gentleman as comes with Sir Thomas Upland; but I see no particular use my company can be of to you;—so if you please to excuse me, I'll go to my business;" and without waiting for an answer, she left the room.

"Why, it would be of great use, indeed, if you would listen kindly to my proposals,"—endeavouring to stop her,—but she was gone. "Hey!—what the d——l!—I suppose pride is part of her madness!"—continued he, muttering to himself, "I'll try next what can be done with the convict; he'll not be so nice, I fancy;"—but for this, he deemed it expedient to wait another opportunity.

So he remounted his horse, and rode leisurely forward, that Sir Thomas might overtake him.

Good Sir Thomas, who had gone to the farmer's with one view, and been, according to custom, directly led off to

another, thought no more of the matter; but followed his young companion, with his head full of mangel-wurzel; upon the cultivation of which, he imparted all the information he had obtained from George, with whom he professed himself much pleased;—and Ann never recurred to his mind more, during the ride.

His companion afraid of committing himself, with respect to his views, was contented to let him talk on, upon a subject, of which the very name was new to him;—and so they rode home.

Susan had been so very clear-sighted to the drift of the young man's inquiries after Ann, because, upon her return the day before, she had acquainted her mother with what had happened, and her determination not to pass the precincts of the farm, during young Woodville's stay at the Hall; for poor Ann thought she had now discovered the import of Mrs. Dorothea's enigmatical letter, to be a warning against this dissipated young gentle-

man. She had recognized him at a distance, with Sir Thomas, and withdrawn to her own room;—leaving it to her mother to say she was out of the way.

When the company assembled in the drawing-room, before dinner, the sight of his sister instantly brought to Sir Thomas's mind his motive for riding to the farm; and he began with a triumphant air, "Well, Doll!—I've just gone one step farther this morning, into ascertaining who's the dupe."

"And I see by your air, brother, you think you have explored the labyrinth."

"Why, I think I put it pretty home to 'em;—didn't I, Rayner?"

"Yes, certainly,"—he replied, not well knowing what was the object in discussion; but hoping he should now come at something, "But I did not hear what answer you received—because you went out with the farmer, you know."

"Didn't you?——what answer?——why—Gadso!—now I think on't—I

don't very well recollect what answer I did get,—because we began upon the mangel-wurzel, you know,—but I suppose the mother told *you* all about it;—didn't she?"

"Not a word did she tell me;—on the contrary—she rather seemed offended at my inquiries after her pretty daughter."

"Oh ho! brother!—more evasions!" casting a compassionate confidential glance upon the lover. "You do not find it quite so easy then, to fathom what has thus far foiled me, as your triumphant air seemed to announce."

"Why,—to say the truth, it all appeared so clear a case,—when I saw the father and mother there, and they said the daughter was gone out,—and then,—the opportunity of hearing why his mangel-wurzel looked so much forwarder than mine—"

"Yes, that helped to make it clear, no doubt!"—replied his sister, with some-

thing of a contemptuous smile, "how you would have triumphed over me, brother! if the search of a new plant had led me off, from a subject of such interest!—which however, I believe it may be as well to drop for the present,"—casting another look of intelligence, and sympathy, upon her wondering new friend; who was more and more perplexed with the whole business;—for now he thought he perceived the allusions in her conversation with him, must have regarded Ann.

Dinner being announced put an effectual stop to the subject.

Next morning was allotted to the Moors.—Dorothea meant to have taken the opportunity of returning to the farm; but Lady Upland had employed the coachman another way. Neither did any means offer in the course of the day, for improving her confidential intercourse with Rayner,—so she was every way disappointed.

CHAP. XXX.

THE following day, young Woodville determined to try what he could do with Ann's father; little doubting, but a sum of money would smooth the way with him, at once. To the farm he therefore went,—and asking for George only, expressed a wish for some private conversation with him.

With very little circumlocution, he opened his purpose; but met with a rebuff so sharp, and so little expected,—that it exasperated him beyond all bounds; and in his rage, he reviled George, reproaching him in the coarsest terms, with his early life. . .

George was for a moment tempted to make use of his knotty oaken stick;—but a flash of guilty recollection crossed

his mind—and subdued it at once with the thought, that there was too good reason to expect, that he who had once proved himself worthless might still be found so;—and after a few minutes of silent cogitation—from which Rayner hoped he had bullied him into compliance, he calmly said—

"Young man!—for I canno' say gentleman to t' loike o' yow, as can think to bargain wi' a parent, for t' innocence o' his choild,—yow may thank moy conscience, that I dunna', wi' this heare stick, lay yow senseless at moy feet.—I feel that it's t' actions o' moy younger days, as sticks to me,—and excuses ye, for looking to find me a rascal still.—But I thank God! for having let me see what was wrong,—and I put moy trust in him, for keeping me roight.—And let me sarve as a warning to yow,—who, to moy thinking, be a-going deep in wickedness, without looking to what's to come;—stop short, while you can;—and you

may yet live to thank even such a one as I, for t' warning."—So saying, he turned short upon his heel, and made the best of his way home; leaving Rayner thunder-struck with the manner as well as the matter, of the lesson given him,—and half inclined to relinquish his unworthy pursuit;—for in fact, it was fashion, more than nature, that had made him a profligate. It remained however, for Mrs. Dorothea's nonsense to throw him again into the way of temptation; and that is of all trials the hardest to escape from.

"A fortuitous concurrence of auspicious circumstances," as Dorothea expressed it, (who was apt to be very select in the choice of her terms,) left Rayner and herself to a tête-a-tête, after breakfast, next morning.

"Well!—you perceive, my good friend," said she, "that I am a person who may be safely confided in —You saw how I checked all farther discussion upon the interesting topic yesterday."

"Yes!" replied he, carelessly, "yes!—but I can't for my soul guess why!—for I should have liked prodigiously to have had it all clearly canvassed."

"Good heavens!—what, at the risk of bringing to light circumstances so important to conceal!"

"Why, that's just the point I want to come at,—or at least did want,—for upon my soul, I believe after all the matter is better relinquished, than pursued;" continued he, satisfied now that Mrs. Dorothea did allude to Ann; but concluding her romantic imagination gave him credit for more honourable intentions than he harboured.

"Relinquish!"———she exclaimed, "what!—fly off—after gaining her affections!—and add a broken heart, to fill up the measure of her woes!—Have I mistaken you then, altogether?—and is this your disinterested passion?"

"To say the truth—I had but little encouragement to hope I had made any

great progress in her favour; I don't know that I might be so philosophic."

"Little encouragement!—why, what could you expect from a modest young woman, involved in intricacies and perplexities innumerable?"

"You will oblige me very much, my dear Madam, if you will explain to me, what you know of her perplexities;—for I'll be cursed, if I can tell what to make of them!"

"And think you so meanly of me—as that I should betray what she can only from motives of the purest virgin delicacy and propriety, have confined to her own bosom?—little indeed, would you have cause to confide in me—were I so ready to make communications!—No, no!—you will find me a very different sort of person, whenever you see fit to unbosom yourself to me."

Here, Rayner was again posed,—for it by no means suited him, to 'unbosom' his real views to her.—Nor yet was

be so deep gone in iniquity, as to pretend honourable designs, which did not exist; at the same time, it occurred to him, that Dorothea might really know more of his fair one's feelings, than he did;—that her shyness might be feigned—to increase her value;—and that after all, a little perseverance on his part might have obtained him the prize.—These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and but too easily turned it aside from the better feelings, which George's admonition had awakened in it.

"Why, certainly,"—he at last hesitatingly replied, "I may have been too precipitate in thinking myself repulsed;—the father and mother seemed so confoundedly touchy about her;—I thought one of the mother's mad fits was coming on, because I asked for a sight of her."

"Mother's mad fits!" repeated Dorothea, "why, are you so much in the dark then—as to take this mad woman for her mother?—I thought you said, you knew her parents!"

" And are not these people her parents, then?" said he, in the utmost surprise.

" These people!—good heavens!—has my brother really deceived you into that absurd idea?—are you so easily taken in?—I gave you credit for—better information, in the first place,—but certainly, for more penetration, in the next.—No! no!—these are not her parents, be assured!—but for the rest, excuse me:—it remains for ever buried here!"—striking her hand upon her breast, " till the sweet creature herself shall see fit to emerge from the mysterious cloud that now envelopes her."

This was altogether so astonishing to Rayner, that he now again determined to get to the bottom of it, and take his chance of what might ensue.

He made some farther attempts to sift his friendly confidante; but she chose to be impenetrable,—which was all the easier, as she did not in fact very well know what more to say.

For some days, Rayner very assiduously skulked about the neighbourhood of the farm—but to no purpose.—Ann did not come forth;—the farmer he deemed it prudent to avoid;—and Susan having caught sight of him one day, in her way home from market, had without any ceremony given him such a trimming, as left him no sort of hope of making any-thing of her.

At length, he happened to meet with Will, who was aware of Ann's wish to keep out of his way,—but knew nothing more upon the subject.

"You belong to that farm, I take it, my lad!" began Rayner.

"I do," replied Will.

"Son to the farmer, perhaps?"

"Why, that's as it may be," replied Will, not inclined to give him more information than he could help.

"Brother, however, I presume, to the 'bonny lass o' t' farm,' as I hear her called."

"No, thank heaven!"——answered Will, with warmth, "that's what I am not."

"Thank heaven!"—repeated Rayner to himself, "Aye! aye!—old Dorothea is right enough!—but,' continued he, "why should you thank heaven for that?—surely she reflects no discredit upon her relations!—any family might be proud of her."

"So I think,"—replied Will.

"It did not appear from your answer though—"

"It can be no great matter to you, I suppose, sir, one way or other."

"But suppose it were,—have you any reason for not satisfying my curiosity?"

"Yes,—a good many."

"May I know them?"

"The first is, because I don't chuse it,—so perhaps you won't much care about the rest."

"I perceive you are quite a wit,"—still hoping to coax him into good humour.

"Just wit enough, I hope—to save me from answering unnecessary questions."

"But you do not know that my questions are unnecessary;—perhaps I have reasons for them, that you don't suspect."

"If you have, there's the more reason for my not giving you an answer,—so your servant, sir,"—and he was going.

"Stop, my lad!—stop!—I could make it worth your while, to speak more freely."

"As how?—pray, sir."

"Why—I suppose you are not over and above flush of cash—and you may have some fancies, that are out of the reach of your pocket—and I should have much pleasure in—"

"Finding me as great a rascal," interrupted Will, with much indignation, "as you wish me!—thank you kindly, sir!—next time you offer a bribe, make sure of your man first;—and don't affront an ho-

nest lad, who would teach you better manners," clenching his fist at him, "but for your being a friend of Sir Thomas Upland's."—So saying, he gallopped off, as fast as his horse could carry him.

CHAP. XXXI.



The more difficulty there seemed to be in penetrating the mystery, the more it excited Rayner's taste for enterprise. "He now saw clearly, from the ambiguity of the lad's answers," he told Mrs. Dorothea, "that she was quite right, in believing the lovely Ann not to belong to the family:—but the difficulty of getting a sight of her made it impossible for him to make her such offers of service, as might at least tempt her to be explicit; for he assured his confidante, he was fully determined to urge his suit no farther, than Ann's encouragement of it might warrant."

This disinterested sentiment met with Mrs. Dorothea's highest approbation; and she set her wits to work, to

devise a plan, that should secure to Rayner an uninterrupted conversation with his fair one.

What occurred to her was this:—to take him with her in the barouche, and set him down at a certain distance from the farm;—then to drive on herself, and invite Ann into the carriage, merely for an airing;—and when they should overtake him, it would appear very natural, that he should be asked into it;—and then, her getting out to botanize, would give him the opportunity of bringing matters to some sort of issue:—for to go on in the fluctuations between anxiety and curiosity, to which she was now a prey, was more than she had fortitude to bear.—Her nights were disturbed,—her botanical studies interrupted,—her herbal at a stand,—nothing could go on as it should do, till she obtained some peace of mind, respecting this object of her tender solicitude.

The plan thus settled was to be put into execution the following day.

Accordingly, Rayner being set down at a proper distance, Mrs. Dorothea proceeded to the farm; when she so kindly pressed Ann to give her her company for an hour, whilst she should botanize on the Wolds,—that foreseeing no inconvenience likely to arise from it, Ann agreed to attend her; and hoped at length, to obtain by this means an elucidation of the letter, that had so greatly perplexed her.

Before there was time however to enter upon the subject, they overtook Rayner;—and with well-feigned surprise, Mrs. Dorothea rejoiced in the unexpected meeting;—and invited him into the carriage.

Ann turned very pale, and felt much distressed; but did not think she had any right to interfere;—besides, she satisfied herself, that in Mrs. Dorothea's company he would not venture to address her. But she was now again bewildered in conjecture, as to the letter;—for

it was evident, that the dangers to which it alluded had no reference to him.

Rayner, with a very different air and manner from that of their last meeting, expressed his pleasure at seeing her, and inquired after the Haywood family—talked of his charming sister-in-law, &c.

Mrs. Dorothea, by this time, espied a plant, of which she said she had been long in quest. Ann offered to gather it for her, as she objected to trusting the servant; " No—she must select the specimen herself—besides, she knew of some others, likely to be about that spot, therefore she preferred getting out."

Ann prepared to follow her,—but Rayner, catching hold of her gown, entreated "-one minute's private conversation, only to ask her pardon, and explain—"

" Excuse me, sir!—I wish for neither!—there can be no subject between us, that requires privacy,"—jumping out as she spoke, over the half put-up step,

with an agility for which he was not prepared, and which effectually defeated his purpose.

Nothing remained for him therefore, but to alight also; and assist Mrs. Dorothea in her search:—Ann also assisted her, and took care to keep so very close to her elbow, as to put it wholly out of the power of Rayner, to say a syllable but what must be overheard.

Thus again foiled, a new consultation was held between the lover and his confidante;—who did not however seem quite to understand why her presence should have proved such an insuperable bar to what he had to say; though every consideration of delicacy had kept her back from leading to the subject.

Rayner muttered something about the 'timidity of true love'—and 'virgin modesty'—and 'retiring sensibilities'—and a long sentimental, &c. which could not very well have been translated into common sense, but served admirably to

satisfy his sensitive hearer, that "the very incoherence of his language, and ideas, spoke volumes of exquisite tenderness."—So they agreed that he should be her ambassador next time; and carry a note which should secure him admittance, and a private interview.

The note ran thus:

"You foil every attempt to serve "you, my lovely friend, by your unac-"countable distrust of those most de-"voted to you;—confide—and grant a "hearing, I earnestly conjure you;—and "be assured, you will have no cause to "repent;—honour the most undoubted, "and secrecy the most inviolable, you "may rely on."

Having imparted what she had written, Rayner was in raptures with it; but had formed a plan of his own, for the mode of delivering it. He bribed a little cow-herd, and instructed him what to do and say.

The boy, according to his directions, watched the time of Ann's milking, and put the note into her hand; "Who gave you this?" said she, surprised.

"Hur said, as how yow mun come to t' end o' t' leane;—hur lost t' roight rooad, and canna get o'er t' stoile;—I'se show ye t' way."

Ann, who had now lost all thought of Rayner Woodville, and settled it in her own humble mind, that he was probably tipsy, the morning when he had so annoyed her,—followed the cow-herd to the stile, without hesitation.—Not finding any one in waiting there, he said, "Hur said, if hur were goane, we mun follow cross yon field;"--Never doubting she was following Mrs. Dorothea's steps, Ann went on, till she got into a very narrow lane, at the bottom of the field, nearly a mile from the farm,—when suddenly, young Woodville's valet and groom sprung from the hedge on each side, and placed themselves so as to prevent escape

either way; whilst Rayner himself jumped over a stile from another field, and arrested her steps.

"What may this mean, sir?"—said Ann, with indignant surprise, "I was led here to meet Mrs. Dorothea Upland!"

"Forgive the subterfuge, loveliest of women! which offered the only means of obtaining an uninterrupted interview with you;—you cut short all explanation by flight, the other morning, when a patient hearing of my sentiments might possibly have altered your feelings towards me altogether;"—attempting as he spoke, to take her hand, which she very calmly withdrew.

"Though a trap like this, bears no very gentlemanlike appearance, yet, I know, sir, you rank as a gentleman,—and therefore can have nothing to say to a farmer's daughter, which she ought to hear;—I insist upon being allowed to pass!"

"I only entreat you to suffer me first

to ascertain what I am to understand from the mystery that surrounds you?"

"By what right, sir, do you expect an explanation from me?"

"By the right that the enthusiastic and disinterested love you have inspired me with, gives me."

"That, sir, can never give you any claim upon me;—our different stations in life cannot admit of any proposal on your part, which it is possible for me to listen to, and—"

"That difference of station you dwell so much upon, is exactly the point on which every thing turns.—I am taught to believe you are not what you seem,—and I earnestly conjure you, in pity to the miseries I endure, to give me some solution of the motives, that cause you to submit to the degradation of passing for the daughter of a convict and a mad woman;—whilst you are so evidently formed to fill a different place in society; explain, for heaven's sake!—and

put it into the power of two people, who are devoted to you, like Mrs. Dorothea Upland, and myself, to devise a mode of rescuing you from your present odious situation."

Tears of indignation at the opprobrious terms in which he spoke of her parents, for a moment choaked the utterance of Ann; and gave time for Rayner to finish his sentence, in a way that convinced her, there was some unaccountable mistake relative to her;—she therefore determined to be explicit, as she saw no other means of liberating herself from him.

"It is very cruel, sir, to punish the errors of youth by such a severe stigma as you are pleased to affix to my father's name;—his unfeigned penitence, and the virtuous life he has led, ever since his return to his native country, might obtain for him that respect and forbearance which many meet with, who have not half his claim to it.—Why my poor mo-

ther should now be considered as a mad woman, I can no way guess;—it was the mistake of a moment only, that ever gave rise to such an idea. My ignorance of who my parents were, for many years, may have caused tales to have been set about, that have never come to my knowledge; but I do assure you, sir, that I am the daughter of George and Susan Potter; and as such, can certainly have no right to any farther acquaintance with you;—therefore, I now hope you will order the people you have stationed at each end of the lane, to let me pass."

That irresistible power of truly virtuous principle, which will ever awe the licentious, produced its full effect upon the mind of Rayner.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "every word you utter increases the admiration you have inspired me with, and proves your mind equal to your lovely person and manners;—they are altogether such as would do honour to any station; and

were I independent, I would this moment lay myself and fortune at your feet, and think my happiness unbounded, if you deigned to accept them;—but I am unfortunately under control,—the time will however come, that might enable me to produce your virtues to the world;—meanwhile, if you would but admit me now and then, to see you, it would afford me an opportunity of proving myself to deserve a better opinion than you can thus far have seen cause to form of me."

"I should very little deserve anybody's good opinion, sir, if I could listen for a moment to such a proposal:—If there is any thing in me, at all entitled to the esteem you have been pleased to express, I have to thank Mrs. Haywood for it, and she strongly enforced the principle upon my mind, that there is no happiness to be found in marrying out of one's own rank in life,—to be envied and hated, she said, by that we rise

from, and looked down upon by that we rise to; in my own particular case, besides," she added, precipitately, aware that Rayner was preparing to argue the point; "in my own particular case, marriage is out of the question altogether;— I will not put it into the power of any one, to reflect upon my father,—and now, sir, having clearly told you my mind, I hope you will behave like the gentleman you reckon yourself, and set me at liberty."

Rayner's admiration indeed rose with every sentence she uttered; and the unworthy thoughts that had originally filled his mind, gave place to the respectful feelings she was entitled to inspire; but to let her go, he was very unwilling, being fully aware that she would not voluntarily give him another opportunity of pleading his suit,—he was therefore proceeding to urge the purity of his passion, with energetic eloquence,—when a scuffle caught his ear,—apparently be-

tween his groom, and some person who angrily insisted upon passing.

Ann instantly recognized the voice of William—and springing forward towards him, left Rayner no option, but to order his groom to leave the passage free,—she precipitately availed herself of it, by seizing upon William's arm, and hurrying away with him, without stopping to speak, or hear another word,—apprehensive of the consequences of his impetuosity, if she suffered him to question Rayner.

CHAP. XXXII.



HARDLY knowing what to think of the strange situation he had found her in; privately conversing with a gentleman, and a servant evidently placed to guard against interruption; yet gratified by the pleasure she had shown at the sight of him, and her eagerness to get away with him;—William suffered her to hurry him on in silence, till they came in sight of the farm;—she then suddenly stopt, saying, "Let me just recover breath, now I am safe, Will,—before I see father and mother, who might be alarmed at my agitation."

"Agitation!—why, what has happened to agitate you, Ann?—did you meet with any rudeness?—by this hand, if you did! gentleman as he thinks himself—I'd

make him know what it is to affront the like of you, Ann!—Why did you hurry me away so, without telling me?"

"No, no, Will!—be pacified!—there was no affront offered;—only I was obliged to talk to him a good deal, and that flurried me;—I'll tell you all about it, when we are at leisure.—But have I been missed?—were you looking for me, when you came there?"

"Missed!—looking for you!—aye, sure!—we've all been frightened enough; I forgot to tell you, when I found you—so oddly, somehow—it put me all through other—"

"Let's make haste in, then!—why did you let me stop a minute?"

She flew in, and was received by her mother with rapturous delight, "Dearest child!—wheare hast a been?—what took thee away?—we have been in a sad taking!"

"Nothing, dear mother!—I'll tell you

all presently:—only let me just run up and show father I am safe."

"Father!—why hasn't a seen him?"

"Seen father!—no!—where?—isn't he up stairs in bed?"

"Bless you! no, my child!—no sooner did Will come in, all frightened like, to say as you were taken away from milking, than your poor father jumped out o' bed, swore that villain had way-laid you, and he would be the death of him;—and on with his clothes—wouldn't listen to never a word of his fever, nor his cough, nor nothing—and away a went, New Malton road, and bid Will go t'other,—and raved like one distracted,—and I couldn't hold him, not I,—so what's become of him, God knows!"

"Did he go on horseback?"—asked Ann, in the utmost alarm.

"No!—he never thought of horse, nor nothing—but run on like one mad."

"Then, Will!—we must soon overtake him?—put Dobbin to the cart, in an instant!"

Will had the cart ready as quick as thought; and Ann got into it.

They were not far from New Malton, when they saw the object of their search, sitting shivering by the road-side, apparently more dead than alive—Ann sprang out of the cart, "Dearest father! you are very ill!"

"Better—better for t' soight o' thee, my child."

"Oh, my dear father!—how could you think of venturing in the state you were in?—do let us get you quickly into the cart,—some good soul at that house may perhaps lend us a blanket to wrap you up in, to restore your warmth; run Will, and ask!—how sadly you shiver!—oh! how could you do so?"

"I car'd nouwght about t' matter,—if thee were gone, my child,—as well die as live."

Will obtained a blanket; and the poor invalid, wrapped up in it, was conveyed home, and put to bed; and every

cordial administered, that could be thought of, to restore warmth,—till the apothecary could be got;—but the mischief was irreparable.

When the alarm of Ann's absence was given, he was in a strong perspiration, in consequence of medicines that had been administered to subdue a cold and fever, attended with a cough, that indicated inflammation on the lungs.

The apothecary, who was a quiet judicious man, had not communicated the whole of the alarm he felt upon the occasion;—or Mrs. Dorothea's note would have failed in drawing Ann for one moment from her father's bed-side,—beyond what her necessary occupations required. But the good effect of the medicines had given such satisfactory assurance of the disorder being subdued, that she felt no particular apprehension upon the subject; and probably, nothing but this sudden check could have made it fatal.

Ann and Susan's distress may be more easily conceived than described.

George was conscious of his situation; and seemed perfectly resigned.—He desired to see the clergyman,—a respectable, sensible man,—who after much consolatory discourse, both with him and with his family, administered the sacrament, and promised to see him frequently;—"which," George said, "was a great comfort, as he could talk to Susan and Ann so much more to the purpose than he himself could,—and satisfy them how much better his death would be for them, than his life."

Susan's grief left her no power to answer to this; and Ann exclaimed, "O dear father! how can any one do that?—what can ever be better than the love of a kind, good father?"—tears stopped her utterance.

"I'll tell thee what, my child!—a koind, good husband—which thou were resolved never to have, while thy father would bring disgrace upon his family."—

"Your words strike to my very heart, father!—I can't bear them!—it was my own happiness I thought of, in devoting my life to you.—Submission to the will of God will, I hope, support mother and me, when it is his almighty pleasure to take you to himself;—and we must comfort one another the best we can;—but nobody will ever love us so well, or do so much to make us happy."

"Oh, Ann!—don't say so!"—exclaimed Will, who was sitting unperceived, in silent grief, in a corner of the room; "don't say so!—I'm sure I would lay down my life to make you happy!—you know I would!"

"Good lad!"—said George, "mayhap thou may make her happy, when I am out o' t' way:—and moy blessing will bring no disgrace wi't!"

"Indeed!—indeed! father! I can't bear to hear you talk so!—to reflect so hardly upon yourself, after so many years of atonement!"

"That's what I always says,"—sobbed out Susan.

"Now—do but hear reason, both o' you,"—replied the poor sufferer, "don't you wish me happy?"

"Sure, and sure, we have done all we can for't," said Susan.

"Well, then,—never, to moy thinking, was there a better woife and daughter:—and yet, you could not make me feel happy."

"Oh, George!"

"Oh, father!"—they both uttered in a breath.

"And for this reason."—continued he, "that I could never hold up moy head to t' world, and say I were deserving o' ye:—there were the canker at moy heart.—You kno' , woife,—you know, Ann,—I couldn't feace the world.—The world knew moy bad deeds; and couldn't see moy heart.—Now I am going wheare t' heart is all,—wheare every tear o' penitence is noted,—so you

good parson tells me,—so he will tell you, when I am gone, and happy i' t' forgiveness moy Redeemer will obtain for them as puts their trust in him;—and in him I does put moy trust;—and do you both do the same!"—conscious of the truths he uttered, they both joined in prayer with him, for resignation and fortitude to bear their misfortune like christians.

"Don't leave me out from the benefit of your prayers, dearest Ann,"—cried William, as he came forward to kneel on the other side of the bed; "you first taught me my duty to God;—and I'm sure I love your father, as much as my own;"—poor William might have said far better,—for George had indeed acted the part of a kind parent by him, whilst his own had bestowed little attention upon him, from the time he had left Mr. Wogram's.

CHAP. XXXIII.

NOT many days after this distressing scene, George breathed his last, without a pang,—and bore the appearance of that serene sleep, so soothing to affliction to behold, as an earnest of 'that peace which passeth all understanding,' which we are taught to hope for, in those regions of eternal bliss, to which faith and true penitence open the gates.

It was unspeakable comfort to the mourners, to dwell upon the calm expression of his countenance.—They were scarcely conscious of their loss, whilst they could yet gaze upon it, till they would almost fancy he yet breathed. But the fatal closing of the coffin, and the more fatal 'dust to dust,' at length gave them up to the full poignancy of their

feelings,—not however, 'grieving as those who have no hope,' but deeply sensible of the separation for the remainder of their lives, from one so dear, and who had loved them so well.

Very kind notice had been taken of them, and frequent inquiries made from Moor Hall, during these painful occurrences. Little had Mrs. Dorothea foreseen, and sincerely had she lamented the consequences, which her foolish fancies had produced; nor was she wholly free from secret misgivings, that her romantic imagination might have driven her into something like absurdity upon this occasion.

Her displeasure at Rayner Woodville's conduct had not been slight, when she discovered the unwarrantable use he had made of her note, in forcing a conference with Ann; and a considerable degree of mortification had arisen, when from some unguarded expressions that escaped him, in the explanation, she found the senti-

mental hero of her own creation dwindle into a mere fashionable profligate. Her opinions respecting Ann had however continued to fluctuate, till an answer from Mrs. Haywood, to a letter of Lady Upland's, furnished details so circumstantial, as not to leave her even a shadow of foundation for the airy structure she had delighted herself in building.

Good Sir Thomas was too much concerned for the event, to enjoy any triumph over his sister's nonsense.

Rayner Woodville left the Hall with far other sentiments from those he had brought with him. Ann's conduct impressed him with a sense of respect for her mind, equal to his admiration of her person. He was convinced that she would have proved an ornament to any rank; at the same time, that her humility and plain good sense left him no hope, of persuading her to listen even to the honourable views that had now taken possession of his thoughts:—He therefore

wisely had recourse to a remedy that will seldom fail of its effect upon a youthful mind,—absence—and other pursuits.

The warm-hearted Haywoods participated in the affliction of their favourite; and made proposals for bringing back the widow and Ann, into their neighbourhood; but Susan could not bear the thoughts of returning to where George had been so harshly used.

Mrs. Woodville also wrote to make an offer to Ann and her mother, of a desirable habitation, that would bring them within a short distance of her; but Ann considered that this must necessarily, at times, throw her in the way of Rayner; and she preferred foregoing the happiness of residing near one she most affectionately loved, to the risk of either exposing herself to farther difficulties, or keeping alive in him sentiments to which she was determined she would never listen.

It was settled therefore, that they

should carry on the farm; at least, till the expiration of the present lease: and William had made such energetic exertions to merit Ann's good-will, that he was become capable of managing the business; which he undertook to do for their benefit, without any greater advantage to himself than his labourer's hire, and the enjoyment of Ann's society :—and for this last reward alone he would have been content to labour—for she was to him the light of day.

It was scarcely possible that such a long, undeviating, disinterested attachment should not finally make its way to Ann's heart. Indeed William had created for himself an interest there, before Ann herself was at all aware of it. The very acts of kindness she had done him endeared him to her: but she believed herself to feel for him as a sister only; and so entirely were the thoughts of marriage repressed in her mind, by the peculiar circumstances of her father, that

had he continued to live, it is probable she might never have allowed herself to think of William in any other light than that of a brother;—but this consideration no longer existing, William's diligence, assiduity, good conduct, and perfect devotion to her, insensibly awoke a predilection in Ann's breast; which her mother no sooner perceived, than with her utmost might she encouraged. Susan had now no wish so much at heart, as to secure to Ann the protection of an honest, affectionate husband, "and then she should lay down her head in peace," she said, " with the full hope of being re-united to her George, where parting shall be no more."

Indeed, poor Susan's health had not stood the shock of his death. Not having had the same good early education that had been bestowed upon Ann, she wanted that firm religious support, which can alone bear us through severe trials—and though, for her daughter's sake, she

suppressed her complaints, she pined in secret, and felt many an additional pang for the unprotected state Ann must be left in by her death. She had long been aware of William's attachment, but his indifferent health and unhappy temper, had withheld her from any attempt to influence Ann in his favour, till she saw increasing affection on her part; and then she thought that loving him with his faults, love would also make her bear them; and something must be borne with in the happiest marriage:—poor Will's defects besides called up more compassion than displeasure; having been brought on by early mismanagement. So Susan argued herself into perfect concurrence with his wishes; and became as impatient as he could be, for the fulfilment of them.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Sir Thomas was at all times a zealous promoter of matrimony; so that when Susan imparted her hopes and her wishes upon the subject, he entered into them with all possible eagerness, and declared my Lady should undertake to persuade Ann into giving her immediate consent; and he would have the wedding celebrated at the Hall,—and he would give them a dinner,—and a dance,—and all the Haywoods should be invited to it,—and a joyous day it should be—that he was determined on. Sir Thomas had been a frequent visitor at the farm, and taken a very lively interest in the concerns of its inhabitants ever since their loss.

Ann regretted her mother's communi-

cativeness, and would gladly have been excused from the proposed festivities at the Hall; but she well knew there was no escaping from what Sir Thomas had set his heart upon. So the day was at length fixed, that was to reward William's faithful love,—and Sir Thomas issued his summons to the Haywoods and the Woodvilles.

Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, who had promised each other never again to expose themselves to the pleasures of Moor Hall, were however induced by their affection for Ann, to recede upon this occasion, from their determination; and agreed, that with all their young folks, they would join Mr. and Mrs. Woodville in accepting the invitation;—and the entertainment expected by the younger ones, from Sir Thomas's fits of absence, almost equalled their delight at the happy nuptials of Ann.

Sir Thomas declared his intention of giving the bride away himself,—and of

complimenting her with a license, that she might be at liberty to chuse both the church and the clergyman;—stipulating however at the same time, that her choice should fall upon Doctor Deymor, Rector of New Malton;—this stipulation was rather distressing, and an attempt was made to get excused from it; because John Haywood (whose serious turn, and studious habits, had inclined him to the church,) having now taken orders, had written to claim the privilege of old friendship, in giving the nuptial benediction to his favourite, and Ann would have been particularly gratified to receive it at his hands: but Sir Thomas said he had long been seeking an opportunity of paying a compliment to the Parson of his parish; and so he would not give up the point.

There was one point however, which he brought upon himself the necessity of giving up. In his invitation of the Haywoods, he had not taken into account, that he was barring his own claim of

acting the part of father to the bride. It was impossible that her paternal friend, Mr. Haywood, should relinquish his prior right on so interesting an occasion. It produced indeed a pretty smart contest:—Sir Thomas not being in the habit, as has been before observed, of listening to any argument in a discussion but his own. By the intervention of Lady Upland, however, the affair came to an amicable compromise; the condition of which was, on Sir Thomas's part, that the first child should be named after him, be it boy or girl.

Sir Thomas's arrangements for the festivities of the day, were these:—That he and his party should take a rural breakfast at the farm,—then proceed with the bride and bridegroom and Susan, to their own little village church;—and then, he would flourish them back to the Hall in his barouche, with favors, driving the four-in-hand himself, amidst the ringing of bells in both places. . . . . . .

The party were somewhat later in reaching the farm, than had been settled; having waited at the Hall for Doctor Deymor to join them;—till Sir Thomas at length recollecting, that he had agreed with the Doctor to meet them at breakfast,—they had set out without him.

Breakfast passed,—but still no Doctor made his appearance;—and time pressed.

Sir Thomas then admitted a possibility of his having neglected to mention the breakfasting plan altogether, and was quite sure they should find him waiting at the church.

To the church accordingly they went, but no Doctor was there.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "he must have met with some accident!—fallen from his horse!—an apoplectic fit, perhaps!—You know, my dear, I have always been warning him of the danger of that,—he's so short-necked—and full-blooded,—and if you remember, I wanted him to consult—"

"But, my dear Sir Thomas!"—interrupted Lady Upland, "the consultation of most importance, just now, is, what's to be done?—for the canonical hour will be gone by."

"Aye—true—true—something must be done—bless my soul!—the canonical hour will be gone by, as you say!—Well! what can we do?—suppose we send George to New Malton, to see after him.

"My good Sir Thomas! six miles!" said Mr. Haywood.

"Well!—any of you suggest something better, then."

"Where does the Clergyman, belonging to this parish, live?" Mrs. Haywood asked.

William, who had been anxiously questioning the Clerk upon this head, replied, "Hard by—but as ill-luck will have it, he's gone to his other living, to bury a child."

"If John Haywood had but been here now!"—said Sir Thomas.

But John Haywood had felt so hurt, at being denied the gratification he had so much at heart, that he had purposely determined to arrive at the Hall, only in time for dinner.

It may be supposed, what was the agitation of the bride, and the impatience of the bridegroom, during this time.—Susan was in a fever.—It was all of no avail;—the canonical hour passed—and the ceremony remained unperformed.

What was now to be done?—put off the bridal dinner!—the ball!—to which the peculiar mode of ringing at a certain hour, was to summon all the tenants within hearing!—impossible!—so the result of the matter was, that all the festivities should take place for the wedding, that was to be next day; and if the poor Doctor was actually dead of an apoplexy, why Sir Thomas's compliment was paid; and John Haywood might still have the satisfaction, of which he was so desirous.

But the poor Doctor had been await-

ing the wedding party, in his own church, at New Malton, all this while; for Sir Thomas's communication to him, notwithstanding all his recollections upon the subject, had amounted to nothing more, than appointing the day and the hour, for marrying a young couple, in whom he took particular interest. Having therefore waited for them, in his own vestry, till the canonical hour was past, the Doctor naturally set down their non-appearance to some blunder of Sir Thomas's; and betook himself again very quietly to his own study, in expectation of hearing something farther about it, in the course of the day:—so when a messenger arrived, with inquiries after his health, and broken bones, he was not much surprised with the explanation he obtained, of what had happened; nor a little diverted with the injunction for having 'the bells ring all the same,' the man said, in prophetic rejoicing for the ceremony of the following day; and he readily obeyed

the invitation to join the festive party at dinner, at the Hall.

But great was the astonishment of John Haywood, who had been stunned with the merry peals, as he rode along, to find the ceremony had not yet taken place.

"Why Ann!"—he said, "your friend Sir Thomas beats Lochiel's old seer, all to nothing.—He only descried 'prophetic shadows,'—but Sir Thomas draws forth sounds, and makes

"'—coming events *send* their *echoes* before."

The day passed in undisturbed hilarity. Nor did Sir Thomas fail in the hurry and bustle of it, to afford his young guests the amusement they had expected from his laughable mistakes.

For once, the worthy Baronet's puzzle-pate had produced something better than could have been hoped for.—Doctor Deymor was under the necessity of leaving home, very early the next morning; of which, indeed, he had apprized Sir

Thomas, when he applied to him; and it had been the cause of fixing upon one day earlier, than that at first intended. The performance of the ceremony, therefore, now of course devolved upon Ann's oldest friend;—and it was besides no small comfort to her, to pass the actual day of her marriage, in the company only of those dear friends, who delighted in accepting of Susan's respectful invitation to her frugal board. Not frugal however, on that happy day, it may be supposed:—Susan was drawn out of her now habitual inactivity, to do honour to her guests, upon this so anxiously wished-for event. Her table was neat, choice, and plentiful; and heartfelt happiness supplied a zest, not often found in more sumptuous entertainments.

It must not be omitted, that Mr. Haywood on their return from church, presented the bride with a bank-note of £300;—to which Mrs. Haywood, (who had for years been making a purse for her

dear Ann, against an evil day, and was doubly delighted to give it on this happy one,) added £200 more. Ann was confounded and distressed with their generosity; but they claimed a parental right to give her a dower. She instantly tendered it to William.

"No, Ann;—you are yourself the treasure of the world to me!—since the Squire and Madam are so very good, I must beg them to make the best of it for you, and any children it may please God to bless us with.—I'll not touch it!" said the warm-hearted lad.

Dick's mortification was not slight, in being obliged to forego the satisfaction of taking a personal share in the present joy. His boyish passion for Ann had long since yielded to the judicious treatment, or rather judicious no treatment, it had met with; but it had left a warmth of friendship towards her, that no subsequent attachment could obliterate.

He was destined for the bar; and was

now a candidate for academical honours, for the attainment of which his zeal had lately received a stimulus, he was himself scarcely yet conscious of; but so closely was he studying, as not to admit of his breaking away, even for the few days that might have carried him to Moor Hall and back.

The instant his degree was taken and his prize obtained, he indulged himself in a visit to the farm: where, in the midst of his joyous congratulations and sincere delight, in witnessing the happiness of the young couple, he took an opportunity of unbosoming his own perturbations, to the former associate of all his childish hopes, fears and plans.

A young orphan heiress had lately come to reside upon her estate in the neighbourhood of Ferrybridge, under the care of a maiden aunt.—An intimacy had soon taken place between the families.—Charlotte Danby was a sensible, amiable girl, with a pleasing person and mild

manners.—She and his sister Sophy had quickly conceived a strong partiality for each other,—and "it was very remarkable," Dick said, "what a conformity there seemed to be in her tastes and pursuits, and his own:—were she not unfortunately an heiress,"(Ann smiled at the misfortune,) "he should certainly be desperately in love with her; and indeed, as it was, he couldn't but say that she was always uppermost in his thoughts;—but what claim could he urge, that should induce her to forego the brilliant prospects she might look forward to?"

"That of an honest, affectionate heart, kind temper and good understanding, I think," said Ann, "which her riches make it more difficult for her to meet with, than if she were portionless,—and if she be as sensible as you think her, I can see no reason for you to despair."

Dick feared Ann's partiality induced her to think better of him than Charlotte Danby could possibly do;—he was some-

what encouraged however, by her opinion, and he clearly perceived that her understanding was as much improved as her person and manners, since they had met. Dick therefore felt emboldened, to let his assiduities be a little more indicative of his feelings, the next time he went to Netherby.

In fact, it was Dick's modesty only that stood in his way; for Charlotte Danby very quickly distinguished his excellent heart, and quick parts, through his open ingenuous countenance; and her aunt was a woman of strong sense, and a liberal mind; anxious for her niece's happiness, and satisfied that she stood a better chance of finding it, with such a young man as Richard Haywood, than in what might be considered by the world, a more desirable, because a more splendid alliance.

CHAP. XXXV.



POOR Susan had soon fallen back into the languor she made no effort to resist:—her dearest wish on earth was now fulfilled, in having secured a happiness to her darling, which she saw daily increasing. She lived however, to enjoy one blessing more, in holding a grandchild to her heart,—a fine healthy boy,—luckily for Ann, who, if it had proved a girl, could not have escaped from the condition of Sir Thomas's compromise:—It must have been called Thomasina, or Uplandia; which was the only alternative Mrs. Dorothea would admit of; and to a romantic name, Ann had a very great dislike.

It was at the conclusion of a most happy day, in which little Thomas had

been christened, and Ann's perfect recovery celebrated, that Susan, in lying down to rest, had uttered with more than common fervour, her nightly prayer, "That she might wake no more but in those blessed mansions, where she hoped for a re-union with him who had been all in all to her on earth."

And her prayer was heard.

Ann found her in the morning as in a sweet sleep, with a countenance so beatified, as would have made it seem almost impious to indulge a wish, to recal her spirit from its happier state, for any selfish gratification her presence here might yet have afforded her children.

"My Mother is gone to her blessed reward!" exclaimed Ann, "far happier now than ever our love could make her, William.—Pray with me, that I may let no selfish regret overpower my sense of her great gain!"

A plentiful effusion of tears followed these words—and Ann long remained

upon her knees, unable to tear herself away from all that was left of what had been so very dear to her.

Nature will have her tribute,—and it is fit she should;—who could bear to be so easily resigned by the objects of their tenderest affections, as that no tear should flow for their separation, however long foreseen, or irrevocably appointed?

But a short time restored Ann's well-regulated mind to the sense of her duties and of her happiness.

The lease of Sir Thomas's farm was now near expiring, and they were about to renew it, when a letter from Dick turned their thoughts to a far more desirable situation.

Ann's flattering opinion of her friend Dick's pretensions to the heiress's favour had encouraged him to a more open manifestation of the sentiments with which she had inspired him; and he met with no more of repulse than what the strictest modesty and most delicate re-

gard to propriety called for. An affectionate confidential intercourse was now established among the young people, the sisters being delighted to concur every way in their brother's wishes. When Mr. Haywood became aware of what was going on, he immediately spoke to Mrs. Frances Danby upon the subject, with a view to be determined by her and the guardians' intentions respecting their ward, whether to abet or check his son's preference.

He was agreeably surprised with the perfect liberality of the aunt's opinions, and still more so, when she asserted the guardians' concurrence in her way of thinking. Charlotte's happiness was their only object, and moral character and respectable situation in life, the only points on which they should interfere with her choice.

Matters now came soon to be so well understood between the parties, as to admit of free discussion of future plans,

when it appeared that there was some ground of dissatisfaction given by the steward of the Danby estate,—and the guardians determined upon his dismissal; this instantly brought William into Dick's thoughts—and having consulted with Mr. Haywood upon his fitness for the situation, and received his entire approbation. The proposal was made to Mrs. Frances, agreed to by the guardians, and the letter written in consequence, which opened to Ann the prospect of the greatest accession to her happiness this world had to give.

A very pretty house and garden, and small farm, was appropriated to the steward, and the situation was almost as much at hand to Netherby, as to Danby Manor.

The only hesitation that could arise, was from William's diffidence of his own capacity, for a situation of so much greater importance and responsibility. But there was time for improvement;

some months were yet to elapse before the new arrangement could take place: and good-natured Sir Thomas, however sorry to part with tenants so very agreeable to him, readily volunteered the services of his steward, a remarkably intelligent man, and very friendly to William; whose own zeal quickly enabled him to obtain what was requisite to qualify him for the undertaking.

The removal was in due time happily effected, and the fortunate couple placed to their hearts' content, with their encreasing and promising young family, in the centre of friends and benefactors, loving and beloved.

Nor was Ann's zeal for the improvement of William's powers of self-controul ineffectual; ever watchful to strengthen and keep his religious principles active, both by precept and example, she also by her forbearance, (that most difficult of christian virtues,) contributed to save him from the after-pangs he ever felt, on per-

ceiving the pain his ill-temper had given: and thus she had the comfort not only to soothe his mind, but gradually to impress it with a sense of her motives, which worked so powerfully on his affection, as at length to enable him to spare those he loved at least, from feeling the effects of what he could never entirely subdue: and loving as William did, this was no slight encrease of felicity.

And the grateful, affectionate, sensible Ann, continues to afford a proof that positive happiness may be not only *attained*, but *retained*, in this 'vale of tears,' by those whose delight is in their duties, and who seek the guide to them in that pure unerring source, which when resorted to with sincerity, is never resorted to in vain.

THE END.

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